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LESSONS OF THE WAR*

THE WAR is a great revelation ; it is bringing to light the spiritual reality of every nation, as of every man. We are standing in the field of conflict between the divine and the infernal powers, and we can see the combatants almost as clearly as though we were present at the war in heaven, which Milton depicts. And in the blaze of that supernatural light, the very souls of men and nations stand forth revealed splendid or abominable.

First France: In the years that followed the devastation and despoiling of France by her barbarous foe in 1870, the world had come greatly to misapprehend her. Leon Daudet has described the France in which he grew up, discouraged, despondent, or hard and materialistic, with a literature which, so far as it was widely known in other lands, seemed to show the life of France as marred by ugly evils. But the true France was there always, for those who had eyes of wisdom to perceive, *la France éternelle*, ablaze with the splendor of devotion, magnificent in heroic patriotism, in reality inspired by the highest ideal of purity. That France now stands superbly revealed, recognized by herself, by the whole world, a living manifestation of pure, selfless love, of magnificent patriotism. "You have not touched the war yet," a French officer said recently to an American, "nor has the war touched you. For me, three of my brothers have died fighting, my father and mother have been murdered by the Germans, my sister, a Red Cross nurse, made prisoner by the Germans, had her hands cut off, and suffered nameless infamies. . . . I am on my way back, to fight for my France . . ." Patriotism, duty, sacrifice in the spirit of *debonnair* grace, radiant as an outburst of Spring flowers . . . France is the revelation of the power of Love.

England has revealed the sense of honour, something bewildering and unintelligible to her foe. England has given new life to the old,

* A Lecture delivered at the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society, by Charles Johnston.

splendid device, *Noblesse oblige*, Nobility has obligations. One can distinguish between the noble—"he who is worth knowing," for that is the true meaning of the word—and the ignoble by this one thing: the base and ignoble soul considers that nobility has privileges; the noble recognizes that nobility has obligations, *Noblesse oblige* . . . Stupidly, and in bewilderment, England's deeply ignoble foe has alleged every base and selfish motive for England's fighting: greed, envy, fear; and the ignoble everywhere have repeated this accusation. How could it be otherwise? How can a soul of mud divine and recognize the principle of honour?

In England, those who first volunteered, eager to go to France, to fight for honour and to die for France, were the younger sons of the ancient noble houses, the men who, possessing every gift of rank and fortune, were the more eager to sacrifice all; the men for whom nobility means obligation. Next came the "good sports," the men who had imitated and looked up to the aristocrats, the men who had applied the principle of honour to all manly sports and exercises. It is not without significance that the rules of boxing, accepted by the world, bear the name of a noble, the Marquis of Queensberry. From these rules comes the prohibition of "hitting below the belt," which has become the symbol of the manly spirit of fair play, the world over. From England comes the injunction to "play the game," and that spirit of fairness, that sense of honour, of genuine nobility, is as divine as is the spirit of love, made manifest by France. It is God who supremely "plays the game."

Next Belgium, with her sacrifice, which has exalted all humanity, the Belgium of King Albert and his Queen, the Belgium of Cardinal Mercier. Much has been written, in a spirit of infinite snobishness, especially in this country, concerning "the king business." But let this never be forgotten: It was the high sense of honour of King Albert that made the first decision on which will turn the ultimate outcome of the war. When confronted by the choice between honour and dishonour, King Albert did not take three minutes to decide a question, before which at least one great democracy stood hesitating and placating, for well nigh three years. The heroic sacrifice of King Albert, who laid upon the altar not his own fate alone, but the fate of every man and of every woman in Belgium, gave France time to prepare. France's long heroism afforded the time for England's army to get ready—true Crusaders, veritable servants of the Cross, every man of them—and France and England, with heroic Belgium, have saved America from the nameless abominations of German invasion.

This war is a question of sovereignty, a question of kings, but in no cheap sense. In every nation, whatever its outer form of government, God is King. In that sense, a democracy, a republic, is and must be a

kingdom; it must recognize the kingship of God. In his inaugural on April 30, 1789, George Washington said, addressing the two Houses of Congress: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States"

These are the words with which the American government was inaugurated, as in outward form a republic, but in spiritual reality a monarchy with God as King. And there is, on the other hand, the usurping sovereign, Satan, whom Germany so fervently worships, in whose methods Germany so passionately believes. "He is a liar, and the father of it" and no nation in all history has so wholeheartedly placed its faith in the potency of lying, of large, all-embracing, close-knit, international lying, as has Germany; therefore, a question of kings, but in no shallow sense. And this war will be won then, and then only, when every German with both heart and voice recognizes that God, not Satan, is King of this beautiful and afflicted world. It is, in truth, a question of kings

Italy has had a difficult task and, in many ways, has done superbly. Confronted with a divided allegiance: on the one hand, King and country, the long-cherished ideal of a truly United Italy; on the other, the deeply corrupt policy of the Vatican, subtle, serpentine; the everlasting foe of United Italy, the pledged, subservient ally of perfidious Austria; the Vatican which, with deep, inveterate atheism carries on its sordid, base intrigue under the holy name of Christ, has made it hard for every loyal and religious son of Italy to choose righteously and fight courageously in this most righteous war. But Italy, and, with Italy, the world, is swiftly learning. This cold neutrality between good and evil, between the King and the usurper, between God and Satan, between holiness and infamy; this blasphemous parading of holy names and holy phrases just at the moment when overtures of peace are a part of Germany's game, are driving home their lesson. The days in which the Machiavelian spirit of the Vatican can work large evil to the cause of Christ and His Church, are already numbered.

What of Russia, in this white light of judgment, in this splendid and terrible revelation of souls, whether of men or nations? What has

been the bribe that has corrupted the great mass of the Russian people, making them traitors to God's cause, in this most holy war? Earth, a little more earth, more mud, on which to practise their feeble and fumbling husbandry. Not for thirty pieces of silver, but for thirty shovelfuls of earth, they have been ready to betray, to rob and murder.

Yet the real blame must be laid, not on these almost mindless mujiks, but on the so-called liberals and "intelligent" classes in Russia, beginning with Prince Lvoff, Rodzianko, Gutchkoff and Kerensky. With fatal blindness and vanity they allowed themselves to forget the holy cause of the Allies, in their preoccupation with their own supposed grievances—or their own advantages. These men, supported, it seems quite certain, by the radicals and socialists of both France and England, desired to become Ministers; and, when the Emperor of Russia refused to give the formation of ministries into their hands, they forced his abdication; planning, not at all a democratic or republican government, but a constitutional monarchy, with the Emperor's brother Michael on the throne, *and with themselves as ministers*. But they were guilty of much worse than blindness and vanity, in two elements of their pitiable revolution.

There is one German whom everyone in the lands of the Allies respects: Liebknecht who, in the midst of imperial lying, had the courage to speak the truth. "This war," said Liebknecht, "was begun by a lie; it is being carried on by lies"—by the supreme lie, that this war was forced on Germany, a lie which has been torn to shreds by the loyal confessions of Lichnowsky.

But no Russian has yet had the courage to declare that their pitiful and abject revolution was equally begun by a lie; the lie that Nicholas II was on the eve of making a separate peace with Germany. Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at Petrograd, has, after long months of silence, at last denounced this lie, at a reception in London. The Russian Emperor, he declares, would never have made a separate peace with Germany. He was loyal throughout to the cause of the Allies, and was always a sincere friend of England.

But the Russian revolution, begun by a lie, was carried on by something worse than lying: by an evil compact, namely, with the Soviet Socialists, who began to domineer and dictate the very day of the Emperor's abdication. With the craven acquiescence of the Duma liberals, whom we have already named, the Soviet placarded the walls of Petrograd with an "Order" to the Russian army, which instantly destroyed discipline. And still more cravenly, more criminally, the Duma leaders, connived at the wholesale murder of loyal Russian officers, if they did not in fact order these murders. The Russian "liberals," not

the Soviets, not the paid servants of Germany, must bear the guilt of Russia's treachery.

Russia is an elemental nation; the mujik has no real individuality; hardly any consciousness, except the elemental hunger for the earth from which he has emerged (or half-emerged). With his elemental nature, he acted in accordance with any strong impulse impressed upon him from without, from above; and, so long as this was the impulse of loyalty to his Emperor, of loyal obedience to his Church, he felt and acted as a loyal and religious man, ready to die, and dying with genuine heroism, for his sovereign and his faith. But when it was impressed upon him, with all the prestige of the great "liberals," the Duma leaders, Lvoff, Gutchkoff and the rest, that the true virtue was disloyalty and unfaith, that he must serve, not his God and his King, but his elemental self—he learned the lesson with astonishing swiftness and thoroughness, becoming the primitive brute that the last six months have seen revealed.

No one will question now that his "revolution" has been an unmixed calamity, not so much for the Allies (though the danger it has brought to the Allies was revealed on March 21), as for his own moral nature; by far the worst havoc has been wrought in the mujik's own soul. He who was growing into full humanity under the strong impress of loyalty and worship, has sunk back again into the elemental world.

At just this point is the grave responsibility of the American people. Lvoff, Gutchkoff and the rest, even including the Socialist Kerensky, had, as we have seen, no intention or desire to set up a democratic or republican government in Russia. They went in a body to the Emperor's brother, asking him to accept the throne. But he made his acceptance conditional upon the expressed consent of the whole Russian people, in a Constituent Assembly, a Constitutional Convention. And, before this Convention could assemble, the western liberals, with our own nation in the van, raised a loud acclaim, saluting "the new republic of Russia," "the young sister democracy." In the face of this wild acclaim, the Duma leaders, daunted and timorous, lacked the courage to bring the Constituent Assembly together, and, in the absence of a strong monarchy, the Socialists had it all their own way—with the results which we see.

We forgot, whether through mere ignorance, or through national vanity, that our form of government, instead of being, as we assumed, of necessity the best for all nations, including Russia, might be, for Russia, the very worst. We forgot that the thirteen colonies which took part in the vastly different revolution in America, had had, on the average, a full century of training each in self-government, as an integral part of the British system; and that, even then, the new republic was in grave danger for a dozen years, until practical sovereignty was created by the Constitution, which established an Executive with more power than is

ordinarily wielded by kings. We have our perpetual monarch, the American Constitution, founded on lasting principles of justice, and intended, as George Washington said, to express the will of God, in Whom he saw the real Ruler of the United States.

But Russia had no such training; nor had Russia the hereditary sense of ordered justice instilled into the veins of Washington and his coadjutors by centuries of English law and constitutional practice; Russia had, to take the place of this, a fine and noble loyalty to the Emperor as the "Little Father" of the whole nation; more than that, as God's anointed, the personal representative of that Divine Arbiter whom George Washington so reverently invoked. It was not simply a question whether this or that monarch completely embodied in himself gifts and purposes adequate to this ideal; the more vital thing was the ideal itself, in a hundred million Russian hearts. Without question, it was a spiritual calamity for these hundred millions of elemental men, half savage and half child, when this ideal was clumsily broken by the "intelligent" liberals of Russia, and the evil principle of self-seeking was authoritatively enthroned in its place. Everything that has since happened, has logically followed from that; and, if the Duma leaders vainly try to shift the blame and the responsibility to the shoulders of the Soviets, Germany's paid agents, this shows that they are still as blind as ever, and have not taken the first step toward clear-eyed contrition and repentance.

We ourselves, the people of America, did great and almost irremediable injury by our ill-advised acclamations of "the new republic," thus making it practically impossible to re-establish the monarchy, founded on the high principle of loyalty. We have it in our power to do Russia one more grave injury, and this time, perhaps, an irremediable one. Should one more miracle happen, in this age of so many and so great miracles; should the principle of monarchy, of noble and worthy loyalty, as against the basest self-seeking, once more gain headway in Russia (by any means except Germany intervention, with its evil travesties of noble things)—we shall face our opportunity—and our tremendous responsibility. If we then, through national vanity and doctrinary folly, put obstacles in the way of the re-establishment in Russia of a government based on the true principle of nobility, of loyalty, of obedience, we shall be guilty of an act deeply unwise, deeply evil, certain to be calamitous to Russia, certain to bring well-merited punishment to ourselves.

One other country—Ireland—shares with Russia the bad eminence of betraying the Allies' sacred cause. I shall not lay stress just now on the influence of the Vatican here, as in Quebec, as in Spain, working basely and subserviently for Germany, lured by German bribes; I shall speak rather of the principles which have given to two Gaelic words—Sinn Fein, "Ourselves"—a worldwide currency, an infamous significance

in every land. The Sinn Fein advocates, the worshippers of "Ourselves," have made it startlingly evident that he who worships himself, thereby worships Satan. With infallible instinct, setting up the standard of Sinn Fein, they have taken the side of Germany, the side of the powers of evil.

As long ago as 1913, months before the beginning of the war, Roger Casement, Sinn Fein Ambassador to Berlin, openly declared that any Irishman who served in the English army was a traitor to Ireland. The true part for the Irishman was, to wait for the Germans who, destroying England, would raise Ireland to the heights of prosperity and wealth. When he was in Berlin, in the Spring of 1915, many months after the abominable outrages committed by the Germans in Belgium and occupied France, Casement openly preached an armed alliance between Ireland and Germany, whereby Germany, with a firm footing in Ireland, should command the highways of the seas. He was, even then, in frequent communication with the German Foreign Office, in order to bring these things to pass.

At the same time, in Ireland, Arthur Griffith, the founder of Sinn Fein, was openly declaring his admiration for all things German, saying that if to defend Germany—the Germany that had ravaged Belgium—from the calumnies of England was to be pro-German, then pro-German was a title of which every Irishman should be proud. He, too, did not confine himself to words. He was one of those who, in the months before Easter 1916, was in constant communication with Germany—with the German General Staff, which had engineered the Belgian atrocities—for the transport of rifles, machine-guns and ammunition to Ireland; and the rising in Dublin was timed to begin at the time the German munitions arrived. It did, in fact, begin at the date arranged with Germany, and the arms arrived exactly on the day set—only to be sunk off the Irish coast. But, where these munitions were checked, other munitions had got through: the cartridges used in the Dublin insurrection were German Mauser cartridges.

At the same time, in this country, the work of Germany was being effectively done by her Irish serfs and adulators. A book was written, and had wide currency among the Celtic worshippers of the Kaiser here, with the title "What Could Germany Do for Ireland?" It is full of admiration, fulsome admiration, for all things German, for Wilhelm II, for Tirpitz—this, many months after the "Lusitania"—but two things in this infamous book transcend all the rest in infamy. The first is the frontispiece: Germany, in Prussian helmet, holding the shield over Erin, represented as a sentimental maiden—Germany protecting innocent virtue! The second is the attitude of the writer toward Belgium, Serbia, Poland, Rumania, the pitiable victims of Germany's abominable crimes. This passionate prophet of Ireland's nationality has, for these stricken

lands nothing but hostility and sneers. Why worry about Belgium and Serbia?—the words are his—Are they not already dead?

To such depths of infamy and evil are we led by that single worship of "Ourselves." It matters not a whit whether it be a question of an individual, a tribe, a nation, or, indeed, of all humanity; self-worship leads, infallibly, instantly, fatally, to the worship of Satan himself. Any tribe, people or language which, at this supreme crisis of mankind, thinks of self first, richly deserves to be wiped off the face of the earth, its memory perishing from among mankind, or remaining only as a ghastly warning. So much for Sinn Fein, "Ourselves," which has given a spectacle to gods, men and angels.

We come now to what is of the highest moment: the significance of all this, for ourselves, for this country, for the United States of America. The principle of application is simple, almost self-evident. In this vast region, which is yet not in the full sense a nation, we have a huge conglomerate community made up from elements drawn from the very nations we have been considering. All the elements are here; therefore all the problems are here and here we must solve them. And we must solve them while they are yet in the psychical world—the world of ideas, of thoughts, of emotions—before they have taken form in action. The war here is chiefly psychical; has, indeed, been waged in the psychical world from the night when German troops crossed the Belgian frontier, with lies upon their lips, with abominable evil in their hearts. And the long, spiritually perilous months which passed, after that traitorous invasion, before we ourselves declared war against Germany, were months of intense spiritual and psychical warfare here, when the very souls of the American people trembled in the balance.

No need, at this late date, to speak of England's part in this nation. Since the Marne, since Ypres, since the Somme, every American worthy of the name is proud of that; the brothers' quarrel is composed in a splendid sacrifice in which both participate, and a new series of books will be written, no longer carping and criticising England, but giving large justice to the potent part played by the English genius and the English race in laying the foundations of this great commonwealth. But France has contributed almost as largely, and from the very beginning; indeed, vast tracts of our territory were French before they were American; regions in both north and south speak French still. Then came the Marquis de La Fayette, with Berthier and other Frenchmen, and, later, aid direct from the French nation under Rochambeau; and ever since, there have been strong and vital ties between the two lands, so that it has been said that a good American, when he dies, goes to Paris. But let us say instead that a true American goes to France—to die.

Is there any need, to-day, to labour the point that we have also, in

our midst, elements of the other side, elements drawn from Germany? I think not. But here is, at once, the striking illustration of what one means by psychical warfare, by the warfare which we must wage, here and now, by psychical and spiritual weapons. We are in the maelstrom of that war from day to day, from hour to hour. For well-nigh three years, these forces practically strangled us, forcing American manhood to play a part of shame. We have won a first victory, but they are exceedingly formidable still. With these subtle forces of evil, we must fight to the death.

No need, I think, to say much about the Bolshevik, the Sinn Fein forces here in America. They are sufficiently in evidence; to some extent, though by no means fully, their danger is now perceived. But very much remains to be done, before the victory over either of them is complete and final.

There remains one point, one hour, of supreme danger. Let us prepare our hearts to meet it. It will be the decisive spiritual fight. That hour will come when Germany, no longer hoping for victory, begins to don the livery of sham repentance, to shed false tears, to appeal to our generosity, crying Kamerad, Kamerad! That will be the signal for all Germany's agents here to rise and cry in chorus that we must stop the war, and holy names will be once more blasphemed in traitorous appeals for mercy. That will be the point of danger. Let us then, in advance, make it quite clear that we are determined that this war shall be fought to a finish, to complete and crushing victory, until the Germans shall cry out, with their hearts as well as their lips, to the God whom they have insulted and blasphemed, and shall in their hearts acknowledge that God, not Satan, is King. We have been told that this is "the President's war." No; this is God's war, and therefore our war. The Administration, the Congress, are the nation's servants, chosen by the nation, to carry out the nation's will. Then let there be no mistake about that will. Let us highly resolve that in this, God's war, in which we are permitted to fight on God's side, for God's holy cause, in so far as in us lies, God's victory shall be overwhelming. That is the objective of our spiritual war.

"Do naught to others which, if done to thee, would cause thee pain: this is the sum of duty."—Mahabharata.

FRAGMENTS

SIN puts us in the power of the Black Lodge, makes us their debtors. When we sin we use what belongs to the Black Lodge, which they lend, and lend for our ultimate undoing. Wherefore the wicked appear so often to triumph.

As a Lodge, they have misused the gift of free will to such an extent as to make theirs all commissions of rebellion of any kind soever, all exercise of personal will as against spiritual will. Therefore whenever we do wrong, we put ourselves in the power of the Black Lodge, using their property as it were. All *perverted* divine power was what they seized when the angels in Heaven rebelled and St. Michael threw them out. They were thrown into Hell, but they kept what they had taken. There was no place for it in Heaven and the angels could not take it back *without sinning themselves*.

Thus the age-long conflict between the White and Black Lodges, man being the battlefield, as the centre from which each side gains recruits. But the Black Lodge has not the power of creation; that is the ultimate goal for which they are striving. They have only the power of perversion, of turning that which is created into something evil, something that will work against its origin of life. They are determined either to gain the power of life, without which they ultimately die, becoming annihilated, and the residuum of life in them, the ultimate spark, returning to the White Lodge which created it, as God's agent; or to stave off death as long as possible by bringing more and more of consciousness and created life into their ranks, feeding on it like Kama-lokic spooks and turning it, like captured artillery, against the holy forces of Light.

This shows us the imperative need of doing all in our power by voluntary discipline, self-sacrifice, etc., not only to fortify ourselves against the commission of sins, but also to *neutralize the effect of sin already committed*, both in ourselves and in others.

If we look at evil as belonging to the Black Lodge, and virtue as belonging to the White Lodge, we see clearly the rationale of Vicarious Atonement, as we see the fundamental unity of sin on the one hand, and virtue on the other, and our common ownership in both in the two Lodges. Also we see the reason for much of the so-called unmerited suffering, earthquakes, famines, plagues, disasters, great wars, etc., where so many

innocent people suffer. Also the origin of the doctrine of Original Sin. Also we see why the Masters, after having attained, must in some form or way make the Great Renunciation and return to save others.

We see why Christ became man—being Son of God, became Son of man *in His Divinity*, making the two natures again one in His person—man in all respects, “sin only excepted”; and by a life and death absolutely pure and sinless, absolutely obedient and renounced, untainted at any least point by the Black Lodge, while tempted at all points, made a pathway of light between Hell and Heaven along which we may travel (every rung of the ladder being perfectly made, perfectly secure), if only we will climb, if only we do not become frightened at the abyss over which we must pass on what looks like a frail support. It is not frail: Christ made it and the angels support it. I see this ladder, this pathway, as a gigantic Cross in the heavens, its base firm in Calvary. The lower portion is longer, since the first part of the ascent is by far the longest and most difficult. When we reach the cross section, the equator of the world’s consciousness, the dividing line between the world of reflection and the world of spirit, we do not see the abyss below. The clouds which formerly hid the heavens from us, now are beneath us, and hide the darkness and void from which we have emerged. Thence we still must climb, up and up into Heaven; but the way is easier, the upper shaft of the Cross is shorter. Always there is upon this Cross, One, loving, radiant, infinitely tender and merciful, who will show us at each second where to place our toiling feet. As He built this ladder, He knows His work; and as He descended and ascended upon it, He knows each step of the way.

CAVÉ.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

IX

DOMINICANS (*continued*)

St. Catherine of Siena, Part II

THE fundamental doctrines of Saint Catherine seem to have been given her during those three years. She adapts the doctrine to the needs of her friends—the men and women who gathered around her as religious disciples, and to the needs of people in the world with whom she came into contact. She was generous with letters to these disciples when separated from them—generous too with strangers. Several volumes of her letters are preserved. They rank among the precious treasures of earth.

Modern minds, skeptical or ignorant of spiritual existence, and dominated by materialistic science, would like to belittle St. Catherine's doctrines and experience by calling her physiologically deranged; they would justify their verdict by the evidence of her abnormal diet, her fastings, and the frequent recurrence of the condition that is called ecstasy. On the other hand, people who are not materialists, and who are familiar with the metaphysics, philosophies and religions of many civilizations, find, outside of Catherine's life and writings, (which to these spiritually-minded readers bear in themselves sufficient evidence of genuine worth) one striking fact that is convincing. This fact is the essential identity of her teaching with the doctrines of the old Eastern Scripture, the Bhagavad-Gita. When St. Catherine's doctrine is spoken of, what is meant is the teaching imparted to her by the Master—or her understanding of His teaching. One of the chief teachings in the *Gita* is the illusory nature of everything outside of Absolute Reality—That alone *is*, all else is glamor, illusion. Yet the unreal, manifested universe, the shadow of the Real, has a relative reality; and the reason for its existence is that it may arrive at union with the Real. "The thoughtless think that I, the unmanifest (The Master is speaking, Bhagavad-Gita, Book VII) possess a manifested form, not knowing My Higher Being, excellent and everlasting. Nor am I visible to all, wrapt in My magical Glamor; this world deluded recognizes me not, unborn, everlasting." Again in Book IX, the Master says: "By Me, whose form is unmanifest, was this whole world stretched forth; all beings are set in Me, but I am not contained in them." "With one part of My being I stand establishing this whole world."

Identically the same metaphysical teaching was given to St. Catherine—the Absolute Reality of the Spiritual Master, the nothingness of humanity. "Knowest thou, O daughter," the Master asked her in her basement cell, "who thou art and who am I? Thou art she who art not, and I am He who *am*. If thou hast this knowledge in thy soul, the

enemy will never be able to deceive thee, and thou wilt escape from all his snares; never wilt thou consent to anything against My commandments, and every grace, every truth, every clearness, thou wilt acquire without difficulty." With Dominican zeal for souls, Catherine acts upon the ethical suggestion in the latter part of this instruction, and turns it from metaphysics to practical morals, building upon that foundation of the Real (with its shadow, the unreal) the virtues of Christian Humility and Detachment. "The soul that already sees her own nothingness (she writes) and knows that all her good is in her Creator, entirely abandons herself with all her powers and all creatures, and immerses herself utterly in her Creator, in such wise that she directs all her operations primarily and entirely towards Him; nor would she in any wise go out of Him, in whom she perceives she has found every good and all perfection of felicity; and from the vision of love, which daily increases in her, she is in a manner so transformed into God that she cannot think, nor understand, nor love, nor remember aught save God, and in what concerns God. She sees not other creatures or herself, save only in God, neither does she remember herself or them, save simply in God; even as one who dives down into the sea, and is swimming under its waters, neither sees nor touches aught save the waters of the sea and the things that are in those waters; he sees nothing outside those waters, touches nothing, feels nothing. If the likeness of those things that are without reflect themselves in the water, he can, indeed, see them; but only in the water and as they are in the water, not otherwise. And this is the ordered and right love of self and of all creatures, in which we cannot go wrong, because of necessity it is governed by divine rule, neither by it is anything desired outside God, because it is ever exercised in God and is ever in Him."

"Every grace, every truth, every clearness, thou wilt acquire without difficulty." This promise to her was fulfilled in one notable way, during her three years of solitude. Her station in life meant among other things that she had no education—she could neither read nor write. But her great desire to read was achieved in a way that was miraculous. One of the nobles who later became her secretary relates that she had the faculty of grasping the meaning of a passage, *as a whole*, without understanding the individual letters and words. It may truly be called miraculous, if by that we do not mean unexplainable. Her gift might be the illumination of a higher mental perceptive power through the light in her soul.

After the "Mystic Marriage," Catherine began an active life in her native town, in the rescue of souls. It was during this zealous and loving ministry that the incident occurred which (together with the paintings of artists) has popularized her name—her befriending of the condemned noble, Tuldo. Tuldo was not a brutal criminal, as is usually stated, though he was a prisoner—unjustly accused. In the matter of government, Siena and the other Italian cities were in the same condition as Dante's Florence—like a sick woman on her bed, they tried one form after another. It

was practical anarchy, and often sanguinary. Tuldo was an aristocrat. He was imprisoned for disparaging words against a "People's Party" that chanced to hold the governmental reins. He was sentenced to the death penalty—decapitation; his age was twenty-two. It is easy to imagine his feelings; he was not vicious, but he was a worldling. Indignation, contempt, impotent fury, despair, blasphemy. Catherine's procedure in this crisis is thoroughly characteristic and thoroughly praiseworthy. Were she the mere "social worker" she is often taken to be, acting from the materialistic center of "economic welfare," she would have tried to obtain a reversal of the death sentence. This might not have been impossible, as her family, though of the people, was not without a measure of influence, and her own good works had raised her name from obscurity. But "economic welfare" was not in her plane of consciousness; she lived in the eternal realities of the spirit—her heart was stirred for the spiritual welfare of Tuldo. She prayed and pondered how she might reach the real man within, not how she might avert the trivial incident of physical death. The relation established with Tuldo, and its consequences, is a triumph of disciplined, religious sympathy. Her prayer and meditation brought her understanding of his feelings. When she entered his jail it was not as a stranger but as a participator in his suffering. Tuldo felt this fraternal bond, and his lonely grief yielded to it. He became, first, as wax, under her spiritual fire, and, then the wax became flame. From rebellion and blasphemy he passed to such acceptance of the Divine Will, as expressed in the events of life, that he could speak of the scaffold as "the holy place." The narrative of his last moments exists in Catherine's own words—sent by her, immediately after the execution, to her spiritual adviser who was absent from Siena; this is one of the great letters of the world, though parts of it will be repulsive to some modern minds:

"I went to visit him whom you know: whence he received such comfort and consolation that he confessed, and prepared himself very well. And he made me promise by the love of God that when the time of the sentence should come, I would be with him. So I promised, and did. Then in the morning, before the bell rang, I went to him: and he received great consolation. I led him to hear Mass, and he received the Holy Communion, which he had never before received. His will was accorded and submitted to the will of God; and only one fear was left, that of not being strong at the moment. But the measureless and glowing goodness of God deceived him, creating in him such affection and love in the desire of God that he did not know how to abide without Him, and said: 'Stay with me, and do not abandon me. So it shall not be otherwise than well with me. And I die content.' And he held his head upon my breast. I heard then the rejoicing and breathed the fragrance of his blood; and it was not without the fragrance of mine, which I desire to shed for the sweet Bridegroom Jesus. And, desire waxing in my soul, feeling his fear, I said: 'Comfort thee, sweet my brother; since we shall soon arrive

at the Wedding Feast. Thou shalt go there bathed in the sweet Blood of the Son of God with the sweet Name of Jesus, which I will never to leave thy memory. And I await thee at the place of justice.' Now think, father and son, his heart then lost all fear, and his face changed from sorrow to gladness; and he rejoiced, he exulted, and said: 'Whence comes such grace to me, that the sweetness of my soul will await me at the holy place of justice?' See, that he had come to so much light that he called the place of justice holy! And he said: "I shall go wholly joyous, and strong, and it will seem to me a thousand years before I arrive, thinking that you are awaiting me there.' And he said words so sweet as to break one's heart, of the goodness of God.

"I waited for him then at the place of justice; and waited there with constant prayer, in the presence of Mary and of Catherine, Virgin and martyr. But before I attained, I prostrated me, and stretched my neck upon the block; but my desire did not come there, for I had too full consciousness of myself. Then up! I prayed, I constrained her, I cried 'Mary!' for I wished this grace, that at the moment of death she should give him a light and a peace in his heart, and then I should see him reach his goal. Then my soul became so full that although a multitude of people were there, I could see no human creature, for the sweet promise made to me.

"Then he came, like a gentle lamb; and seeing me, he began to smile and wanted me to make the sign of the Cross. When he had received the sign, I said: 'Down! To the Bridal, sweetest my brother! For soon thou shalt be in the enduring life.' He prostrated him with great gentleness, and I stretched out his neck; and bowed me down, and recalled to him the Blood of the Lamb. His lips said naught save Jesus! and, Catherine! And so saying, I received his head in my hands, closing my eyes in the Divine Goodness, and saying, 'I will!'"

Catherine had prayed for a sign of Tuldo's acceptance by the Master. This was accorded her. As the head fell into her hands, she saw Tuldo enter the wounded side of Christ, "with a gesture sweet enough to draw a thousand hearts."

St. Catherine's ceaseless activity as charitable minister to sufferers of all kinds, taken in connection with her teaching of the absoluteness of God and the nothingness of man, constitutes another striking similarity with the old teaching of the Orient. It will be remembered that Arjuna is perplexed by Krishna's words upon "union" and "renunciation of works"—he cannot see his way out of the dilemma. "Thou praisest renunciation of works, O Krishna, and again union with the Soul; tell me with certainty which of these two is better!" Krishna answers: "Renunciation and union through works both make for the supreme goal; but of these two union through works is more excellent than renunciation of works." "Who does the work that is to be done without seeking reward, he has renounced, he follows union, not he who ceases from sacrifice and rites. Son of Pandu, know that what they call renunciation is also union,

for none can reach union who has not renounced the heart's desires." St. Catherine expresses this very doctrine in Christian terms. The following illustrative passage is from one of her letters; the experience narrated is, of course, her own, though with the customary humility of the saints, she makes no mention of herself. "This servant of God, as I understood, having one time among others an intense desire to shed her blood and her life and annihilate her very consciousness for Holy Church, the Bride of Christ, lifted the eye of her mind to know that she had no being in herself, and to know the goodness of God toward her—that is, to see how God through love had given her being and all gifts and graces that follow from being. So, seeing and tasting such love and such depths of mercy, she saw not how she could respond to God except by love. But because she could be of no use to Him, she could not show her love; therefore she gave herself to considering whether she found anyone to love through Him, by whom she might show love. So she saw that God loved supremely His rational creatures, and she found the same love to all that was given to herself, for all are loved of God. This was the means she found (which showed whether she loved God or not) by which she could be of use. So then she rose ardently, full of charity to her neighbours, and conceived such love for their salvation that she would willingly have given her life for it. So the service which she could not render to God she desired to render to her neighbour. And when she had realized that it befitted her to respond by means of her neighbour, and thus to render Him love for love—as God by means of the Word, His Son, has shown us love and mercy—so, seeing that by means of desire for the salvation of souls, giving honour to God and labour to one's neighbour, God was well pleased—she looked then to see in what garden and upon what table the neighbour might be enjoyed."

Two matters that have always caused comment, favourable or adverse, must be mentioned. These are her *ecstasy* (often painted by artists) and her political activity. With very great frequency, both in her private prayers, and in public, when she received the Holy Communion, for example, she became unconscious of what was going on around her, and remained in that state of unconsciousness, sometimes for several hours. People sometimes thought this "rapt" condition was feigned, for the purpose of attracting attention and gaining influence. To test its genuineness, needles and other sharp instruments were thrust into her body; her doubters were convinced. But her "ecstasy" caused her (and others) great inconvenience and, even, what is called persecution. The trance condition followed her daily Communion at the Dominican Church. One can recognize the reluctance of the Fathers to have a young woman lying insensible in their Chapel for an hour or two in the morning, especially, if she were a solitary worshipper. That reluctance, however, and their unwillingness, after a time, to have her enter the Church, does not justify the inconsiderate and unkind treatment she sometimes received at their hands, such as being thrown out of the Chapel. In justification

of St. Catherine's trance, something might be brought forward concerning the "phenomena" of the early days of the Theosophical Movement. Like the "phenomena," was the trance necessary? It would seem rather a limitation in the Saint. It has been said that as one enters the higher states of consciousness, one wishes to shut out the lower planes—but that instead of yielding to the self-indulgence, one must continue consciousness on all planes. In speaking of one so truly great and venerable as St. Catherine, it is with regret that such words as "limitation," "fault," "mistake," etc., are used. She is so great, however, that the truthful mention of her errors leaves her still venerable.

The last five years of her life, from 1375-1380 (she was thirty-three years old when she died) were occupied with public affairs. Some of these were local quarrels of the anarchic Italian cities; two, however, were of historical importance—connected with the reëstablishment of the Papacy at Rome, after a long period of residence at Avignon. When Clement V, a Frenchman, became Pope in 1309, he was reluctant to leave his own country and go into the anarchic conditions of Italy. After trying several places, he fixed his residence at Avignon; he died, and his successors continued to make Avignon their court. It is said that both Napoleon and Bismarck endeavoured to lure the modern Popes from their Roman throne, because these rulers perceived that loss of prestige would follow abandonment of the historical centre. The 14th Century Popes at Avignon became overshadowed by the great Kingdom of France. Like many pious souls, St. Catherine was profoundly troubled by the condition of the Church. As its authorities and leading representatives were men of dishonest and immoral lives, the same viciousness was found in the mass of worshippers. St. Catherine brooded over this deplorable state, as Dante had done, and tried to find the cause of it and the remedy. Dante had looked backward, and found a shadow of consolation in revery over a fancied golden age of the Church before Constantine's fatal donation of temporal wealth. Catherine's ignorance of history may have deprived her of that false solace. Her position is easy to understand and sympathize with. Her mental inheritance was unlimited reverence for the Church. The Church and the Pope closed her vista. She could not look beyond the Church into the vast region which the Theosophical Movement has opened up to the modern world. She could not discriminate between the preciousness of Catholic doctrine and the unworthiness of those who use that doctrine for their own ends. To her the Church was Christ's Bride, and the Pope was Christ on earth. It was her misfortune that her great faith did not bring her calm reliance upon the sure outworking of the Divine Purpose. She sought the cause and the immediate remedy of the evils in Church and in society. Her answer to her own questioning was: The long foreign residence at Avignon is the cause of the evil. Having found this as cause, she set vigorously to work to remedy it.

She laboured devotedly in this cause, journeying to many Italian cities, and to Avignon, with great danger to herself. She accomplished

her object; but had to begin her efforts again, almost immediately. The Pope died, and there was a disputed election. This occurrence is known as the Great Schism; two men proclaimed themselves Pope and demanded the allegiance of the faithful. At the end of five years of self-sacrifice, she had to admit, with broken heart, that the success she had won had not accomplished her ultimate object—reformation of morals in the Church.

Those who wish to follow St. Catherine in these five years of political activity will easily find the narrative in a biography. Her public career is the most interesting part of her life to many students. Of modern scholarly and sympathetic biographers, Mrs. Aubrey Richardson alone recognises clearly that those five years were mistaken and wasted effort. Mrs. Richardson's comment, both upon St. Catherine and upon the general principles involved, is so discriminating that we subjoin the concluding paragraphs of her chapter:

"But to come to Catherine as a politician. In saying that, as woman and Catholic, she had done better not to have meddled in public affairs, it is not suggested that she was fussy and incompetent, far less that she was insincere. And Italy had need of a practical application of the order, discipline and unity that are beloved of the Catholic mind. The point is that Catherine's genius was fettered and enmeshed by the political problems she tried to solve. Her character, her womanhood and her saintship all suffered from her plunge into the political arena. It was as 'holy virgin,' prophetess and 'mother' that she achieved the measure of real success that was hers. Pitted in statecraft against those to whom the political game was a natural resource, if not a primary occupation; against the subtlety, the force, the unscrupulous self-interest and the more forcible ambitions of men, she became a tool—neglected or used according to the dilemma or the necessity of the occasion. Vowed to a mission—the restoration of the independence and the authority of the Roman See, the reformation of the discipline of the clergy, and the reconstitution of the papal court—and pledged to a Crusade—the suppression of militarism and lawlessness in Europe by the joining of the Western nations in a campaign against Eastern races, by the union of Christendom against Islam—she did not enter into the wider social service with an open mind. As a servant of the commonweal, she was impeded by her preconceptions and prejudices as a daughter of "Holy Church." Nothing could be done, she believed, without assertion of the final authority of the Pope. She used such processes of law and instruments of conquest as came to her hand, not, in the first instance, for the promotion of the greatest good of the greatest number, but for the consolidation of that theocracy which she believed the Founder of Christianity had established upon earth as an arbitrary and perpetual government for the nations. And so Catherine fell from her higher office of discerner of spirits and mother of many souls, and became a mere official of the party whose side in politics she took. That she was an official of rare ability and peculiar powers of persuasion, also one absolutely loyal and devoted to the principles she

defended and the Chief she followed, does not justify her descent into officialism.

"It may be said that it is not only the woman who sacrifices the fuller life, puts aside higher faiths and subjects liberty to a party or a cause, when she lays her hands on the political machine which—the mud of human affairs being what it is—cannot be kept immaculately clean and must in some sense prove a car of Juggernaut. That is true enough. It is true also that men themselves are not in general perfectly fashioned for the tasks of statesmanship they assume. The story of Catherine does not contain the moral that women are inherently unfit to govern and men necessarily fit. It shows simply that woman is faithful to her nature and her destiny only when she remains a saint and a mother—the function of her maternity of spirit being to bring forth souls as the function of her maternity of flesh is to bring forth bodies. As ministrant at once to individuals and to nations, of material consolations and spiritual advice, she is ineffable. When she goes to the service of her kind in the spirit in which Catherine originally set forth, the spirit of doing the will of God, of binding up the broken-hearted, of proclaiming liberty to the captives of sin and of opening prisons of ignorance and habit in which men lie bound; when she keeps close to homely duty and the guidance of her capacities, her opportunities and her conscience, no matter how widely those duties open out, or what great occasions fall in her way, she is doing woman's part. And, even as she must consider no task of human service mean, derogatory or unclean, so she must not fear any duty as too high, too public or too responsible, should it appear before her clearly as the duty she is called to fulfil.

"But her woman's part is abandoned when she follows matters of political expediency by paths that lead away from the spiritual necessities of modesty, humility, truth, honour, justice and sincerity; when she surrenders the sovereignty of her sex and the simplicity of her faith and becomes a partisan, an adherent, the instrument of an organisation for the aggrandisement of a personage, a class, a sex or a community. She whose destiny it is to be Bride of Christ in Heaven, may not be the servile devotee of any 'Christ on Earth.' Yet because women are women and impressionable, even as Catherine was woman and most susceptible to all impacts of idea and emotion, they are but too ready to become voluble and effusive advocates of theories, schemes, doctrines and causes that, whether novel and amorphous or antiquated and defined, draw them away from simple duty and loving service, fire them with a misdirected enthusiasm and make them termagant followers of self-appointed leaders to imaginary promised lands and shouting subjects of self-ordained kings and priests of human destiny."

"Discerner of spirits and mother of many souls"! That title to veneration and to rank among the spiritually great one can indisputably urge for St. Catherine. Her ministry as physician of souls was fortunately carried on together with the mistaken, arduous public works.

She formed a company of disciples, men and women, to whom she passed on the training she had herself received from the Master or His disciples. Many of this band, her spiritual family, accompanied her in all her journeys. Two of them, young men of noble and learned families, made themselves her secretaries. Through their hands she sent her instructions and advice to her associates who were separated from her—also to the people of the world and others who sought her counsel.

It is a temptation to quote at length from her wonderfully wise letters. Four volumes of these are accessible in an Italian edition. Nearly one hundred letters are included in an English translation by Miss Scudder (Dutton & Co., New York). They are not only splendid with wisdom; they glow with sympathetic tenderness; they have penetrating vision. In style they are often epigrammatic. We limit ourselves to a few sentences and one longer passage, in the hope that these extracts may whet the desire of readers, and that readers may satisfy themselves with the letters, thus acquiring direct knowledge of one of the greatest of all the Saints.

"Nails were not enough to hold God-and-Man nailed and fastened on the Cross had Love not held Him there." "Perfection does not consist in macerating or killing the body, but in killing our perverse self-will." (To her niece, a cloistered nun) "When guests ask for thee at the grating, abide in thy peace and do not go—but let them say to the prioress what they wanted to say to thee, unless she commands thee to go on thy obedience. Then, hold thy head bowed, and be as savage as a hedgehog." (To a man enamoured of public life) "You will do very well to refuse offices; for a man seldom fails to give offence in them."

"Up, my daughters, begin to sacrifice your own wills to God! Don't be ready always to stay nurslings—for you should get the teeth of your desire ready to bite hard and musty bread, if needs be."

(Her subject in this letter is self-pity.) "Many a time it happens that the soul loves spiritually; but if it does not find the consolation or satisfaction from the beloved that it would like, or if it suspects that more love or satisfaction is given to another than to itself, it falls into suffering, into depression of mind, into criticism of its neighbour and false judgment, passing judgment on the mind and intention of the servants of God, and especially on those from whom it suffers. Thence it becomes impatient, and thinks what it should not think, and says with its tongue what it should not say. In such suffering as this, it likes to resort to a proud humility, which has the aspect of humility, but is really an offshoot of Pride, springing up beside it—saying to itself: 'I will not pay these people any more attention, or trouble myself any more about them. I will keep entirely to myself; I do not wish to hurt either myself or them.' And it abases itself with a perverted scorn. Now it ought to perceive that this is scorn, by the impulse to judge that it feels in its heart, and by the complaints of its tongue. It ought not then to do so; for in this fashion it will never get rid of the root of Pride, nor cut off the little

scion at the side, which hinders the soul from attaining the perfection at which it has aimed. But it ought to kneel at the table of the Most Holy Cross, to receive the food of the honour of God and the salvation of souls, with a free heart, with holy hatred of itself, with passionate desire; seeking to gain virtue by suffering and sweat, and not by private consolations either from God or its fellows; following the footsteps and the teaching of Christ Crucified, saying to itself with sharp rebuke: 'Thou shouldst not, my soul, thou that art a member, travel by another road than thy Head. An unfit thing it is that limbs should remain delicate beneath a thorn-crowned Head.' If such habits became fixed, through one's own frailty, or the wiles of the devil, or the many impulses that shake the heart like winds, then the soul ought to ascend the seat of its conscience, and reason with itself, and let nothing pass without punishment and chastisement, hatred and distaste for itself. So the root shall be pulled up, and by displeasure against itself the soul will drive out displeasure against its neighbour, grieving more over the unregulated instinct of its own heart and thoughts than over the suffering it could receive from its fellows, or any insult or annoyance they could inflict on it."

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

"The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shews he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins a them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree, that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shews that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be hurt. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shews that he weighs men's minds and not their trash. But above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shews much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ Himself."

—"Of Goodness," Francis Bacon.

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

VII

THE SEVEN POWERS OF THE SPIRIT

IF we carry on the simile we have already used, and think of ourselves as emerging from the waters of psychical life, and gradually growing able to live in, and freely to breathe, the pure air of the Spirit, we shall soon come to ask ourselves what new powers rightly belong to this, our new condition; what new forces we may expect to unfold themselves within us, as properly belonging to the new realm which we have entered.

In their answers to this question, the teachings of the East and of the West are in singular accord. Each takes a passage of one of the older Scriptures, in which a series of virtues is enumerated, and, developing this, builds upon it a consistent doctrine of the Powers of the Spirit. In the West, the passage is the opening one in the eleventh chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah. It may be interesting to add, in quoting the passage, the Greek names of the Seven Gifts, as given in the Septuagint. The passage is as follows:

"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: and the Spirit of the Lord (*pneuma tou Theou*) shall rest upon him; the spirit of wisdom (*pneuma sophias*) and understanding (*suneseos*) the spirit of counsel (*pneuma boules*) and might (*ischuos*), the spirit of knowledge (*pneuma gnoseos*) and of the fear of the Lord (*eusebeias, pneuma phobou tou Theou*)." The English authorized version does not make a clear distinction between *eusebeia* (piety) and *phobos tou Theou* (the fear of God), translating both by the same terms, but theologians have, in writing of these spiritual powers, made the distinction between them sufficiently clear.

The similar passage used as a basis for the description of the Powers of the Spirit in the East is taken from the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, toward the end of the great dialogue between King Janaka and Yajnavalkya. Once more, the Sanskrit words may be given:

"He who knows is, therefore, full of peace (*shanta*), self-control (*danta*), silence (or, cessation, *uparata*), endurance (*titikshu*), concentration (*samahita*)."
Therefore we get a group of virtues, peace (*shama*), control (*dama*), silence (*uparama*), patience (*titiksha*), concentration (*samadhana*), to which certain other spiritual powers came in time to be added, the whole being developed along very much the same lines as happened with the passage in Isaiah.

It is vitally interesting that the passage in Isaiah has long been

accepted as portraying the virtues of the Divine Man, while the Upanishad passage explicitly undertakes to set forth certain of the characteristics of the Master, of him who, in the fullest sense, has attained. There is, therefore, in each case, quite adequate justification for taking these two passages as inventories of a full range of spiritual powers.

Let us try to see what meaning has been given to the separate powers, in each case.

As I write, I have before me two books, by learned Christian writers, each of whom analyzes these seven Powers, or Gifts of the Holy Spirit. One is a Frenchman, Louis Lallemant, who was born at Châlons-sur-Marne, in 1588. The other is a Belgian, Charles Louis Laurent Bronchain, who was born at Frameries, near Mons, in 1829. Both, therefore, by a curious coincidence, belong to the region of the world's greatest battles.

Father Louis Lallemant begins his analysis of the first Gift of wisdom by just such an etymology as would commend itself to Shankaracharya. Wisdom, he says, is defined to be a knowledge acquired by first principles; for "the name sapientia, wisdom, comes from sapor, savour; and as it is the property of the taste to distinguish the flavour of viands, so," says Saint Isidore, "wisdom, that is, the knowledge that we have of creatures by the first principle, and of second causes by the First Cause, is a sure rule for judging rightly of everything."

The gift of Wisdom, our author continues, is such knowledge of God, His attributes and mysteries, as is full of flavour. The understanding only conceives and penetrates. Wisdom judges and compares; it enables us to see causes, reasons, fitnesses: it represents to us God, His greatness, His beauty, His perfections, His mysteries, as infinitely adorable and worthy of love; and from this knowledge there results a delicious taste, which sometimes extends even to the body, and is greater or less according to the state of perfection and purity to which the soul has attained. . . . A soul which, by mortification, is thoroughly cured of its passions, and by purity of heart is established in a state of perfect health, is admitted to a wonderful knowledge of God, and discovers things so great that it loses its power of acting through its senses. Hence proceed raptures and ecstasies, which indicate, however, by the impression which they produce in those who have them, that they are not altogether purified or accustomed to extraordinary graces; for in proportion as a soul purifies itself, the mind becomes stronger and more capable of bearing divine operations without emotion or suspension of the senses, as in the cases of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, and certain other Saints, whose minds were continually occupied with the most sublime contemplations, united with wonderful interior transports, but without there being anything apparent externally in the way of raptures and ecstasies. . . . The vice opposed to wisdom is folly, which after its kind, is formed in the soul in the same manner as wisdom, but by contrary principles; for wisdom refers all to the last

end, which in morals is called the *altissima causa*, the supreme and primary Cause. It is this it seeks, this it follows and relishes in all things. It judges of everything by reference to this sovereign end. In like manner, folly takes as its end, its first principle, its *altissima causa*, either honour, or pleasure, or some other temporal good, having a taste for nothing else, and referring everything thereto, seeking and valuing only that, and despising everything else. "The fool and the wise man are opposed one to the other," says Saint Isidore, "inasmuch as the latter is possessed of the taste and the sense of discretion, in which the former is wanting." And this is why, as Saint Thomas observes, "the one judges rightly of things that regard conduct, because he judges of them by reference to the first principle and the last end; and the other judges ill, because he does not take this sovereign cause as the rule of his sentiments and actions." . . . The fruit of the Holy Spirit which answers to the gift of wisdom is that of Faith; because the soul relishing divine things cleaves more firmly to the belief of them, and the sort of experimental knowledge which it thus obtains serves it as a kind of evidence of their reality. . . .

So far the first Power of the Spirit, Wisdom (*sophia*). We come now to the second, the gift of Understanding (*sunesis*). The Greek word, which we have taken from the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Old Testament, is used with exactly the same meaning in the New, and notably in the following passage: "We also cease not to pray and make request for you, that ye may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and (spiritual) Understanding, to walk worthily of the Master unto all pleasing, bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all power, according to the might of His radiance, unto all patience and long suffering with joy; giving thanks unto the Father, who made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light (the Holy Ones in the Light); who delivered us out of the power of the Darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love; in Whom we have our redemption (*apolutrosin*, "a loosing away"), the forgiveness (*aphesin*, "the sending away") of our sins (*hamartia*, "error," "missing the mark,"): Who is the Image of the Invisible God (*eikon tou Theou tou aoratou*), the Firstborn of all Creation (*ktisis*, "a making," "a thing made or produced"); for in Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, the things visible and the things invisible, whether Thrones (*thronoi*), or Dominions (*kuriotetes*), or Principalities (*arkhai*), or Powers (*exousiai*); all things have been created (or produced) through Him, and unto Him; and He is before all things, and in Him all things consist (*sunesteke*, "hold together").

This is a passage of cardinal value. In it, Paul sets forth the doctrine of the Logos, as developed by Philo (in the light of the sacred traditions preserved in Egypt) from the teachings of Plato, who also, in many things seems to have been indebted to Egypt. Paul teaches, here

and elsewhere, that Jesus was not only the "Messiah," the Hope of Israel, but also the Incarnation of the Logos, or, as the Eastern term is, a plenary Avatar. And, further, that "spiritual Wisdom and Understanding," together with courage and endurance, come to being in us through the direct radiation of the power of the Master, as the manifestation of the Logos.

It is worth while to quote, just at this point, an Upanishad passage likewise describing the Logos: "This is the mighty Soul (Atma) unborn, who is Understanding (Vijnanamaya) among the life-powers. This is the radiance in the heart within, where rests the Ruler of all, Master of all, Lord of all. He grows not greater through good works, nor less through evil. He is Lord of all, Overlord of beings, Shepherd of all beings. He is the bridge that holds the worlds apart, lest they should flow together. This is He Whom the followers of the Eternal seek to know through their scriptures, sacrifices, gifts and penances, through ceasing from evil towards others. He who knows this becomes a sage (muni, saint). This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages. Knowing Him, the men of old desired not offspring. What should we do with offspring, they said, since ours is the Soul (Atma), the All? They became saints (bhikshacharyam charanti sma "they followed mendicancy, poverty") ceasing from the desire of offspring, the desire of the world, the desire of wealth. For the desire of offspring is a desire for wealth; and the desire of wealth is a desire for the world. For these are both desires. But the Soul (Atma) is not that, not that. It (Atma) is incomprehensible, for It cannot be comprehended; It is imperishable, for It passes not away; nought adheres to It, for It is free; the Soul is not bound, fears not, suffers not. For to him who knows, neither crosses over—the evil he does nor the good. He passes both; things done or undone afflict him not."

There is a striking identity here, even when the phrases are contrary, as when Paul says, of the Logos, "In Him all things hold together," while the Upanishad says, "He is the bridge that holds the worlds apart, lest they should flow together." Both teach the eternity of the Logos, the production of all worlds through Him, the presence of His radiance in the spiritual man, bringing redemption, the putting-away of all evils, and immortality.

The word translated "Soul" is Atma, and it is worth noting that this word, so difficult adequately to translate, is derived from a root, meaning "to breathe," so that Atma is, fundamentally, the Great Breath, the Holy Spirit. It is interesting, too, that the word *doxos*, generally translated "glory," but perhaps better rendered "radiance," here corresponds to the Sanskrit *Akasha*, "Forth-shining, radiation, radiance," the living Ray of the Logos. It is through this radiation of the Logos, in the spiritual man, according to the Upanishad, that Wisdom and Power are born "in the heart within," that is, in the spiritual man, who dwells in the light of the Spirit, as the natural man dwells in the darkness of

the psychical world, the world of desire. This Upanishad passage is immediately followed by the passage, previously quoted, which enumerates "the gifts of the Spirit." And one may add to the significance of the whole Upanishad excerpt by noting that the name of the wise king, "Janaka, king of the Videhas," has a symbolic meaning; Janaka literally means "the Giver of life," while Videha means "bodiless," he who has put off the bondage of the body. Of such, therefore, Janaka, the Life-giver, was king.

To come back to the enumeration and analysis of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The second of these is Understanding. Of this gift, Father Louis Lallemant says: Understanding is the intimate knowledge of an object: *Intelligere est intus legere*. The gift of Understanding is a light which the Holy Spirit bestows, in order to penetrate intimately those obscure truths which faith proposes; and this penetration, says Saint Thomas, must cause the mind to conceive a true idea and a right judgment of the last end and of everything which has reference thereto, otherwise it would not be a gift of the Holy Spirit. Faith contemplates three kinds of objects. First, God and His mysteries; secondly, creatures in their relations to God; thirdly, our own actions, to direct them to the service of God. We are naturally very obtuse with regard to all these things, and know nothing rightly about them, except as we are illuminated by the Holy Spirit through Faith, and through the other lights which He communicates to us. That which Faith makes us simply believe, the gift of Understanding enables us to penetrate more clearly, and in such a manner as, although the obscurity of Faith still remains, appears to render evident what Faith teaches; so that he who possesses it marvels that some refuse to believe the articles of our belief, or that they can doubt of them. They whose office it is to instruct others, preachers and directors, ought to be filled with this gift. It has been conspicuous in fathers and doctors, and it is especially necessary for rightly comprehending the sense of Holy Scripture, its allegorical figures, and the ceremonies of divine worship. . . . The fruit of the Holy Spirit which corresponds with this gift, as well as with others which enlighten the mind, is the fruit of Faith. Faith precedes gifts, and is their foundation, but gifts, in turn, perfect Faith. We must firmly believe, says Saint Augustine, and establish ourselves firmly in that pious affection which is so necessary to Faith. Then the gifts of the Holy Spirit come, and render Faith more penetrating, more lively, and more perfect. . . .

Father Louis Lallemant somewhat departs from the order of gifts in the text from Isaiah which we have quoted, and considers, as third among the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the gift of Science (*gnosis*). Science, he says, is defined to be an assured knowledge acquired by reasoning; but in God it is without reasoning, and by a simple view of objects. The gift of Science, which is a participation in the knowledge of God, is a light of the Holy Spirit which illuminates the soul to understand human things, and to form a true judgment of them in reference to God and so

far as they are objects of faith. The gift of Science assists that of Understanding in discovering and apprehending obscure truths, and that of Wisdom in possessing them. Wisdom and Science have something in common; both bestow the knowledge of God and of creatures. But when we know God by means of creatures, and rise from the knowledge of second causes to the First Universal Cause, it is an act of Science; when we know human things through the experience we have of God, and judge of created beings by the knowledge we possess of the Supreme Being, it is an act of Wisdom (*sophia*). The discerning of spirits belongs to both one and the other; but Wisdom possesses it by the way of taste and experience, which is a more exalted mode of information; Science possesses it by simple knowledge alone. The gift of Science enables us to see readily and clearly everything that regards our own conduct and that of others. First, what we ought to believe or not believe; what we ought to do or not do; the mean we ought to observe between two extremes into which it is possible for us to fall in the exercise of virtues; the order we ought to follow in our study of them; how much time we must give to each in particular; but all this in the general, for as regards details, it belongs to the gift of Counsel to prescribe what we ought to do under the circumstances in which we find ourselves, and on occasions when we have to determine how to act. Secondly, the state of our soul, our interior acts, the secret movements of our heart, their qualities, their goodness, their malice, their principles, their motives, their ends and their intentions, their effects and their consequences, their merit and demerit. Thirdly, the judgment we ought to form of creatures, and the use we ought to make of them in the interior and supernatural life; how frail they are and vain, how shortlived, how little capable of making us happy, how injurious and dangerous to salvation. Fourthly, the mode of conversing and dealing with our neighbor, as respects the supernatural end of our creation. By this gift a preacher knows what he ought to say to his hearers, and what he ought to urge upon them. A director knows the state of the souls he has under his guidance, their spiritual needs, the remedies for their faults, the obstacles they put in the way of their perfection, the shortest and the surest road by which to conduct them safely; how he must console or mortify them, what God is working in them, and what they ought to do on their part in order to co-operate with God and fulfil His designs. A superior knows in what way he ought to govern his inferiors. They who have the largest share of the gifts of Science are the most enlightened in all knowledge of this kind. Wonderful things are disclosed to them with respect to the practice of virtues. They discover therein degrees of perfection unknown to others. They perceive at a glance whether actions are inspired by God and conformable to His designs; let them deviate ever so little from the ways of God, they discern it at once. They remark imperfections where others cannot see them; they are not liable to be deceived in their opinions, neither are they apt to allow themselves to be surprised by illusions

with which the whole world is filled. If a scrupulous soul applies to them, they know what to say to remove its scruples. If they have to make an exhortation, whether to monks or nuns, thoughts will occur to them suited both to the spiritual needs of the religious themselves and to the spirit of their order. If difficulties of conscience are proposed to them, they will give an admirable solution. Ask them for the reason of their reply, they cannot tell you, because they know it without reasoning, by a light superior to all reason. . . . We are so full of illusions, and so little on our guard against the fascinations of creatures, that we deceive ourselves continually. The devil deceives us also frequently. His device for entrapping the more advanced is to make them fall into error in their choice of the means of perfection; and he deceives the least perfect and the tepid by presenting difficulties to their minds in an exaggerated state, and by displaying before their eyes the attractions of pleasure and the false brilliancy of vain honours. The science of the Holy Spirit teaches us how to preserve ourselves from these seductions. . . . In order that intercourse with men may not be hurtful to us, in the functions which we exercise in their regard to gain them to God, we must observe that our life ought to be a mixture of action and contemplation, in such wise that the former may be animated, directed, and ordered by the latter; that among the exterior works of the active life, we may always enjoy the interior repose of the contemplative; and that our employment may not hinder our union with God, but rather serve to bind us more closely and more lovingly to Him; making us embrace them in Him by contemplation, and in our neighbour by action. . . . Let us take as our model, Jesus Christ, who devoted thirty years to the contemplative life, and three or four only to that which is called *mixed*; and God Himself, whose life, before time began, was purely contemplative. His sole occupation being the knowing and loving of Himself. In time, indeed, He acts externally, but after such a manner, that action bears scarcely any proportion to contemplation; and in eternity when time is ended, He will give Himself still less to action, seeing that He will no longer create new creatures. To make much progress in perfection two things are necessary, one on the part of the master, the other on the part of the disciple. In the master, that he should be greatly enlightened with the gift of Science, as was Saint Ignatius; in the disciple, that he should have a will perfectly subject to grace, and a great courage, like Saint Francis Xavier. . . . An excellent means of acquiring the gift of Science is to study greatly purity of heart; to watch carefully over our own interior, to mark all its irregularities, and note its principal faults. Such strictness will draw down the blessing of God, who will not fail in time to pour His lights into the soul, and will give it little by little the knowledge of itself, which is the most useful He can impart to us next to that of His divine majesty. This is the first study in the school of perfection. The vice which is opposed to the gift of Science is ignorance. . . .

So far Lallemant's analysis of the gift of Science. He comes next

to the gift of Counsel (*boule*): Counsel is an act of prudence prescribing the means to be chosen for attaining an end. Thus the gift of Counsel regards the direction of the particular actions. It is a light by which the Holy Spirit shows what we ought to do in the time, place and circumstances in which we find ourselves. What Faith, Wisdom and Science teach in general, the gift of Counsel applies to particular cases. And it is easy to perceive its necessity, since it is not enough to know that a thing is good in itself; we have also to judge whether it is good under actual circumstances, whether it is better than something else, and more suited to the object we are aiming at; and this knowledge we acquire by the gift of Counsel. . . . Purity of heart is an excellent means of obtaining the gift of Counsel, as well as the other gifts already treated of. A person of good sound judgment who should study constantly purity of heart, would acquire a supernatural prudence and a divine skill in conducting all sorts of affairs, would receive an abundance of infused light and knowledge for the guidance of souls, and discover a thousand holy contrivances for the execution of enterprises which concern the glory of God. . . .

We may sum up the Western analysis of "the gifts of the Holy Spirit that perfect our understanding," by a brief quotation from another doctor, the Belgian, Father Bronchain. We shall come later to the three gifts of the Holy Spirit "that perfect our will."

Father Bronchain writes: These gifts may be viewed as the light with which the Holy Ghost enlightens us, and which is diversified according to the effects He wishes to produce in us. Thus Wisdom is an experimental knowledge of God, which enables us to taste and to judge accordingly of all created things. Understanding causes us to behold as if in full daylight the truths of faith. Knowledge makes known to us in general the means of sanctifying ourselves, and Counsel enables us to apply them to our conduct in particular cases.

Or we may sum up in terms of our simile, the growth into a new life in the free air of the spirit, after our emergence from the water-life of the psychical world. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are, then, the lights shed on us from the spiritual Life above us, which enable us to realize our relation to that Life, and gain stability, strength and continued growth in the new life of sunlight which we have entered.

Let us now turn to the Eastern Wisdom. We saw that Father Louis Lallemant, our French doctor, in one passage lays special stress on the use of these gifts as between teacher and pupil, master and disciple. The eastern passage which we shall quote, as our basis of comparison, applies exactly to that situation. It is in the form of a dialogue between a master and a disciple concerning these very gifts. It is taken from a treatise called *The Crest-Jewel of Wisdom*, attributed to the great teacher, Shankaracharya, but more probably the work of one of his disciples.

He is ripe to seek Atma (the Holy Spirit), our passage begins, who

is full of Knowledge and Wisdom, Reason and Discernment, and who bears the well-known marks.

He is ready to seek the Eternal who has Discernment (*viveka*) and Dispassion (*viraga*); who has Peace and the other Graces.

Four perfections are numbered by the wise. When they are present, there is victory, but in their absence there is failure.

First is counted the Discernment between things lasting and unlasting. Next Dispassion, the ceasing from self-indulgence here and in paradise. Then the Six Graces, beginning with Peace. Then the longing for Liberation.

Such a certainty as this—the Eternal is real, the fleeting world is unreal—this is that Discernment between things lasting and unlasting.

And this is Dispassion—a perpetual willingness to give up all sensual self-indulgence—everything lower than the Eternal, through a constant sense of their insufficiency.

Then the Six Graces: a steady intentness of the mind on its goal—this is Peace (*shama*).

And the steadying of the powers that act and perceive, each in its own sphere, turning them back from sensuality—this is Self-control (*dama*).

Then the raising of the mind above external things—this is the true Withdrawal (or Silence, *uparama*).

The bearing of all ills without petulance or self-pity—this is right Endurance (*titiksha*).

A firm confidence in the teaching and the Teacher—this is that Faith (*shraddha*) by which the treasure is gained.

The intentness of the soul on the pure Eternal—this is right Concentration (*samadhana*), but not the indulgence of phantasy.

The wish to untie, by discernment of their true nature, all the bonds tied by unwisdom, the bonds of selfishness and sensuality—this is the longing for Liberation (*mumukshatva*).

Though at first imperfect, these qualities, gradually growing through Dispassion, Peace and the other Graces and the help of the Teacher will gain their due reward.

When Dispassion and the longing for Liberation are strong, then Peace and the other Graces will bear fruit.

But when these two—Dispassion and the longing for Liberation—are lacking, then Peace and the other Graces are a mere mirage, like the lake imagined in the desert.

Chief among the causes of Liberation is devotion, the intentness of the soul on its own nature. Or devotion may be called intentness on the reality of Atma (the Holy Spirit).

Let him who possesses these perfections, and who would learn the reality of Atma, approach the wise Teacher from whom comes the loosing of bonds; who is full of Knowledge and perfect; who is not smitten by desire, who truly knows the Eternal; who has found rest in the Eternal,

at peace like a fuelless fire; who is full of selfless kindness, the friend of all that lives. Serving the Teacher with devotion and aspiration for the Eternal, and finding oneness of heart with him, seek the needed Knowledge of Atma. . . .

As will have been noticed, this passage is an extension of the Upanishad passage quoted at the outset, and a commentary on it. It is therefore, a close parallel to our quotations from the French doctor, commenting on the passage in Isaiah.

(To be continued.)

"Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadows you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths,—not until then can you know what love is."

—Henry Ward Beecher.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

PART III

IF the German racial claim is without foundation, and the German historical claim without substance, the claim that the Alsatians and Lorrainers are and always have been, at heart German is equally a distortion of the facts. This latter claim is the one most popularly held in Germany, and is the result of a carefully fostered propaganda. The different types of German claims have issued from different intellectual centers in Germany, each respectively representing widely varying special interests. But the ultimate conclusion was always the same. Thus the ethnologists have evolved theories about the skulls and other physical characteristics, past and present, of inhabitants of Alsace, invariably tending to prove that Alsatians are racially Teutonic. Politicians and historians have been intent on proving that the "German Empire" has always possessed Alsace-Lorraine, some dating this from earliest times, some not before the 8th or 10th centuries. Finally, poets and popular writers have dwelt on the age-old German affinities of these peoples, hailing them as brother-Germans, and seeking to convince the world, largely because they spoke or wrote in German, that therefore their culture is German, and they are and always have been German.

This last claim, its chief basis being the fact that the Alsatians do speak and write a Germanic language, carries great weight with many people: but actually it is an argument beside the point, and which only beclouds the real question by diverting attention from the essential facts involved. The scientific unreliability of the language test when applied to races of people, has already been discussed. Nevertheless, to prove the language test *unreliable* is not positive disproof of Germany's claims,—and this quite manifestly in view of the fact that Alsatians must have been at least in contact with Germans, in order to learn to speak any German, even if only a dialect.

It should always be remembered, however, that it is facts, and not theories, which establish the truth. And there are certain facts which one and all of the different German claimants either omit completely, or distort. The first of these is quite simple. Alsatians, in history, are first and foremost Alsatians. They are not Germans. They are not even Frenchmen. They are Alsatians. Today the Alsatian thinks and speaks of himself first and foremost as an Alsatian,—then as a Frenchman,—because his whole soul goes out to France and feels itself united with the French national spirit and consciousness. Bretons were Bretons, Normans were Normans, Provençales were Provençales for centuries before their spirit became amalgamated with French national consciousness as we now see it. Alsatians have been undergoing the same process, only because they were border peoples, frequently conquered and op-

pressed by alien armies, that process of unification has not affected them with the same completeness in certain specific respects. But in all the essentials, that is, in their national aspirations and predilection, in their ideals, even in their qualities of intellect and character, they are French. They show, to be sure, the stamp of close contact and interchange with the German people, they show that there is German blood in their veins (which may be traced also in the Normans), they show the impress of German ideas and methods. So also do the *Provinciales* show the impress of Italian characteristics,—as do Pau and Biarritz those of Spain. But Marseilles is French, and Pau and Biarritz are French, and Alsace is French. They speak Breton in Brittany and *Provinciales* in Provence, and Spanish in the Pyrennees, and Swiss dialects in Savoy, and *Alsatian* in Alsace. They do not speak German in Alsace—unless forced to at the sword's point. They speak Alsatian;—another fact overlooked by German claimants.

Such facts as these, with many like them, the German claimants ignore. I should say the more recent German claimants. Because what the German means when he claims a man as a fellow-German has varied with the speaker, and with the decade,—almost the year—in which he speaks. Most of the claims to Alsace-Lorraine developed during the last half of the nineteenth century, during the preparation for, and after, the War of 1870. Before the successes of that War, German historians and writers were under no delusions about Alsatians or Lorrainers. The question was hardly raised, because there was no motive, as yet, for raising it. Alsace had been French for more than two hundred and twenty years—beyond dispute. To be sure Germany had started annexing French territory as early as 1815, Treaty of Vienna; but it was a small and unsatisfactory amount that she got then. She aspired for more, as is revealed by the remarks of the King of Württemberg to Bismarck in 1846: "We must have Strasbourg. The heart of the matter is Strasbourg. As long as she is not German, the states of South Germany will not be able to share the political life of Germany."¹ But the feeling of Strasbourg itself is revealed a few years later by Kirschlager, a professor of the city, who stated to a German congress of naturalists at Speyer, the actual feeling of that time. Replying to the statement that Alsace "must be returned to the confederation," he said: "You ought at least to ask if we have any desire to return to you. . . . We wish to remain Frenchmen."

Substantially, the inception of modern German claims to Alsace-Lorraine lies in the attempted justification of the seizure of 1871. Military "necessity" dictated that seizure; and the reasons adduced to account for this act of robbery still further becloud the true question as to the affinities of these border peoples. To clarify the complexities of the issue, a thorough understanding of this background of 1870, and

¹ This and the next quotation are taken from Ch. D. Hazen's excellent book, *Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule*, p. 91. No sources are given. But compare Bismarck's speech in the Reichstag for May 2nd, 1871, p. 518, col. 1—where he quotes the king to the same effect.

also of certain other unescapable facts, is essential. To determine whether the Alsace-Lorrainers are at heart pro-French or pro-German, we must examine first what prompted the German claims, and whether those claims are scientific—that is, whether they are complete, unbiased, accurate. Second, we must examine what it is that Germans are, to see if the Alsace-Lorrainers are like them; also what the French, and France, are,—in the same way and for the same reasons. Finally we must examine what Alsace-Lorrainers think of themselves, and what their literary, artistic, and psychologic characteristics have been throughout history. The result would then have definiteness in the measure of our success in precisely determining each of the above factors. A separate section will be given to the discussion of each of these subheads.

SECTION I.

THE ORIGIN OF GERMAN CLAIMS TO ALSACE-LORRAINE

Before 1870 German claims to Alsace-Lorraine were vague and of a general character. The forced capitulation of Strasbourg back in 1681 had brought forth protests, notably two furious pamphlets in Latin by one Schrag, written in 1707-08.¹ But as the Emperor's claim was a disputed one at the best, and as the real loss, such as it was, lay with Strasbourg,—which chose to give up its independence in lieu of a worse, impending, fate,—these claims never received a serious hearing. One year later, in 1709, Schmettan, the Russian Ambassador to the Court of Louis, wrote: "It is well known that the Alsatians are more French than the Parisians themselves,"² so opinions differed, with the vantage of evidence as usual resting with the French, while to the Germans must be awarded the prize for rhetorical fervor and scurrility.

Goethe, studying for a while at Strasbourg, greatly admired the beauty of the Alsatian country, which he describes as "Alsatian semi-French,"—a *foreign* country, full of foreign and peculiar characteristics. Dr. Salzmann, a friend of his in residence, points out that Strasbourg is much more French than German;—they are, he says, above all things a practical-minded people, not "seeking the wide intellectual horizon that is the dream in German Universities."³

But where the traveler Goethe recognized fundamental differences between even such near-by Germans as himself, who came from Frankfurt, and Alsatians, with their strong pro-French affinities, the politicians continued to cry out at the robbery of Louis XIV, and to rhapsodize about the age-long German traditions and feelings of the alienated provinces, even of Lorraine. Goethe wrote of 1770; before him, Frederick the

¹ *Libertas Argentoratensium stylo Rysircenci non expuncta, and Nullitas iniquitasque reunionis Alsaticæ.*

² Quoted, p. 18, by M. Daniel Blumenthal in his little study of *Alsace-Lorraine*, from Georges Weill *Alsace French from 1789 to 1871*. No better work has appeared than this latter study, covering the period. It is even more satisfactory than Reuss.

³ *Wahrheit und Dichtung aus meinen Leben*. See the whole of chaps. ix, x, and xi.

Great, writing in 1738, with fine irony, said: "Nevertheless, the course of events has revealed that love of peace alone has obliged His Majesty [Louis XIV] to accept Lorraine, and to rid Germany of a province which in very truth has belonged to her from time immemorial, but which had been a burden to her [!], in view of its isolated and inconvenient location. Moreover, to establish peace on a solid foundation, it was a positive necessity that Lorraine should be ceded to France, because she would be able to furnish frequent causes for embroilments, and because, still more, France should be indemnified for the expenses of the war;—which things being carefully considered, make very clear that the King has entirely fulfilled the positive engagements which he had undertaken in his manifesto."¹

After the defeat of Napoleon, and the Treaty of Vienna, a new patriotism arose in Germany,—Baron von Stein and his work having already been referred to. The poet Arndt wrote a famous pamphlet—*The Rhine, Germany's River, but not Germany's Boundary*,²—which, in view of the action of the Alsatian populace during the French Revolution, was more the expression of a desire, than the statement of a fact. For Alsatian soldiers defended the new Republic from hostile attacks of Austrian and German princes, and the Alsatian National Guard set up in the middle of the bridge over the Rhine a tri-coloured flag which bore the inscription: "Here begins the Land of Liberty." Nevertheless Germany was profoundly stirred by Arndt's poem, and despite the fact that the Rhine had been a natural boundary since the time of Cæsar, the whole country responded to his appeal that not Alsace alone, but the Moselle, the Meuse, and the Sarre should "return" to the Fatherland. Another poet, Becker, wrote *The German Rhine*; while even William the First, then a Prussian Prince and not yet King, wrote some verses in the popular vein, reflecting the general temper of the times. He said in part:

"The Rhine must become
Throughout its entire course
The possession of the German lands!
Fling out your banner!
And you, O people of the Vosges,
And of the forests of Ardennes
We wish to deliver you
From the yoke of an alien imposter.
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.
.
So that some day your children
May be Germans
And may honour the conquerors
Of their Fathers!"³

¹ "Considerations Sur l'Etat Present du Corps Politique de l'Europe," in *Oeuvres de Frederick le Grand*, tom VIII, p. 9; ed. by J. D. E. Preuss.

² *Der Rhein, Deutschlands Strom aber nicht Deutschlands Grenze.*

³ Cf. Hazen, *Op. cit.*, p. 90.

These popular expressions of German acquisitive sentiments increased with her military victories, and in 1866 Bismarck and Von Moltke felt themselves able to begin active preparations for the defeat of France. Up to then it had been, however, frankly a question of conquest and "rehabilitation." In 1867, three years before the war, Bismarck said to Mr. Beatty-Kingston: "Suppose France entirely conquered, and a Prussian garrison in Paris, what are we to do with our victory? We could not even decently take Alsace, for the Alsatians are become Frenchmen and wish to remain so."¹ Despite the Pan-German propaganda, this statement of the Chancellor but follows the repeated admissions of Germans at the time. The fact that Alsace-Lorraine were French was widely recognized and perfectly well known. Thus an authoritative historian, friend of Bismarck, Heinrich von Sybel, writing even after the War, in 1871, said: "We know truly that the Lorrainers, since 1776, and the Alsatians, since 1801, have become good Frenchmen, and today oppose, by a large majority, the reunion with their Fatherland."² So in like manner Dereichweiler, another well-known German historian, says in a long and rhetorical passage that in spite of their "Urdeutsche Grund"—their "German-to-the-core basis,"—yet Alsace-Lorrainers on their "return" to the German Empire, had become "something quite foreign. A transubstantiation had at that time consummated their divorce from the Empire. In many respects the outer form had remained German, but the Spirit had become different. The French Soul had permeated and changed the old Nationality of this land in all its imagination, thoughts, and feelings, and in its entire outlook and comprehension."³

But presently "military" considerations became of paramount importance, and the annexationist policy of Bismarck was formed, as it were, over-night. Hard upon the heels of victory Bismarck said, "Strasbourg is the key of our house, and we will have it,"⁴—now quite regardless of whether he was behaving "decently" towards Alsace, or not. On October 7, 1870, he said to the Mayor of Versailles: "Germany wants peace and will make war until she get it, let the consequences be ever so lamentable from a humane point of view. . . . This peace will be secured by a line of fortresses between Strasbourg and Metz."⁵ . . .

Having determined just how far he could go, Bismarck said the day after Paris capitulated: "As you see, we are keeping Metz; but I confess I do not like that part of the arrangement. Strasbourg is all very well. Strasbourg is German in speech, and will be so in heart ten years hence. Metz, however, is French, and will be a hotbed of disaffection for a long time to come." (*Op. cit.*, p. 98). Bismarck admitted that it was the pressure of Von Moltke which made him demand Metz,—which was

¹ *Conversations with Prince Bismarck*, collected by Heinrich von Poschinger, p. 86.

² "Deutschlands Recht auf Elsass und Lothringen," in *Kleine Historische Schriften*, iii, p. 457.

³ *Geschichte Lothringens*, vol. II, pp. 630, 631.

⁴ *The Life of Prince Bismarck*, by William Jacks, p. 352.

⁵ *Conversations*, by Poschinger, p. 25.

"two miles beyond the linguistic frontier,"—and he said: "The Emperor has too many foreigners for subjects as it is. We have had more than enough trouble with our Poles, though they have been benevolently governed, God knows! And we shall have still more with these Lorrainers, who hate us like poison, and will have, very likely, to be roughly handled; whereas the good old German *Elsässer* will be treated with the utmost consideration."¹

The journal of Heinrich Abeken, chaplain in 1870-71 with King William, later the Emperor, reveals clearly and with sentimental German cant the court feeling about these provinces, as also the military "necessity" (= expediency) which tore them from France. He wrote in his journal November 29th, 1870: "The fruits of victory must be the security of Germany against future wars, which can only be assured by obtaining Alsace-Lorraine, Strasbourg and Metz; and, with this material result, the moral satisfaction to our people that these old German lands are returned to us. It would be a crime against the moral systems of the world if the theft committed by the French were not expiated, not made good again. It would be a crime against the children themselves if they were not brought, even against their will, to their real mother, the old home, but were left to their French step-mother and her corrupt influences. Not only our grandchildren, but their grandchildren, will thank us for educating them as Germans."²

On May 2nd, 1871, Bismarck rose in the Reichstag to explain the plans of the Imperial Government about Alsace-Lorraine. Speaking with his usual irony, he yet reveals the consummate skill with which he, as was his habit, fitted the facts at will into his theories and wishes. Perhaps no man in modern history followed more completely Mark Twain's advice, "Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please." After presenting the problem,—which was not, as might have been supposed, the best and most accommodating way of pacifying and incorporating the newly stolen provinces, but rather that of creating a defence for an endangered Fatherland,—he suggested that one proposition had been to create a neutral state, similar to Belgium and Switzerland. This suggestion received applause (cries of *sehr gut!*) but Bismarck continued that as a peace-proposition—"This supposition of such newly-to-be-created neutrals,—Alsace and Lorraine,—would not have been realized during the immediate future; rather it is to be expected that the strong French element would remain for a long time in the land, with its interests, sympathies, and recollections all attached to France;—so that these neutral States might indeed at any time obtain their own sovereignty, induced by a new Franco-German War, and thus be joined again to France. Such neutrality would be for us nothing more than a pernicious phantom, and for France a useful one. There remains therefore no other alternative but to bring this strip of land, with its strong

¹ *Loc. cit.*, Cf. The London Daily Telegraph, Aug. 31, 1898.

² *Bismarck's Pen: Life of Heinrich Abeken from his Letters and Journal*, ed. by his wife. P. 314 of authorized translation by Barrett-Lennard and Hoper.

fortifications, completely into German power, so that she may herself, as a strong glacis, defend Germany against France. . . . It is not my task to examine here the causes which have made it possible that an age-old [*urdeutsche* again] German population could possibly have become attached to a country with a foreign language, and with a government not always benevolent and considerate. Some reason must lie behind the fact that exactly those qualities which distinguish the German from the Frenchman, are precisely embodied in the Alsatian people; so much so that these people, with respect to thrift and love for law and order, formed a kind of aristocracy in France. They were more capable for administrative office, more reliable in state service,—and were worthy representatives of the military and civil authorities. In government offices there were far more Alsations and Lorrainers than the proportion of the population would warrant. It was exactly these one and a half million Germans who were able to use all these prerogatives of the German character in the midst of a people that had other prerogatives, but who were wanting in just these qualities.”¹

Anyone who has followed the progress of Bismarck's thought will see how wilfully misleading every word of the above speech was, for he has by this time the audacity to maintain that even all the French-speaking Lorrainers, let alone the Alsations, were Germans, and this but a few weeks after he has made provision for the turbulence he expected from the French populations of Metz and other wholly French centers. For the population of the ceded provinces was a little more than one and a half millions,—just the figure cited by Bismarck, so he included them all.

That unlooked-for success had definitely made up Bismarck's mind for him on the Alsace-Lorraine question cannot be denied; but his actual treatment of them belied his every word about their German affinities. When in 1874, in the Reichstag, the Alsatian deputy from Mulhouse protested against the financial support given to the old French University of Strasbourg on the grounds that it had become “the head and center for the speedy Germanizing of Alsace-Lorraine . . . the bulwark of the *Kulturkampfe*”—Bismarck rose to speak. There had been applause when the deputy had cried, “In Alsace-Lorraine, gentlemen, we understand by Freedom the protection of the Rights of the individual man (Bravo!), the Rights of the family, the rights of the Commonwealth against the omnipotence of the State.” To this Bismarck, with brutal frankness and cynical wit replied that though he and the deputy talked in German, yet they spoke in different languages, so far apart were their platforms. “The previous speaker has demonstrated in the sharpest manner this Incommensurable between our standpoints, which he has just presented to us,—namely, that by investing in the University of Strasbourg, we have had the interests of the Empire, and not the interests of Alsace-Lorraine, in mind. I can pursue, of course, solely the interests of the Empire; and I hope that the Alsations will in time arrive at the

¹ *Verhandlung des Deutschen Reichstags*, 1871, 1st vol., May 2nd, p. 519, col. 1.

point where they will look upon the interests of the Empire as their own. . . .

"We have conquered these lands in the interests of the Empire in a righteous war, in a defensive war, where we had to protect our skins; our fighters did not pour out their blood for Alsace-Lorraine, but for the German Empire,—for its unity, for the defense of its frontiers. We have taken these lands to ourselves, so that the French at their next assault—which God grant to put far off, but which they are already planning,—may not have the advance-post of Wissemburg as their starting point, but rather that we may have in them (*i. e.* these lands) a *Glacis*, behind which (*auf dem*) we can defend ourselves, before they get to the Rhine."¹ Alsations have never forgotten the fact that though they were such model Germans, yet their country served as a *glacis* behind which Germany might rest secure against an avenging France. They are today, and have been for four years, just such a *glacis*,—to their own immeasurable sorrow.

The policy of Bismarck has on the face of it no consistency where right and wrong, truth and falsehood, are concerned. He had but one policy—the attainment of power, on his own terms, and in his own way—quite regardless of decent behaviour, or of the least qualm about letting "the consequences be ever so lamentable from a humane point of view." He knew that "the Alsations had become Frenchmen and wished to remain so," and he did not care in the slightest for them or their sentiments. His every utterance and act, however, betray the fact that Alsations and Lorrainers were French heart and soul in 1870, which for our purpose is the point to be demonstrated. The only excuse that he, and other Germans, could furnish for home consumption, was to resort to the *urdeutsche* racial theory, claiming that this age-old German folk would quickly revert to their ancestral type, if once freed from the pernicious and corrupting influence of their "step-mother," France.

This racial theory has already been exposed. The Alsations and Lorrainers, as far as blood was concerned, were as mixed as every other national group in Europe, and rather more so than the Germans. What proportion of Teutonic blood there was, was distinctly subordinate to the Celto-Roman-Frankish admixtures. Racially, Alsations—who speak Alsatian more than French—are a conglomerate people; and traced to earliest days were Celt and not Teuton.

As for characteristics and national proclivities, that question bears analysis. There have been Teutons in Alsace since 59 B. C., and they have affected the temper and disposition of the people. It becomes a question of comparison, of determining precisely what are the fundamental distinctions between French and German. But it should be remembered that the burden of proof rests with the German side of the question, because it was to France that Alsations and Lorrainers turned.

¹ Verhandlungen des Deutschen Reichstags, 1874-5, Zweite Session, Vol. I, November 30th, 1874. Pp. 390, col. 2; 392, col. 1; and 393, col. 1.

The course of mediæval history in central Europe is complex enough, and a decision on such a problem will always be disputed; but there are certain characteristics of the German people from *urdeutsche* days on, which are evident to anyone who chooses to compare the development of that people with the development of the Frenchman or Englishman or Italian, and—to my thinking—the Alsatian. The Alsatian is first and foremost himself, just as the Frenchman or the Englishman is himself. And when Bismarck and German historians talk of Alsatians being German they *can* only mean that they are German because a proportion (they would say a vastly superior and more numerous proportion) of Teutonic tribesmen at one time over-ran, conquered, and inhabited an alien population. If they claim that this conquest decisively Germanized the country, the burden of proof again rests with the Germans. So much has been written in glowing and roseate terms about the ancient Germans that many people today have completely lost any accurate idea of what they were like. To determine, therefore, whether the Alsatian and Lorrainer of olden days was German or French, it is necessary to rediscover what those famous German grandfathers were like, and to estimate accurately in what way they were superior to Frenchmen in history, that is, in fact and outside of modern German histories about them.

A. G.

(To be continued)

"Nothing cramps the freedom of the soul in a greater degree than the fear of what others will think and say. The first thing to be done after taking the narrow way is to shut the world out of consideration, and look only to the approval of God."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

THE CRUSADES

BETWEEN the Crusading movement and the great economic changes which took place in Europe, beginning with the 11th century, a direct line of cause and effect is more or less obviously apparent. The rapid growth of important trade routes, and trading centres, the beginning of the modern financial system, the complete over-turning of the old social order—all the various economic developments of the time, can be traced back to some immediate and tangible cause. With regard to the intellectual, moral and spiritual results of the Crusades, however, the situation is very different. That there were such results, nay, that Europe experienced a most remarkable intellectual awakening, is beyond question. But to start from this fact and attempt to trace the connection back to some source in Eastern thought and teaching, is possible only in the broadest and most general manner.

The Crusades are probably more familiar to everyone when taken from the Western point of view, the following brief outline of which may serve as a reminder:

1095-1101—1st Crusade.

1145-1147—2nd Crusade, headed by Louis VII.

1188-1192—3rd Crusade (Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion).

1204—4th Crusade (seizure of Constantinople).

1217—5th Crusade (including the conquest of Damietta).

1228-1229—6th Crusade (Frederick II. taking part).

1249-1252—7th Crusade (led by St. Louis).

1270—8th Crusade (also under St. Louis).

From the standpoint of activities in Palestine, the movement falls into three general divisions: 1st, the foundation of the Christian states in the East; 2nd, their overthrow and the attempts to restore them, lasting to the time of the Crusade against Constantinople; 3rd, the numerous and confused expeditions of the 13th, 14th and later centuries, during which the Christian states were lost once and for all.

The vanguard of the first Crusade, a rabble horde without equipment or provision, headed by Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless, were helped across the Bosphorus, with all speed, by Alexius, the Byzantine Emperor. No sooner had they reached Asia Minor,—there to be ruthlessly slaughtered by the enemy—than Constantinople was confronted with the alarming hosts of the better-organized bodies of Crusaders. Godfrey of Bouillon, at the head of those from Lorraine and the north of France; Raymond, Count of Toulouse, and the Papal legate, Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, at the head of the southern French; and Bohemond and Tancred, leading the Normans of southern Italy, were the principal figures in this

Crusade. Far from aiding them, as might have been hoped for, Alexius treated with them only long enough to secure their promise to return to him, from any conquests they might make, such of his territory as had recently been wrested from him. Then he hastened them, too, in their passage to Asia Minor. The picture is the reverse of the more usual tales of the days of chivalry: weighed down by their trappings, particularly their heavy leather armor covered with iron scales; travelling in excessive heat, through a hostile country where food and water were almost unobtainable and where the horrors of famine were still further augmented by plague and pestilence, their sufferings, if only from the physical standpoint, were intense. Added to this was the difficulty before mentioned—insubordination and utter lack of discipline in the ranks; pride and haughtiness and lack of unity among the chiefs. The story of their struggles is a long one but, in the end, Count Baldwin, who had married an Armenian princess, was proclaimed Lord of the Countship of Edessa; Bohemond, after a prolonged quarrel with the other leaders, remained in possession of the conquered city and principality of Antioch; Raymond seized the Countship of Tripoli, and the remaining chiefs and their followers advanced to the siege of Jerusalem.

The conquest of this latter city presents a curious mixture of piety and blood-thirstiness. It began on the 14th of July, 1099, with a solemn procession, all the Crusaders marching barefooted round the walls. The following day the city was taken, and the most revolting scenes of bloodshed ensued, the crusaders slaying and burning its inhabitants wholesale, dashing young babies against the walls or hurling them over the battlements, hacking to pieces men, women and children, till it is said the horses were knee-deep in blood. In the midst of this carnage, Godfrey of Bouillon entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre barefooted and bare-headed and in a white robe, and was solemnly proclaimed "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre," considering the title of King of Jerusalem too high an honour to bear. The title was assumed by his brother Baldwin of Edessa, however, on Godfrey's death in 1100.

By 1153, the Christian colonists had reached the height of their power in the East, their conquests extending without a break from the Euphrates to the Egyptian border and including the four almost independent principalities of the four successful chiefs. Furthermore, in wealth and prosperity they eclipsed even the greatest of the cities of the homeland, for in the conquered principalities were some of the richest trading centres.

From that time on, however, the Christian settlers suffered nothing but reverses. One by one, the states were attacked and conquered by the surrounding Mohammedan rulers, each new loss rousing in the Europeans at home some echo of the early crusading spirit. In 1146, had come the expedition led by King Louis VII., with its very discouraging results, ending in his withdrawal and return to France. The year 1169 marked the appearance of the justly-famed Saladin, who, as Grand Vizier of

Egypt, brought order out of the chaos in which Mohammedan countries had been thrown by the ending of the Fatimite dynasty and the struggle over the succession. By his gallant fighting, Saladin reduced the Christians to the bare possession of Tyre, Antioch and Tripoli. This was immediately followed by the Crusade against Acre, with its two years' siege,—in which princes of the first rank engaged, among others the German, Frederick Barbarossa and his son, Frederick of Suabia. Large fleets came from both Scandinavia and England. And it was during this siege that Richard Cœur de Leon—the hero of so many romantic tales—and Philip Augustus of France joined the expedition, it being on the return from Acre, that King Richard suffered his humiliating captivity in the dungeons of the Duke of Austria.

The next Crusade started in the usual way and ostensibly with the usual intention, but, on the voyage from Italy, it was turned against the Greeks of Constantinople. The excuse for this lay in an appeal for aid, made by the Byzantine Emperor whose throne had just been usurped; but the real reason for it was more probably the fact that the Greeks of this region had long been suspected of causing, to some extent at least, the failure of the earlier Crusades—if not by actual sins of commission, then by sins of omission. After seizing the city, ruthlessly sacking the Churches, and carrying off great treasure, the crusaders placed on the throne Baldwin, Count of Flanders, who was kept in a continual state of warfare by the Bulgarians, the Lombards of Thessalonica and the Greeks of Asia Minor. It was at this time that the great wave of Mongol invasion swept over Asia and threatened Europe, and, practically wiping out the Asiatic kingdom of Kharizm, sent ten thousand Kharizmians in flight to Egypt where they still further added to the military strength of the Sultan.

During this period of a hundred years or more, the crusaders, partly by means of the great avenues of trade, had been living in close touch with the civilizations of the East. Round them on every side were Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Egyptians, Arabs, Turks and the other numerous peoples of the southwestern Asiatic countries. In addition to this they must have come in contact with Persia, India and China, as well, with all their wealth of ancient learning and their national spiritual heritage. Beside the trading which was naturally carried on between the Palestinian markets and the farther East, the Church opened up still another avenue. Certain of the priests conceived the idea of substituting for the Crusades, the peaceful conversion of the infidel to Christianity, and by what was known as the Great Art—a universal system for the study of languages—it was planned to equip missionaries adequately for "discussion with the learned doctors of other faiths." Missionaries were sent to the Mongol Empire, and into Persia, India, Central Asia and southern China—one more point of contact with influences which could scarcely fail to have a profoundly far-reaching effect.

It is difficult for us, accustomed as we are to the wide range of specu-

lation of modern thought and the easy, indifferent tolerance of the present day toward any and every point of view, to put ourselves back into the narrow, rigid dogmatism of the Middle Ages, with its fixed ideas regarding the conduct of this life, and of heaven, hell and the life after death. But for one brought up in such an age, imagine the effect of discussions with the learned doctors of the Buddhist faith, for instance—what illimitable possibilities must have been opened up by its indifference, even contempt for this earth-life, by its effacement of the time-divisions of Past, Present and Future, and its endeavor to live in and for Eternity.

Or if it be China rather than India, what must have been the effect—omitting all mention of her Sacred Books and the teachings of Confucius—what must have been the effect of Lao Tze's doctrine of nothingness or inaction, his practice of complete detachment and dissociation from earthly things, and his recognition of the fact that the whole purpose of life is the worship and service of what he calls the Tao, its only worthwhile goal, union with the Tao (the one Eternal Reality). Place on the one side the materialistic god, the materialistic devil and the materialistic heaven and hell of Mediæval Catholicism, and contrast with this the teaching of Lao Tze:

"All things are backed by the Unmanifest and faced by the Manifest. That which unifies them is the immaterial Breath."—"He will go back to the All-perfect. He who, knowing Glory, at the same time continues in humility, will be a universal valley. As a universal valley the Eternal virtue will fill him. He will revert to the original Simplicity."

Lao Tze's doctrine was one of quiescence; of absence of desire; of refraining from speech or action, as the cause of all evil; of restraining the senses and thereby permitting virtue to possess the entire being and the great power of human thought to take effect.

But more immediately at hand than the religion of either India or China, was that of the Mohammedans, with which the Christians must have come into closest contact every day. In view of the fact that they had come to the Holy Land filled with fanatical intolerance toward that faith in particular, they were probably little affected by its externalities and outward forms, but it is in the inner life of a religion, the spirit animating it, that its actual power lies, and in the Sufis, one sect of the Mohammedans, there is religious life of a beauty and power that must have exerted a force all its own. In the words of one of their own number, "the Sufis are folk who have preferred God to everything, so that God has preferred them to everything."

"There was a voice that sounded in men and women, in mountains and in seas, in the beasts of the jungle and the swinging of the stars. It was the Voice of Love, the great beckoning in the Hereafter to which all things must go. The Voice to the Sufi was God."

Their religion is one of love, love of the Beloved and ultimate union with Him. They deny any free will or any distinct personality apart from Him—God is in all things, God is all things:

"Where'er thou seest a veil . . .
 Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
 Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
 The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
 Hath victory."

Creation was regarded by them as an emanation of the Divine and the whole visible world as a reflection of it. From our own point of view, it is interesting to note their division of the universe into five worlds:

1. The "Plane of the Absolute Invisible."
2. The "Relatively Invisible."
3. The "World of Similitudes."
4. The "Visible World (or the plane of Form, Generation and Corruption").
5. The "World of Man."

It seems more than possible that the teaching may have actually included two more divisions, completing the septenary, particularly as they taught seven stages of spiritual development. In each of these stages the veil grows thinner, the soul draws nearer to the union with the Beloved, more nearly freed from that exile of which one of the Sufi poets writes:

"Lo, it was hurled
 Midst the sign-posts and ruined abodes of this desolate world.
 It weeps, when it thinks of its home and the peace it possessed,
 With tears welling forth from its eyes without pausing or rest,
 And with plaintive mourning it broodeth like one bereft
 O'er such trace of its home as the fourfold winds have left."

The teaching that God is in all things, *is* all things, was soon coupled with the corollary "all things are God," a theory which in later centuries (the sect began in Persia in the 8th century, A. D.) caused the martyrdom of certain of its adherents. One Sufi teacher, in particular, is credited with the assertion, "I am God," which reasonably logical conclusion, being too much for the endurance of his contemporaries, brought the hapless man to an untimely end. The probabilities are, however, that such an incident as this is largely to be accounted for by the popular misunderstanding which is usually accorded to teachings of a metaphysical character. There is little in the Sufi writings that could be regarded as indicative of a sense of "equality with God"; certainly, union as a goal to be worked toward in reverence, adoration and love is the only suggestion in the following representative lines:

"For the love that thou wouldst find demands the sacrifice of self to the end that the heart may be filled with the passion to stand within the Holy of Holies, in which alone the mysteries of the True Beloved can be revealed unto Thee."

Beautiful as all these teachings undoubtedly were, what effect did they have on the colonists or on Europeans at home? To be sure, of the

three great military orders formed when the Christian states so needed defence, one order at least, the Knights Templars, was filled with Gnostic and Mohammedan beliefs, was later tried by the Inquisition for heresy, and eventually was disbanded. But was Europe as a whole affected, and if so in what way? There was mysticism in the Mediæval Church after the Crusades, it is true, but there had been mysticism before; indeed was there ever a time in the history of the Church when, no matter how cold and dry and hard its outward form may have been, there were not some who, in close communion with the Master and inspired by His flaming love, kept alive its inner life?

As has been said before, a direct connection cannot be proved; but there is certainly a strong probability that the contact between East and West may have given purpose to the whole crusading movement. Certainly from a purely exterior aspect the Crusades accomplished little beyond the one result usually given,—namely, the staying of the Mohammedan invasion till that danger was past. They failed in their purpose of seizing and protecting the Holy Places from the infidel. The great outburst of religious fervor with which they started, came to an end in a comparatively brief time and with small result. But the movement was like a wave which, while it spends itself on the sands, nevertheless carries as it ebbs, something of all that it has touched, back into the ocean's depths. Beyond a doubt there was just such an indrawing from the great treasure house of the East,—to the immeasurable enrichment of Europe, though for the most part in its inner, hidden life, deep beneath the surface. But as the inner life, not only of the individual but of the nation as well, is the direct cause and inspiration of all real outward growth, certainly there is a connection,—no less clear because indirect,—between the influences of the East and all the expansion and development in European life and thought which followed close upon the Crusades.

After the two expeditions led by St. Louis of France, both of which ended in failure, the movement is confused and difficult to follow. For several centuries numerous petty princes started out on numerous expeditions, with but little in the way of achievement to mark their course. The old religious zeal was gone, partly because of a more or less natural exhaustion, partly because diverted to the Crusades at home (against the Albigenes and other sects). The motive now was, in some cases, the belief that a great Crusade would be an effectual means of reforming Christendom. More often they were actuated merely by political schemings, as Church and State continued their long struggle for power.

The true Crusading spirit, however, lived on in the hearts of the people. Dating from 1429, there is a poem by Christine de Pisan, referring to a belief current at the time, that Jeanne d'Arc, after delivering France from the oppressor, would lead a Crusade to the Holy Land:

"In her conquest of the Holy Land, she will tear up the Saracens like weeds. Thither will she lead King Charles whom God defend! Before he dies he shall make that journey. He it is who shall conquer

the land. There shall she end her life. There shall the thing come to pass."

The Maid had laid down her life before the prophecy could be fulfilled, but just as her spirit lives on, so the Crusading spirit has lived,—and lives today. For whether it be in a distant land on the actual firing line, or whether it be in defence of that inner "Holy Place" in the heart, whoever is fighting today for the Cause of the Master, has "taken the Cross" and is in the truest sense of the word a Crusader.

JULIA CHICKERING.

"Peace of mind must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness; you can no more filter your mind into purity that you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure, if you will have it pure, and throw no stones into it, if you would have it quiet."—Ruskin.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONVENTION

TO me the recent Convention meant the coming to birth of The Theosophical Society, that for which it has long been in travail, *i. e.*, the forming of a Universal Brotherhood. It was a council of war of brothers, little and big, standing as one, that the Warrior, the great Brother Christ, might fight in and for them, in His present mighty conflict "for the salvation of the good and the destruction of wickedness." These conventions open up vistas that make us bold, for this coming to birth at a time of world upheaval of the dominant races, born under the ray of the great Western Avatar, can but mean that the Society is raised to its heritage and fulfilling of the words of the Maha Chohan: "The Theosophical Society was chosen as the cornerstone, the foundation of future religions of humanity." We look to where this leads and we see it as a preparation of the return of the adept kings and crowning all, the reign on earth over men made perfect, of the Maha Chohan.

A.

My impressions and feelings regarding the Convention are few, chiefly because, during this year's session, I got away from myself to an unwonted degree. The impression that remains with me most strongly is that of my complete at-oneness, almost self-identification, with the spirit of the meetings. Ordinarily, during such a time, my mind is engaged in comparing the thoughts expressed with my own opinions on the subject, in assenting to some, and dissenting from others, and all too often, in going off on some thought-tangent which suggests itself. But at this Convention, if the paramount desire of my life had been being expressed, I could not have been more at one with it, nor have put into it more entirely all my interest, desire and will. My other chief impression was one that was new to me, at least in the degree to which it came through,—an outpouring of love and reverence and gratitude to the Masters, which, at one point, overwhelmed me and almost drove me to my knees in spite of myself.

B.

My feeling about the Convention was not *one* feeling but many blended into a whole—First there was the anticipation of weeks and days, ever growing keener as the time drew nearer, and the conviction that every one else would come with the same joyful anticipation, and the further feeling that all I might hope for in the day, would be a thousand times fulfilled.

As I turned into the Alley, in which the forces that penetrate and encircle the world are centered, there came to my mind, the question once

asked me, rather scornfully—"You meet in a stable?" But, as I replied then, why not, if The Master of Life felt it not too humble a place in which to be born, and to which kings and wise men journeyed from afar, to worship and behold The Light of the World?

Inside the stable, the lilies of silence, the roses of sacrifice, and the May day flowers of France, made an exquisite environment of beauty and fragrance, silent witnesses of those among us, whose lives are lived for the Masters, and who serve mankind without pause or stint, in its struggle on the Path towards eternal life.

One might easier ask, what feelings were left out, than what one's feelings were, for I felt in that changing atmosphere of delightful humor and solemnity,—gladness, gratitude, humility, reverence, and an intense desire to be worthy of that noble company, and the Masters whom they serve; to keep vividly present in my mind and heart, the spiritual principles, so inspiringly expressed, to strive to make Theosophy live in my own life, by waging war within my own nature; praying for a devoted heart and an *uncompromising* will ready to sacrifice anything and everything but the vision of beauty, goodness and truth in the world, which is the cause for which the Masters ceaselessly labor. C.

My impression of the Convention, as I think of it, is of flowers, most lovely flowers; of a wit and gaiety that made one light hearted and happy; of a sense of being surrounded by comrades, realized before the Convention was over, as comrades in arms; and of a teaching that draws aside the clouds of human making and reveals a truth of shining, passionate beauty.

There, all that is of beauty in life, all that makes it worth living, was held dear.

The war, in one sense the keynote of the Convention, was seen in all its human anguish, yes, but with all the emphasis laid on the real inner meaning: the fight, out in the open at last, between the Powers of Light and Darkness.

There at the Convention, one found the answer to the untold human misery and pain and loss.

As a Frenchman said, "If the men and women and children should die in their defence of France, the dead would arise and fight."

They have arisen!

For now we know that every life laid down, every deed of endurance, self-sacrifice, adds a living power for victory to the cause for which they stood.

Much indeed was said of self-sacrifice—of its power to take us on to the place we long to be, to make possible the service we long to give. They say in France the word *sacrifice* no longer exists. From what one hears it seems the word *victory* must have taken its place.

The Convention brought the rumble of guns very near, revealed the battle line not "Over there" but in the very hearts of men—Our hearts!

yours and mine. What is victorious there? Discouragement, complaints, slackness, or are we giving to our uttermost of "Faith, Courage, Constancy"?

And now in a word, what was the Convention all about, what did it say? For me at least it sang "For Their Sakes, Courage, Hope, *en avance!*"

D.

As I look back upon the Convention certain things stand out with such clearness as to dwarf all other impressions.

It seemed to me that our leaders, visible and invisible, entered then and there upon a new and more momentous phase of the great battle for the salvation of humanity: that they flung the gauntlet anew into the faces of the powers of evil. I realized as never before their quiet facing of the foe with ever-increasing power and determination. There was the atmosphere of the eternal there—time and space seemed for the moment eliminated; the "day was as a thousand years," and plans were being made that would affect humanity for ages to come.

With this came also the feeling of an unusual degree of unity among us all—a new and deeper understanding and realization of brotherhood in its true sense. We, whose high privilege and deep responsibility it is to belong in even the humblest way to this great movement felt, it seemed to me, an exultant joy that we, too, in spite of our lamentable blindness and deadness, were participants in this great struggle; we, too, were co-workers with all that host of the Master's forces all about us. Here was a new call to battle: to greater effort, to more complete self-sacrifice; and coupled with it, these watch-words, given for our guidance: "faith, courage and constancy." And indeed, as I write them, these seem also to have been the watchwords of the Convention.

E.

The T. S. Convention summed up the work of the past year and pointed out the work to be done for the coming year. With the Great War as its centre many practical hints and suggestions were made and the earnestness and sincerity of the speeches gave the inspiration and will to carry these out in daily life. As always, the Convention had a serious tone, but this year it seemed to give a stronger sense of the real power and force behind it, a keener sense of the great work being done and the still greater work to be done and the marvelous privilege and opportunity to serve the Masters who had given and are giving their all for and to us.

One felt the drive and power behind the Convention—and longed to be able to understand more and to help. Particularly encouraging was the fact that we in America were behind the lines and that every act and thought and word either helped hold the lines in France intact or made an opening for the enemy to enter.

The Convention was a call to arms—a plea to pause and consider our work of the past, to gather together our forces and to get into the fight for a long, persistent and unfaltering attack on the enemy.

One could not speak of the Convention and not mention the atmosphere of brotherliness—the real spirit (and not the sentimental, cheap brotherhood known to the socialists) and the spirit of joy, happiness, humor and good will which prevails at every Convention. E.

My impressions of the Convention are so little my very own that it is difficult to lay hold upon them. For some reason I was strongly reminded, at the outset, of the first Convention that I attended, as a very new member of the T. S. The room where my first Convention assembled was familiar enough, but it seemed to be suspended in a world with which I was not in the least acquainted,—and I was none too sure that I cared to get at closer grips with it, either; it made such odd demands. During the intermission, I recall having heard one of the officers of the Society say to another that it was by way of being a very good Convention. Since it seemed to me a cut-and-dried and rather uninteresting gathering, I took that to be only one of the many jests that were exchanged by the officers during the session. Those jokes and asides were in fact the only feature of my first Convention onto which I could fasten the nameless objections that rose up within me—so I busied myself resenting them.

Looking about at the 1918 Convention, I was convinced that no member could have come to it with so little understanding as I had brought to the first one. Yet I found myself frequently asking—Will *they* (the new comers) see, feel what this speaker is trying to say? Will *they* catch the significance of this little note, thrown in almost as if by chance? Can *they* keep up with this rapid pace, as speaker after speaker gave what was to him the heart of the year's teaching and life? (Incidentally, I found that I could not keep up if I persisted in this double line of thought and feeling.) Do *they* understand the jesting; does the depth and reality of it all so shine out that the humour and the need for it, is actually felt?

I had one neighbor who was a feature of the Convention; it was like sitting next to a stone wall on a cold day—no sign of any feeling, none of that quick sharing of a thought or feeling that moved one: that neighbor might have been a complete non-conductor of force of any sort. I longed, ardently, for means, any means, of making a hole in that cold front—so that what came to me might travel on and I might get fully into the circulation. What was my surprise, later on, to learn that this same neighbor had been moved almost to loss of control; my stone wall nearly toppled.

A new life, a day in a new life, lived out, completely and joyously, before our eyes, was my picture of the Convention. It was as though some exalted ruler should invite us to spend a day with him and his court—just a common, ordinary day—in which they all went about their ordinary ways of life, but by some magical kindness made clear to us, the people from the outer world, what they thought and how they felt about the problems with which they had to deal, and about their common

responsibilities. It was a day in the real world, lived from the inside, not looked at from the outside, with wonder and longing. G.

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society is the greatest event in the world. Here one comes for inspiration, for fire and for light on every problem in life; here also one may meet in communion and fellowship with members from all parts of the world.

I was awed by the intensity of joy and sorrow, love and hate with which the meetings were vibrant. One had a feeling of being there close besides our Elder Brothers, those who are carrying on a hand-to-hand battle against all the powers of Hell. One had a feeling, too, of wanting to throw oneself completely into this battle, the Master's battle. One felt that life is an eternal warfare, and that perfection is the goal. We are destined to become Gods.

The meetings bore indisputable testimony to the joy, power, and beauty of self-sacrifice. Power, tremendous power, one felt.

One felt, too, the unreality of the material world and the beauty and nearness of the Spiritual World, and the call of the Master and one's Higher self to live the life of the Soul. H.

It has been the privilege of several members of The Theosophical Society to hear a course of talks on Education during Lent of 1918.

In the mind of one, the point which stands out most clearly is the picture presented, of an every-day fact, of a father wishing to and planning that his son may have the best possible education, giving the subject much time and consideration, so that he may give to him that which will best fit him for life, that he may be at ease in all circles, diplomatic, artistic, scientific, social, and so on. But—quite neglecting the most important, furthest reaching side of the boy's education, that which would cultivate the Divine in him, would fit him for the spiritual life. Among Angels and Saints the boy would be ill at ease, not speaking their language.

At the Conventions of The Theosophical Society one is reminded of all this, for the angels actually inhabit the sphere. They sound a note, and that note penetrates into all the crevices of one's being. Gratitude was the name of the first positive note which I caught at the Saturday morning session of this convention.

Again in the afternoon gratitude! that the demand is persistent for the one and only true aristocracy. And the last note at the evening meeting. Gratitude, that the world has been shown the horrors of evil in every phase of hideousness, by the Germans.

And then, I for one, felt fearfully ashamed as I watched others who had worked so incessantly. I, not even aware of the work and sacrifices that had been endured. But where there is so much gratitude there must be a deep cause for it.

For the QUARTERLY alone, one feels everlastingly grateful; but the

feeling that brings forth tears of shame for having slept while others have fought in one's very midst comes from some other source.

"Noblesse oblige" seems to be the watch-word one takes away this year, as "The energy of sacrifice," was of last year. I.

Comparing this Convention just past with others which I have been permitted to attend brings this picture to my mind. Walking down a more or less familiar path with some new things to see, then suddenly turning a fork in the road and finding realities one had not dreamed of. The deep, strong spiritual note that was struck in many of the messages brought to us, the gain one felt had been made during the year past. Deepening vision, clearer, more comprehensive understanding of the principles for which The Theosophical Society stands in this fight to the death between the Black and the White Lodge—between evil in its worst sense and righteousness as the Masters of Light see it. There was a new joy, a feeling of clearer inner understanding, truer Brotherhood in the real sense; an added feeling of the grave responsibility and the privilege of our membership.

Though miles might separate us, a closer standing shoulder to shoulder, strengthening our outer work by a greater oneness of inner spiritual effort. A new unity of inner understanding of that which is taught us and so, greater outer understanding that gave one a glimpse of the irresistible power which is ours will we but reach out and grasp our opportunity. J.

Each year I find myself looking forward more eagerly to The Theosophical Society Convention. One would be glad at any time to attend such a warm-hearted gathering of old and tested friends, pervaded with courtesy and humour, with its background of beauty, showing outwardly in the lovely lilies and roses with which the room is always filled. But above all its charm, one is enabled to feel there the reality and nearness of the spiritual world. I feel at home there, that it is where I belong, that there above all other places is home.

There is tremendous power there, which all who have occasion to speak must feel. "For above man is infinite power and around him is infinite need." There the connection is made between the two and those who, through some duty, become in however humble a way a channel for that force, feel as a young rider feels when mounted on a superb thoroughbred. It is not a question of the power of his mount but of his ability to ride it. For once one does not lack ideas. They pour in like a torrent and our problem is to control and express them.

It is as if during the Convention a corner of the veil were lifted and we see clearly and know as truths of the spiritual world things that before had been little more than words to us.

There is manifest that unity of heart that is the keynote of success.

Members separated during the year by thousands of miles will see by the same light and, each expressing his own truth in his own terms, will arrive unerringly at a true interpretation of some current event whose real meaning still remains dark to the world at large. There is manifest, too, an openness of mind, a freedom from that rigidity of opinion that makes the terror of old age. Prejudices long held are freely abandoned when a higher truth is presented with which they are incompatible.

Above all else one realizes there the infinite importance and power of right thought and understanding. One sees that in truth a handful of people with true vision and the will to live up to the highest they can see, may do more than many army corps for the Masters' cause in their great world war against the powers of evil.

K.

To the visiting member the annual T. S. Convention is unique in its atmosphere of love, insight, and consecration. This was particularly true of the Convention of 1918. At this Convention there seemed to be even greater unanimity of thought and heart, and of definiteness of purpose than at former Conventions. The dominant note was of settled, courageous determination to wage a ceaseless fight in this great war, for our Country, our Allies and the White Lodge, the watchwords being "Faith, Courage and Constancy."

As is always the case at Convention, the addresses and remarks of the various members contained much that was exceedingly illuminating and inspiring. Particularly so, to some of us, was the light given on the meaning and value of sacrifice, especially sacrifice made at this time, for mankind and for the White Lodge. Very helpful, also, was the exposition of self-love, desire for power, etc., as the antithesis of self-sacrifice, and as being sure marks of the Black Lodge. The personal application of these ideas was brought home to us all.

At every Convention one awaits with pleasant anticipations, the reports and the remarks of visiting delegates from the various branches. It was an especial pleasure and an inspiration to have with us this year some who had come from far distant points in order to attend the Convention; still better, to hear them "speak the truth that was in them."

The Saturday evening session seemed to the writer the happiest and most helpful of any of the evenings of the Convention he had attended.

L.

Dear M.....

Once more the Theosophical Convention has come and gone, and here is the fulfilment of my promise to tell you about it. I need not describe the surroundings, for you know them—the sunny Alley, and it is always sunny on Convention days, and so unlike the new New York,

so suggestive of older, mellower cities, that one has the sensation of having turned suddenly into London, where mews are one's daily portion. You remember how we all come smiling down that Alley? A stranger might ask "What on earth are they all so pleased about?" And that is what we are—"as pleased as Punch,"—as the children say. Another milestone passed, another year gone, in which we have all fought and been worsted, but still fought on; another year in which miracles have been worked for us, and angels given charge concerning us, and here we are again,—hungry, undaunted, and serene,—hungry, because disciples need the very Bread of Life, and here we find it; undaunted, because we have proved beyond all peradventure that They that be for us are greater than they that be against us; serene, because we learn, slowly perhaps, but surely, to make His Will our peace. And so once more we crowd into the little friendly, flower-bedecked studio, that seems to have grown wise with all the wisdom it has heard. Not wise, perhaps, about sensible modern things like ventilation and heat regulation, but with a wisdom of the heart, a cheer that never fails us, and some magic of elasticity by virtue of which it gets us all in, with room for one more. Then it has moments—but moments! when its tiny walls ring bravely with high words and it thinks it is a cathedral—and it *is*.

First I must talk about the friendliness—the note of gay friendliness that impressed you so strongly that one time you were with us. Whenever I am with my dear Theosophists I always think of that last scene in Orpheus and Eurydice—you remember—where the Happy Spirits greet, and part, and greet again, as they drift through their Elysian fields. Except for its ineffable music it is a rather silent scene—it appears that happy spirits do not chatter—but their radiant, gracious silence suggests the very consummation of friendliness, the very apotheosis of brotherhood, a perfection of mutual understanding based on spiritual perceptions, and that is what we are in training for—that is what we are beginning to be—happy spirits! Theosophists are friends all the time, but the Convention is when we underscore it, when the delegates come from far and wide to tell of the year's work, and when we compare notes to find out where we are "at." They are so glad to be back again and we are so glad to have them. As to the work accomplished, from one point of view—the silly material one—it might seem small, the progress infinitesimal. If we pinned our faith, for example, to showy numerical growth, we could easily be discouraged, but we know better than that—only first class Theosophists need apply—the other kind need *much* wider halls. Then think of the bewilderment, the scathing contempt, of a really efficient Tammany politician, for instance, to hear that tiny groups of two or three or four people meet season after season, year after year, to discuss—what? He would say vague unpractical things that do not *pay*. And yet we are sure that by just such small and patient doings the mills of the faithful gods accomplish their slow grinding. Two humble people are enough for a study class in theosophy, and be sure it will not

fail of a Master. Now you are laughing at what you call my "high and mighty tones," but there is one thing in this world about which I am haughty and stuck-up and altogether beyond the reach of snubbing, and that is The Theosophical Society.

What did we talk about? What does one ever talk about in these mad, splendid days? The War naturally, but the War as seen through theosophical lenses, and recognized as a clear cut, sharply defined struggle between the forces of good and evil, between White Lodge and Black Lodge,—“happy the warriors, son of Pritha, who find such a fight as this, it is a very door of heaven opened wide.”

You, who so rejoice in the psychology of history, would have been fitted exactly by the lecture in the Little Thimble Theater, on Theosophy and the Nations at War—but that you must read in full. Again we had the insistence upon the stupendous spiritual opportunities offered to humanity and the revelations made as to spiritual status, as nation after nation finds or loses its soul in this struggle, as exemplified not only in a dehumanized Germany, in the pitiful betrayal of poor, bewildered, elemental Russia, in the exposure of egotistical infamy by the Sinn Fein (or sin unfeigned, as T. will insist upon calling it), but also in the recovered vision of splendid France, the laughing, dauntlessness of unconquerable England.

And so, dear M., as I look back these are some of the impressions that emerge—and you ask for impressions—a high gaiety, as of those who hurry forward on some beautiful adventure; a gracious slowing up on the part of those who have outrun us, as big brothers might keep step with little ones (our prattle meanwhile often tries their gravity), and a serenity that the crash of worlds cannot impair, for has not the oldest brother of all said “Of those whom Thou hast given me I have lost none”?
M.

In coming to the 1918 T. S. Convention one expected to have one's faith at once tried and strengthened—tried by the report that there had been no history; strengthened by certain knowledge that The T. S. is doing a vital work in the world, a knowledge which inevitably comes from contact with any T. S. activity. One was barely seated when one felt a new note: there was a change in the current, if I may so phrase it. The current was seemingly positive, even aggressive; where one had expected it to be defensive and protective. Flaming hope, confidence in an assured victory, were superadded to unflinching faith.

The Convention proceedings left an impression of an orderly, disciplined, unified attack along lines that seemed unmistakably military and martial. One heard oneself saying: “We are out of the trenches, out of ourselves, into the open and we are attacking—yes, and being attacked, but what of it! We are advancing.”

The intangible is hard to put into words—though it may be the vital element. The T. S. Convention of 1918 was real, potent, practical.

Theorizing was abandoned for that knowledge with certainty of which *Light on the Path* speaks. The T. S. has been doing, and will do, a great work. One has heard it said that the conquest of sin in oneself is part of the battle line in France. One had heard it in faith before. Since the Convention one has known it to be true—simply, literally true. One left strengthened. One left feeling united to others equally confident and equally convinced that the 1918 Convention marked a turning point in the world's history.

N.

We hardly need to tell you how closely and eagerly we were questioned upon our return home from the Convention. And what follows was part of our attempt, here put in writing, to give to our Branch members something of the Convention spirit; some idea of the thoughts and feelings of the members there, which it seemed to us might possibly interest others not present. We are not stenographers, however; therefore it is not intended as an actual rendering of the various speakers' words, as you will find, but rather a composite résumé of some of the things said, the impression of these upon us, and the reflections they gave rise to. Perhaps it is mostly these last—musings on our way home, though we trust it is none the less true as an interpretation of the various speakers' intent.

We will begin by telling of our very personal gleanings that we gathered from the greetings everywhere given to us. While we may have found betimes enough in the night wind and in the chill of the early morning air to remind us of those eastern winters we had read of, yet those personal greetings, indeed, reminded us no less of the eastern spring-time sun, or of our own perennial summer—so warm, so wholehearted, so brimful of new life to us were they. From the first greeting, given in the first moment of our arrival, when, above the depot's din and the noise of hurrying, scurrying passengers and porters, we heard our name called and were met by one only outwardly strange to us,—right on through the Convention, wherever we went, their warmth and glow we carried with us. And we feel them yet.

And inasmuch as nothing outward, no word, no greeting, could possibly express the further depths of sincerity and love that came to us silently diffusive and direct from the hearts of some, so we feel that no outward sign given at the Convention, nor any word spoken there, could possibly be used to fathom its real depths or to measure its widely over-spreading dynamic, inductive, inner and outer effects as the "focus of tremendous forces," we were told it was, and ourselves felt it to be. Neither could we any more adequately venture on a description of those forces for ourselves, save perhaps that they might be the spiritual power from long years of cumulative, concerted, inner and outer life efforts and work of members; the spiritual life-essence of these fed, as it were, by the swift flowing stream of Lodge light and life and love, the Masters' thought and will and purposes reflected upon its surface.

The "focus of tremendous forces." We remember those words well; we marked their trend, their mien. Obviously those forces were fighting forces, as available to the allied guns as to the hearts of self-conquering men. And ever and again the thought of these would return to us. *It was essentially a war Convention.*

We listened to the scathing indictment of the Roman See, and yet to clear discrimination between the Vatican and the Saints and faithful of the Catholic Church. We listened anew to the story of Vatican duplicity, of its many-sided intrigue, of its infamy in Ireland, as our memory serves us; of Vatican connivance at Sinn Fein attempted war-time rebellions, the Irish-Roman Bishopric and clergy smiling on continuous sedition while they clasp across seas the filthy, blood-stained hand of a German, and hold high a chalice in the other. While viewing it from the opposite shore of France, was it not also a further Vatican blow aimed at a sister nation, whose valor of soul, purity and clear understanding, fighting priesthood, and saintly-belligerent nursing nuns, had become a rebuke and a menace to the Holy See?

And whether it was part of the speaker's arraignment or the searchingly convictive power of his words that brought it back to our minds, we do not now know, yet we recalled the Holy Father's long silence and seeming unconcern in the beginning of the war, when hordes of bestial, blood-soaked Germans were violating his nuns and their girl charges; shooting his aged, defenseless priests; ransacking monasteries and battering down the walls of his sanctuaries, as wily Vatican diplomats tore and devoured, as it were, his flock from within his own fold. Was it not withal the outward and visible sign of a Satanic hidden compact—the Pope's Vatican enforced benedictory sanction of the Pan-German Plot?

And as we listened and remembered and thought of those "fighting forces," it seemed to us that the burning words were intended for other ears, and not solely to bestir our own oft sluggish hearts and minds and limbs to greater action. As we listened to his tone of unmistakable defiance, it seemed to us that somehow they would be borne on the currents of the ether as a warning call to the ministers left standing in Europe, or to appear maybe as the handwriting on the wall at the secret conclaves of Cardinals, and be heard as an answering cross-current challenge on the line of consultive intercommunications between Rome and Berlin.

One of the delegate's timely denunciation of socialism, endorsed by every one there, so far as we could see, was no less convictive. Although we cannot recall at this moment the exact words, some of the exemplifying, previously enacted scenes of Russian socialistic life, that it brought back vividly to our minds at the time, are now no less clear to us. We saw them as we see them now, as more than one Russian writer has depicted them to us. We saw Russia's frontier gates being slowly and stealthily opened by socialistic trench oratory; vast armies of Russian peasant soldiers lured from their trenches by their brother German "inter-

national" socialists' more wily treachery. We saw them returning home, demoralized and childishly elated at their own defeat. We saw them later, some five millions of them, fierce, cold, hungry and unrestrained, lacking all self-control, gathering to themselves available elements of disorder and crime, and devastatingly swarming the country-side like locusts—armed and deadly locusts. We saw them socialistically freed from the Emperor's dictum of sobriety, reeling drunk with new vodka, brutalized almost to the level of German brutality; sacking the land, wrecking city buildings, tearing up city streets, robbing banks, imprisoning loyal citizens and breaking Russia's internationally pledged word at a German Socialist's behest, in their mad haste to make way for the invader and his armies; while they socialistically vied with their captors, violating and defiling mothers and young girls—a lurid black and blood-red living picture, as yet unfinished, of what our own country might be, if the socialists were given all power, if once the "dam of discipline" and the benign restraints of toil were broken down.

We saw socialism radiantly self-assertive, masquerading in our own midst as the spirit of democracy, progress, principle and right, fostered by socialistic thinkers and sympathizers in high places, well meaning men of affairs who, along with the self-seekers among labor, have yet to learn some of the lessons of life that our democratic and industrial age would teach them.

We saw it as a hideous thing, clad in church vestments, setting class against class in Christ's name, feigning a defence of the downtrodden and needy, whilst teaching but a thinly veiled gospel of class consciousness and rights, or of freedom from class responsibility and the burden of mutual class sin; a virtual acceptance of the Nietzsche-inspired, Trotsky-Lenine socialistic doctrine, that to place the common good of all above the material interests of one's own class is a crime!

We saw socialism for what it is, as it has shown itself to be since the war began, as the fruit of some half-century's German seed-sowing, the "Blonde Beast" of the German working class, a fit "Slave" in the Nietzschean national formula; born in the same hour, of the same monstrous parentage, vitalized by the same brute forces, the same sanguinary elements, with the same lust for possession and power as its twin-born higher class "kultur." True to its Germanic sire, and just now turned to a little different hue by the American climate, it awaits but the opportune moment of German-Austro strength and of Allied weakness to tear up the Declaration of Independence as a scrap of paper, and welcome a German army to our shores. When still true to its own instincts it, too, would hand over our wheat-lands and oil fields, our common store of wealth, our resources discovered and undiscovered, to furnish Europe's new "Mittel" empire with further power—American womanhood to enrich it with her life's blood, American men its slaves, American children meanwhile given over for unspeakable mutilation by the officer's sword,

or the surgeon's knife, lest unborn, immortalized Americans return to avenge them.

Socialistic history may or may not repeat itself, yet we do not deceive ourselves as to its potentiality. The forces of socialism are being fed daily and hourly in this country; have been fed for many years past.

Neither do we mistake the Convention Spirit. Theosophy is militant—eternally militant. The only way, the only brotherly way now to put purer instincts and peace into the heart of a Hun is by a bullet or bayonet thrust, or by blasting a way through by "Superguns," as we are beginning to see.

And in the Convention's clear light, we see, as never before, some of the subtler forms of pacifism and war-slackness. We were reminded not so much of the self-confessed pacifists who stand at all times self-convicted, as of those who give some sign of seeming outward patriotic warmth while they show little if any of its fires within. And we thought of our churches—rather of some few in them, "holders of the purse," as it were, whether consciously so or not, we do not know. There are seemingly still some who in this hour of utmost need think more of themselves and of the church's own material interests, loving and caring for these more than the Master and the people's war-time inner wants and needs. Despite the centuries of hardly learned lessons of inner life and divinely human experiences, there are still some who in this hour deny our Lord, as Christ Living, to the hearts of their hearers, while they thrice vehemently and protestingly declare their love for Him. As of old, there are still some who in reality neither watch nor pray for Him in this dark hour; who inwardly sleep, the sword He bade them buy still sheathed in self at their side, whilst the ever-living, ever-fighting Christ in His now world-wide Garden of Gethsemane sweats great drops of agonized blood—Allied blood! Others there are who while they humanely tend on battlefields to the soldiers' wounds, would keep his soul in eternal darkness, as though enforced fighting and sacrifice of life and all things dear for Christ's sake, aside from creed, in this hour were not sufficient in His eyes to atone for a soldier's erstwhile sins, and for his part in the sins of his nation. As though the hell he sees on the other side of the Rhine were not enough for him! Still, there are others nearer perhaps to the Master's heart, who, whilst seeking peace where none will be found, see more or less dimly above and beneath, and in and through the battle of the surface, the inner world, spiritual conflict, the struggle for inner supremacy and the things of our immortal life, for possession of the soul itself of our race; who see it more or less dimly as the dark night of the Aryan-Soul, the throes of its inner birth, who yet fear and refuse to face their own souls in the crisis. They also, it seemed to us, had forsaken Him and fled. Their halting and retreat, their inward cowardice, it seemed to us, were alike spiritually and morally comparable to the Russian peasant soldiers' desertion of the trenches; were alike in their ultimate leavening effects, scattering secretly broadcast the seeds of inner and

outer sabotage, while giving added powers to German spies. Whilst we thought of the less intuitive layman, rich and poor alike a prey to the same fears, who follow as devoutly the same pathway of self-worship, and haltingly measure and decide vast inner and outer world issues by their pocketbooks, and the distance of the battlefield from the living-room window; a thrice faithless denial, too, of their God, themselves, and their country by adoption or birth.

Nor were those Convention forces any less sparing of ourselves. While the inwardness of rapidly moving events, and the souls of fighting nations were being laid bare to us, they yielded us no less rich subject matter for self-introspection. In the war's lessons; in the French *poilus'* valorous love and supreme sacrifice; in the Briton's oft remarked stubbornness now transformed into an enduring defence on thirty-seven fighting fronts; in the Sinn Feiner's "for himself alone"; in the German's loss of his soul,—in the glory and spiritual promise, and ignominy of such as these, we sought and found some of our own imperfections, and many of the essentials of our own inner life and being, with some of the black shadows of our own sin.

By the bitterness in our sacrifice; by our own sullen, inner resentment of higher and diviner laws; by our own unspeakable selfishness, as we could see ourselves partially stripped of self-disguises in the Convention light,—by such as these had we not also sown seeds of both inner and outer sabotage, of socialistic violence and betrayal of nations and Irish revolt? And while we may have fought and stood valiantly at times, as it seemed to us, and anon had cast out devils from ourselves, as it were, in His name, conscious in rarer moments of a guidance and sustaining power higher than our own,—yet had we not in the hour of the Master's need, and of our own self-peril, turned from Him and fled?

Had *we* not a sword to withdraw further from its sheath of self, wholly, if that were possible, that it might scintillate in the Convention light, in the battle royal of the centuries that the soul of our race may be lifted up?

Was not our own theosophy eternally militant, too? Were not those warning watchwords, "Faith, Courage, Constancy," the living antithesis to the world enemy's opposing call to socialism, pacifism and inner and outer war slackness—their leavening power translated into strong inner and outer action, our irresistible offensive and defensive against the things we had heard spoken of?

Was not the Society itself the very warrior soul of our nation and race? Had it not reached that point in its inner and outer career from whence the common pathway must be lit by the light of its daring?

We pondered these things in our hearts as we traveled homeward.

O.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THIS will have to be a monologue. The conversationalists of the *Screen* are too busy to talk. In their diverse ways they are after Germans, little and big, seen and unseen.

The number and variety of unseen Germans is amazing. Some of them are objective. They are unseen because they hide, in certain cases from you, in other cases both from you and from themselves. When they hide from themselves, they usually persuade themselves that they are Internationalists and, of course, that they are superior. It requires some experience to detect them through the veil of their self-hypnosis.

But the unseen Germans who are creatures of the invisible world, are recognized hardly at all. This is because, before the war, even religious people, so-called, had ceased to believe in devils; and you cannot recognize anything in the existence of which you do not believe. It is thanks entirely to the performance of the objective Germans, that the rest of the world is gradually recovering its ability to know a devil when it sees one, and to suspect him, by his fruits, even when he himself remains unseen. Incidentally, if we were anxious to harbor some one pleasant feeling about Germans (and we have been spared that anxiety), it would be comforting to owe them this increasing ability to recognize a devil by his "atmosphere," as well as by his trail. Incidentally, also, it is interesting to note that Divine Wisdom has so fashioned things that evil invariably defeats its own ends, for the more objective and odious it becomes, the less likely is it to deceive honest people. It may perhaps even be said that evil, because of the reaction of honest people against it, which pushes them toward what is good, obtains in this way a chance to be transformed and redeemed, while, of course, if honest people are deceived by it, their blindness and perdition merely prolong the agony of evil by adding to its power.

But about devils: who are they? What are they?

In the visible world we know of creatures of many kinds. We know them as centres of consciousness, functioning in bodies adapted to the order of substance in which they live and move and have their being. As Paul of Tarsus said: "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." Then he added: "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial." But the first idea to get very clearly in mind is that, wherever we turn in Nature, we find centres of consciousness, functioning in some kind of a body, the substance of these bodies varying in quality as much as the degree of consciousness manifesting through them.

Some scientists would say that we know more about ether than we

know about solids, liquids and gases. All scientists would say that ether is as real as a solid. But ether, none the less, is invisible. Suppose the bottom of the ocean had never been explored. Many people would say,—Nothing can live in such conditions. Because it has been explored, we know that creatures do live there. And because that has been our experience in every department of Nature which we have explored so far, it would be folly, in our opinion, to question the probability that sentient creatures exist in the ether and in or on all planes of the ether. For just as we know of many grades or planes of visible substance, from hardest steel to vapour and gases only just perceptible, so also we may infer that there are many different grades or planes of ether.

There are bodies celestial, said St. Paul. This means invisible, at least to the average human eye. In another place St. Paul gives a list of different classes of angels. These beings must function in bodies, the substance of which would be akin to the stratum of consciousness to which each type belongs. But just as, in the visible world, you find both good men and bad men, and also men who are not positively good or bad but who are influenced for good or ill by circumstances; and just as, among animals, you find those which are friendly to man and those which are unfriendly—so it seems reasonable to suppose that in the invisible world there are creatures both good and bad, both friendly to man and unfriendly, as well as those whose character depends chiefly upon the influences to which they are subjected.

There are, in the first place, unthinkable millions of disincarnated creatures. It would be absurd to suppose them "dead." In the second place it would be narrow-minded in the extreme to think of this earth as the sole source of life and of consciousness. Why should there not be globes invisible as well as visible? Why should not invisible globes interpenetrate our earth, just as the ether is said to interpenetrate every tangible form of substance? Why should not the creatures of such invisible globes in some cases be morally better and in some cases morally worse than the men and animals of this planet? All the great religions teach the existence both of angels and of devils: the angels reinforcing everything in us which makes for righteousness, and the devils reinforcing everything in us which makes for evil,—for egotism, sensuality, anarchy, disorder and chaos. When we say, therefore, as we have often said in these columns, that Germany has sold her soul to the devil for power, we have not been speaking figuratively, but of what we have every reason to believe is literal fact. Our own reasons we have not attempted to set forth. But the considerations we have suggested should at least serve the purpose of opening a shut mind to the recognition of a possibility. And it is important that as many people as possible shall realize that in this war we are fighting the whole brood of devils, only the visible representatives of whom are the Germans and their allies.

However, enough of that. Our subject, for the moment, shall be

certain recent revelations, by their own acts, and out of their own mouths, of objective German devils.

First, we want everyone to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the contents of a pamphlet, issued under the auspices of the German Government, the purpose of which is to frighten neutral nations into an attitude of suitable trepidation and compliance. The State Department of the United States communicated the contents of this pamphlet to the *New York Times* (May 9th, 1918). In it, Germany boasts of her unparalleled "frightfulness." She boasts in detail. She has stolen 5,016 "average watches"; 15,312 "embroideries and women's handkerchiefs," etc., etc. But more than that, for consider the matter of prisoners of war. British prisoners, numbering 50,000, have been captured, it is claimed. As against this number, "the English oppose 124,806 German prisoners taken by them on the western front." What of that, however! For—and now we quote word for word:—

"It must be remembered the English treat their prisoners with notable kindness, while the regime imposed on the English prisoners by the Germans is one of extreme rigor; so that the Germans, with a small number of prisoners [this was before the recent German offensive], have secured a much superior moral effect. Besides, to the 2,264 officers and 51,325 soldiers must be added the several thousand English prisoners that have died in consequence of disease, scanty food and other accidents in German concentration camps."

We cannot be surprised, therefore, when the Germans, though proud of their past achievements, strive continuously, with the aid of their unseen "father," to outdo themselves in devilish and brutal cruelty. Naturally, being bullies, they are cowards, and choose their victims from among the helpless. So we read on the authority of the British Admiralty (*New York Times*, June 8th, 1918), of "the slow murder of forty British prisoners sent by the Germans to work under fire on the Russian front." By way of pretext, it had been alleged that thirty-six German prisoners had been murdered by their British sentries,—an accusation without a word of truth in it, needless to say, though the British prisoners in Germany, to whom presumably the statement was made, were in no position to disprove it. It had been decided, "in retaliation," that out of a party of 500 British prisoners, a corresponding thirty-six should die.

"The men were formed into groups of three and the misdeeds of any individual were visited upon all three men in the group. They were taken from working parties at the end of the day, made to mount on a block, and were then tied to a pole. The block afterward was kicked away, leaving the men suspended with their feet a little off the ground. In this position they were kept for two and a half hours each night for fourteen nights in intense cold. Forty men died under the treatment."

Red Indians, at their worst, could not have surpassed these exponents of "kultur." Yet, in some respects, the ordinary, daily treatment of prisoners held by Germany, is even worse. Without any pretext of retaliation, they are subjected to unceasing physical and moral torture which, in our opinion, it is absolutely wrong to allow to pass with mere verbal protests. Report after report, supplemented with evidence from escaped prisoners and from neutrals, has been published by the British Government. The last to reach us is a White Paper numbered Cd. 8988, dated April, 1918. The official Committee reporting states that the evidence "must convince every impartial mind that it is impossible in terms of exaggeration to describe the sufferings these prisoners had undergone."

Take one instance. In April, 1917, three British prisoners escaped over "no man's land." They were received by a British General Staff Officer, a major in the 1st Anzac Corps. This is what he says of them, under date the 18th April, 1917:—

"Three men escaped from behind the German lines to us the other day. They had been prisoners 3 months, and were literally nearly dead with ill-treatment and starvation. One of them could hardly walk, and was just a skeleton. He had gone down from 13 stone to less than 8 stone in 3 months. I fetched him back from the line, and it almost made me cry. All that awful January and February out all day in the wet and cold; no overcoat, and at night no blanket, in a shelter where the clothes froze stiff on him; no change of underclothing in three months, and he was one mass of vermin, no chance of washing. The bodies of all of them were covered with sores. 'Beaten and starved,' one of them said. 'Sooner than go through it again I'd just put my head under the first railway.'"

Beaten to work, in bitter cold, without clothing, "the only food they were given was one cup of coffee, a slice of bread and some soup a day—a day's ration" (p. 9). No wonder that young men became grey headed after a few months' of such treatment, or that others, when first fed, "died of eating the food we gave them."

Americans,—must your own sons and brothers, husbands and sweet-hearts, be treated like that, before you realize that you are fighting, not men, but devils?

Another direction in which there is room for much clearer understanding than exists at present, is that concerning the responsibility for beginning the war. At one time, people in this country were told officially that the origin of the war did not concern them. From other sources we received numbers of pamphlets assuring us that England, France, Russia, Germany and Austria were all of them equally responsible. It was suggested, in some of these pamphlets, that "capitalistic" iniquity must of necessity be at the bottom of this as of all other world calamities, and that France and England, therefore, were just as much at fault as Germany. It did not require much perspicacity to trace such logic to

its source; but the trouble is that almost any kind of statement, if repeated often enough and with sufficient assurance, leaves an impression which it is very difficult to remove from the minds of those who failed in the first place to reject it positively as a lie; while comparatively few people are really positive about anything. Consequently, even today, there is need to emphasize the truth; and it so happens that some Germans, because they see disaster confronting them, are beginning to turn "State's evidence."

If doubt about the responsibility for the outbreak of the war had at any time been possible honestly—and we do not think that it was—the evidence of Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London for some time before the outbreak of the war; of Dr. Wilhelm Mühlön, former Director of Krupps; of Baron Wangenheim, German Ambassador at Constantinople, and of August Thyssen, speaking for German manufacturers,—would remove such doubt forever.

Prince Lichnowsky's memorandum is printed in full in *Current History* for May, 1918. It was dated Kuchelna, 16 August, 1916, and became public in March, 1918. He says "We [the German Government] insisted upon war." And then:—

"As appears from all official publications, without the facts being controverted by our own White Book, which, owing to its poverty and gaps, constitutes a grave self-accusation:

"1. We encouraged Count Berchtold to attack Serbia, although no German interest was involved, and the danger of a world war must have been known to us—whether we knew the text of the ultimatum is a question of complete indifference.

"2. In the days between July 23 and July 30, 1914, when M. Sazonoff emphatically declared that Russia could not tolerate an attack upon Serbia, we rejected the British proposals of mediation, although Serbia, under Russian and British pressure, had accepted almost the whole ultimatum, and although an agreement about the two points in question could easily have been reached, and Count Berchtold was even ready to satisfy himself with the Serbian reply.

"3. On July 30, when Count Berchtold wanted to give way, we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilization by sending an ultimatum to St. Petersburg, and on July 31 we declared war on the Russians, although the Czar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued not a man should march—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement.

"In view of these indisputable facts, it is not surprising that the whole civilized world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world war."

Of his departure from England, the Ambassador says: "I was treated like a departing sovereign. Thus ended my London mission. It was wrecked, not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our policy."

In the same issue of *Current History* (see also *Manufacturers' Record* of June 6th, 1918), the testimony of Dr. Mühlön is given at

length. As a Director of Krupps, his relations both with the German Government and with the big German banks were of course most intimate. It was from Dr. Helfferich, at that time Director of the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, and later Vice Chancellor of the German Empire, that, in the middle of July, 1914, he heard of the Kaiser's secret agreement with Austria, and that war was an "absolute certainty."

Wangenheim's testimony we owe to Mr. Morgenthau, American Ambassador to Turkey. Writing in *The World's Work* (June, 1918) of his experiences at Constantinople, Mr. Morgenthau says that in the early days of the war, the good fortune of the German armies so excited the German Ambassador, "that he was sometimes led into indiscretions, and his exuberance one day caused him to tell me certain facts which, I think, will always have great historical value. *He disclosed precisely how and when Germany had precipitated this war.* To-day his revelation of this secret looks like a most monstrous indiscretion, but we must remember Wangenheim's state of mind at the time. The whole world then believed that Paris was doomed; Wangenheim kept saying that the war would be over in two or three months. The whole German enterprise was evidently progressing according to programme."

Mr. Morgenthau continues:—

"I have already mentioned that the German Ambassador left for Berlin soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke, and he now revealed the cause of his sudden disappearance. The Kaiser, he told me, had summoned him to Berlin for an imperial conference. This meeting took place at Potsdam on July 5th. The Kaiser presided; nearly all the ambassadors attended; Wangenheim came to tell of Turkey and enlighten his associates on the situation in Constantinople. Moltke, then Chief of Staff, was there, representing the army, and Admiral von Tirpitz spoke for the navy. The great bankers, railroad directors, and the captains of German industry, all of whom were as necessary to German war preparations as the army itself, also attended.

"Wangenheim now told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn. Was he ready for war? All replied 'Yes' except the financiers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their foreign securities and to make loans. At that time few people had looked upon the Sarajevo tragedy as something that was likely to cause war. This conference took all precautions that no such suspicion should be aroused. It decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quietly back to their work or started on vacations. The Kaiser went to Norway on his yacht. Von Bethmann-Holweg left for a rest, and Wangenheim returned to Constantinople.

"In telling me about this conference, Wangenheim, of course, admitted that Germany had precipitated the war. I think that he was rather proud of the whole performance; proud that Germany had gone about the matter in so methodical and far-seeing way; especially proud that he himself had been invited to participate in so momentous a gathering. The several blue,

red, and yellow books which flooded Europe the few months following the outbreak, and the hundreds of documents which were issued by German propaganda attempting to establish Germany's innocence, never made any impression on me. For my conclusions as to the responsibility are not based on suspicions or belief or the study of circumstantial data. I do not have to reason or argue about the matter. I know. The conspiracy that has caused this greatest of human tragedies was hatched by the Kaiser and his imperial crew at this Potsdam conference of July 5, 1914. One of the chief participants, flushed with his triumph at the apparent success of the plot, told me the details with his own mouth. Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar, and giving me his account of this historic meeting. Why waste any time discussing the matter after that?

"This Imperial Conference took place July 5th; the Serbian ultimatum was sent on July 22nd. That is just about the two weeks interval which the financiers had demanded to complete their plans. All the great stock exchanges of the world show that the German bankers profitably used this interval. Their records disclose that stocks were being sold in large quantities and that prices declined rapidly. At that time the markets were somewhat puzzled at this movement; Wangenheim's explanation clears up any doubts that may still remain. Germany was changing her securities into cash, for war purposes."

Mr. Morgenthau adds that the Austrian Ambassador "also practically admitted that the Central Powers had precipitated the war." Statements made by the old Emperor Francis Joseph in May, 1914, proved that "the war would have come irrespective of the calamity at Sarajevo [the murder of the heir to the Austrian throne]. That merely served as the convenient pretext for the war upon which the Central Empires had already decided."

August Thyssen is the nephew and namesake of the "Steel King" of Germany. His revelations (and the word is used advisedly) are translated in the *Manufacturers' Record* of May 9th, 1918. He states that the German Emperor "on three occasions addressed large private gatherings of business men in Berlin, Munich and Cassel in 1912 and 1913," promising them immense financial profits if they would uphold him in a war which he was going to bring about. Victory was to be achieved by December, 1915. By that time, Germany would have conquered the world.

"I was personally promised a free grant of 30,000 acres in Australia and a loan from the Deutsche Bank of £150,000 at 3 per cent., to enable me to develop my business in Australia. Several other firms were promised special trading facilities in India. . . . A syndicate was formed for the exploitation of Canada. . . . Huge indemnities were, of course, to be levied on the conquered nations, and the fortunate German manufacturers were, by this means, practically to be relieved of taxation

for years after the war. These promises were not vaguely given. . . . I have mentioned the promise of a grant of 30,000 acres in Australia that was made to me. Promises of a similar kind were made to at least 80 other persons at special interviews with the Chancellor, and all particulars of these promises were entered in a book at the Trades Department."

It was to be a war for loot. Thyssen and the other Germans, finding the statements of the Emperor "tempting and alluring," agreed to support his war plans. Thyssen now finds himself nearly ruined; but, although disgusted and disillusioned, he is as German in his death-rattle as he was when, full of hope, he conspired to rob and slaughter his neighbors: for it does not dawn on him that he and his Emperor and their associates proved themselves to be common criminals and murderers, every one of whom ought to be hung,—and must be hung, if law and order are to be vindicated.

T.

"If I want only pure water, what does it matter whether it be brought me in a vase of gold or glass. What is it to me whether the will of God be presented to me in tribulation or consolation, since I desire and seek only the divine will."—St. Francis de Sales.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

SELF-EXAMINATION

THE difficulty of understanding one's own nature, which was dealt with in the last section, may be overcome to some extent by honest, careful, regular, systematic and detailed self-examination. This is prescribed in all religious Rules, and should be part of every individual's Rule of Life.

The necessity for complete honesty with one's self is so obvious that it seems hardly necessary to refer to it, and yet, as has already been pointed out, we are not honest with ourselves, or about ourselves, to ourselves. The lower mind will adopt the most subtle expedients, and the most ingenious devices, to becloud the truth. We are willing to acknowledge almost any other sin than that one which we are searching for or have been accused of. We injure or hurt some one in a specific manner, and cheerfully confess and apologize for our very disagreeable personality that must be such a trial to our friends, while at the same time vehemently denying that we did that specific thing. The object of self-examination is to bring out the fact that we *did* do that specific thing; to search out the motives which prompted the act; and to show us how those elements in our nature acted, not only in this case, but at other times, in connection with many other people. There is no use trying to understand ourselves unless we are prepared to face the facts, with courage and with scrupulous honesty. If in real doubt about some point, it is safest to assume that we are guilty; and guilty of the meanest and lowest manifestation of the fault. A candid avowal of guilt, even if only to ourselves, usually clears up the doubt. Once the fault is acknowledged, we see it clearly, in all its ramifications and workings. If, on the other hand, the doubts persist after self-avowal, it is a case for our spiritual director. Care must be taken to avoid scrupulosity. The lower self very often covers up our real faults, by encouraging us to believe that we have some imaginary one.

Self-examination must be careful. It must not be slurred, and we must not permit ourselves to be diverted from the point at issue. If we are hunting for evidences of stinginess, of which, for some reason, we believe we may be guilty, we must not follow some false trail which leads to some other infraction of the Vow of Poverty. We are hunting

for stinginess, not extravagance nor prodigality, nor lavishness. There are many pitfalls for unwary feet along this path.

Self-examination should be regular. It is a question of degree. A good general Rule is to go over the day, every evening before going to bed; and then, once a week, or once a month, have a general examination that is much more specific and elaborate. After a time, when self-examination has become a regular habit, some students do it hourly; interrupting their occupation, when they can, for a brief review of the previous hour; asking themselves, perhaps, some such leading question as this: "What did I do during the last hour which I would not want the Master to see me do?" Such a question throws a lot of things into relief, for it covers *how* we do things, as well as what we do.

Self-examination must be systematic; that is, we must devise some plan that will cover the ground. Many systems use the Ten Commandments as a basis, and they serve if they are stretched far enough; but I prefer the Three Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. These should be sub-divided to cover the different planes, in a manner that I shall indicate further on. The point is that we are complicated entities, and that we sin with the body, the emotions, the thoughts, and feelings. All the nooks and crannies of our nature must be looked into, for we are likely to find the faults tucked away in the most out-of-the-way place. Because you are generous with physical objects, do not run away with the idea that you are also generous where it is much more important to be generous, and that is with your sympathy and your affections. Nor must you overlook the possibility that you may be the soul of generosity where your affections are engaged, and be niggardly with everyone else. Some of the most generous people I know are only generous to some half a dozen friends, and never seem to realize that they should not stop there. The converse is also true. I know others who seem to think that when they give their affection, they have given enough; so that their bounty is bestowed upon strangers. Truly, there is no limit to the intricacies and complexities of sin.

But if our self-examination is sufficiently detailed, all these other qualifications will look after themselves. We must endeavor to devise questions which will cover every field of activity and will throw light into every devious and crooked corner of our nature. Take the Vow of Poverty as an example. Most people think of it as one of the three vows taken by a monk or nun when entering a convent for the purpose of leading a religious life. Entirely apart from the point that we should lead religious lives whether in a convent or not, the facts are that the Vow of Poverty covers a large section of human activities, and that no one can lead even a decent, secular life, who does not submit to its sway, and act in obedience to its dictates. It operates, of course, on every plane of our nature, and has its laws and rules for our bodies, our emotions, our thoughts and our feelings.

Take the question of time. Time does not belong to us; it

belongs to God. It may seem a far cry from the Vow of Poverty to how we use our time, but as a matter of fact, the use we make of time is just one of the departments of our lives which comes within the field of this Vow, and should be examined under its sanction. How do we use, or abuse, our imaginations? Do we spend a lot of time building Castles in Spain, imagining ourself to be the hero of all sorts of adventures? Do we realize that Humility, that rarest and most necessary of virtues, is also part of the Vow of Poverty; that the "poverty of spirit" which shall see God, is another name for humility?

I want, however, to give a more or less systematic and detailed sub-division of one of the Vows as an example of the manner in which all three vows should be detailed, and made to cover the whole of life. As we have been using the Vow of Poverty, let us take that, and ask ourselves these questions:

- Do I understand the Vow of Poverty?
- Do I apply it on all planes?
- Do I look upon it as one of the most important means of perfection?
- Do I meditate upon Christ's relations to it, and how He exemplified it?
- Do I keep myself disengaged from the things of this world?
- Am I content with my food and clothes and shelter, or do I complain of any of them?
- Have I more of these things than I need?
- Or better in quality?
- Do I possess anything superfluous?
- Do I regard things as my own, and value the sense of possession and ownership?
- Is there anything I have which it would be difficult or painful to relinquish?
- Am I content to be poor, or do I long for riches and luxury?
- Do I trust implicitly in God, or do I fear poverty?
- Am I content with simple, inexpensive and second best things?
- Do I wish for changes in my circumstances?
- Do I dread certain eventualities, or am I content to accept whatever comes?
- Do I waste my time, either during working hours, or hours of leisure?
- Have I given away anything or accepted anything where I doubted the propriety of my act?
- Have I allowed anything to be wasted or spoiled?
- Have I taken good care of everything entrusted to me?
- Have I given better things to those I like than to those I do not like?
- Have I done all my duties thoroughly and conscientiously?
- Have my employers or superiors had any cause of complaint of my performance?
- Was I punctual?

Do I finish my work, or leave it as it may be, when the work time is up?

Do I seek what is pleasant, or easy, or comfortable?

Do I select the best chair?

Do I listen as attentively and courteously to those who bore me as to those who interest me?

Do I begrudge certain people my time?

Do I listen sympathetically to the story of their trivial experiences?

Am I generous with my sympathy?

Do I share my pleasures with others?

Am I reserved and shy? or do I err in the other direction, and talk too much and too freely about myself?

Do I seek advice as often as I should?

Do I seek it more often, and for the sake of attracting attention to myself, rather than for the advice?

Do I prefer others to myself? What does this mean? How far do I carry it?

Am I charitable in my judgments? Patient with the faults and weaknesses of others? Is this patience and charity a veneer assumed because it is the decorous attribute, or do I really feel sympathetic and charitable?

Is patience an effort, or is it the spontaneous expression of my feeling?

Do I ever complain, of things, or events, or people?

Do I criticize others outwardly, or in my own mind?

Do I ever feel amused, or pleased, when I observe another's weakness?

Do I ever get a secret satisfaction from the faults of others?

Do I relish another's scolding or reprimand? Or would I prefer to be the guilty party so that he might escape the consequences of his sin?

Do I avoid all topics of conversation, or mannerisms or ways of doing things, that I have any reason to believe unpleasant or painful to others?

Do I carefully avoid being the occasion of sin in others?

How do I employ my leisure?

Do I govern my mental activities, my thoughts, in the spirit of the Vow of Poverty, as well as in the vows of Chastity and Obedience?

What does this mean to me? In what ways should the spirit of the Vow of Poverty control my mind?

How should it control my imagination? Does it?

How should it control my will? Does it?

How should it control my memory? Does it?

How should it control my understanding? Does it?

Am I generous in asking pardon for any fault I may have committed, and do I grant it immediately and ungrudgingly, when asked of me?

Do I practise poverty of spirit, humility?

Have I kept silent regarding those matters which might gain me applause, or advance me in the esteem of others?

Do I really believe I should be humbled, forgotten, and despised?

Have I submitted my will and judgment to others, or relied on my own? Which should I do? and why? and with what limits?

Have I tried to carry my point; to enforce my view; to have my plan adopted?

Have I acted with a view to attracting the esteem or applause of others?

Was I not more eager for those things which would make me prominent, than for those leaving me in the background?

Did I try to continue the conversation when others were praising me, or talking about me?

Did I dwell with complacency upon myself, my talents, my qualities, my spiritual attainments?

Did I compare myself with others, to my advantage and their disadvantage?

Have I spoken of myself deprecatingly for the purpose of drawing praise from others?

Have I concealed or disguised my faults so that they should not become known?

Did I excuse myself when corrected?

Have I thrown the blame on others?

Have I taken correction in bad part, shown too much sensibility, or resentment, or attributed unkind motives to the person correcting me?

Have I been jealous or envious, about either things or people?

Have I indulged in ridicule?

Have I been haughty, or proud, or disdainful, or imperious, in gesture, or speech?

Have I been ill-humored, or capricious?

Have I indulged my curiosity?

And so on.

The point is that each person should make a list of questions which will search out all his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, in addition to those which would do for every one of us. Some of the questions printed above may seem to belong rather under the Vow of Chastity, or the Vow of Obedience, and indeed, some of them could also be asked under those headings, but they also have a proper connotation with the Vow of Poverty. There cannot be any hard and fast line of demarcation; the main thing is to cover the whole ground. It may be pointed out that both of the other vows cover broader fields than the Vow of Poverty, so that there should be many more questions under those captions than we have indicated above. Yet again, the point is not a multitude of questions so much as to be sure to cover the ground, and the ground to be covered is nothing less than all the activities of our nature, actual

and potential. For we must examine ourselves on sins of omission, as well as sins of commission.

Remember that matters that have to do with the senses, with the control of the body and its appetites, the whole fields of sensuality and selfishness and truthfulness, come under the Vow of Chastity. Purity of mind and body is a large subject in itself. Our religious duties and practices, our Inner Life, our Rule and its observance, and all things cognate to these subjects, come under the Vow of Obedience. Everything that has to do with Conscience, and our ideals, our vision of Life, our intuitions, and our obedience to our inner light, of course is a matter of the Vow of Obedience. So is our duty to God, which is the larger half of a Christian's life.

These brief indications will enable each one to prepare his own self-examination, both general and particular. Its preparation will be useful, but it will be its conscientious and regular use thereafter which will be illuminating.

C. A. G.

"Why should truth be always near us, and we commonly far away, unless from our little-mindedness? He is great-minded who keeps himself in the Divine Presence, and is never long away from the sense of the Eternal God. God is always with us, why should we not always be with God? The great souls of all ages have walked with God."

—Archbishop Ullathorne.



REVIEWS

The Challenge of the Present Crisis, by Harry Emerson Fosdick, is such an excellent book, is so nearly satisfactory, and in places is so inspiring, that one wishes one could give it unqualified praise. It will, doubtless, be widely read, for it concerns an ever-present problem, is well written, is forceful and convincing, answers many searching questions, and is by an author who is deservedly popular. I am glad it was written, for I believe it will do good. And yet, and yet!

He himself says that we must not condemn a good thing because it is not perfect: so let us point out much that is good in the book, and then what we do not like. The first section discusses the tendency to despair which the war has produced, and which he dismissed by showing one that all great wars in the past caused the same tendency, and that history illustrates the needlessness of such a supine and cowardly attitude. If Christianity is a failure, so is education, social idealism, commerce, all the agencies upon which some, or all, of us rely for the advance of civilization. We cannot send all these to the scrap-heap, therefore why specially Christianity? We agree with his conclusion, of course, but not with his premises. He says, "Only a frivolous mind can easily be optimistic at a time like this. One who to-day feels no strain on his faith has not taken his faith seriously enough to attempt the direct application of it to the actual facts of the war." I challenge this statement. The only people I know at the present time who are invincibly and intelligently optimistic, are the very few whose religious faith is great enough and robust enough to take in the facts of the war as they actually are, in all their multiplied horror; who face these fearlessly and consciously, and who not only go on with a serene confidence that God rules and that all is well, but who actually see why the war was necessary and desirable and not the unmitigated evil most people consider it. Mr. Fosdick himself goes far towards seeing the facts and he actually presents a large part of the case, but, and I dislike to say this, he is so under the sway of the modern materialistic standard of values, the love of life and hatred of discomfort and pain, that he simply cannot follow his own theme to its logical conclusion. I doubt if the protestant mind is capable really of seeing that pain is not a curse, and that suffering comes from God as a remedial agent and is therefore blessed. They hate it so, Mr. Fosdick hates it so, that when they meet it, their instinctive reaction is that something is wrong with God's world and therefore, with God, and the intellectual gymnastics they have to perform to get out of this *impasse*, are pitiable. He writes eloquently of the faults of our social system and, like most others, he blames the social system; it simply never occurs to him that God arranges the social system, and that it must represent what He thinks best for those now working under it. Mr. Fosdick would say that wicked or ignorant legislators, or statesmen, or capitalists arrange the social system, in spite, I suppose, of God, and that if we could bring about reforms, the suffering and injustices now caused by our social system would cease. He, and most others, seem to think that those who now suffer, suffer unjustly; but how he reconciles this with divine justice and divine love, I do not know. He does not seem able to realize that we reap what we sow; he reads it in the Bible, but does not apply it to human life, to evolution; indeed he does

not see how it can be applied to evolution, and therefore his journey through the logic of events brings him face to face with an unmitigated and unreasoning horror of and objection to suffering.

His appreciation of the need of force, of war, is excellent, and what he says of pacificism and conscientious objectors is the best analysis of those subjects which I have seen. We should expect this of the man who wrote *The Manhood of the Master*. It is a pity he used the word Personality in this section, instead of the word Soul. They are not the same, and he treats them as if they were.

It is, however, about the war section that we must record our most important dissent from his point of view. He is discussing the limitations of force and he points out that the value of force has distinct limitations. It is never remedial, it only removes an obstacle to well-being. "Surgery never cures," It restrains or removes a malignant growth and permits the positive, constructive forces of health to cure. Hence the war, at the best, can restrain or remove the malignant growth of German autocracy and militarism, but it cannot cure. Only good can do that. Therefore we must love the Germans, must pray for them, must be prepared to open our arms to them and take them into the new and great fellowship of nations, which, hereafter, is to see that all goes well with the world. He actually gives us a prayer, a page and a half long, which begins, "O God, bless Germany!" and ends with an appeal "that we may learn brotherhood with that same diligence which now we give to war."

It is an ingenious and interesting argument, appealing to our generosity, our magnanimity, our sentimentality, but it is based on a number of very important, false assumptions. One is that it is the autocracy and militarism of the Prussian government which is the trouble with the German people, the only cancerous growth which the surgery of war needs to extirpate. Another is the assumption that there are positive and constructive forces of good in the German people which will cure them when their cancer is removed. What if there are none? He forgets in his surgical analogy that many patients do not have that positive constructive force of health that cures them after the operation. Such patients die. A third is that suffering is a curse. He cannot, therefore, understand that force used to inflict punishment, i. e., suffering, is the only way to begin the process of conversion,—regeneration. He says that we must forgive as God forgives. True, but on what terms does God forgive? He seems to think that God just forgives; he forgets, or does not know, that God never forgives until a sinner repents and atones. But his most important and fundamental mistake is his failure to distinguish between personal enemies, and those who are the enemies of Christ and of all that Christ loves and works for. Our attitude towards the one must be very different from our attitude towards the other. One we must hate with all our power; the other we must forgive. To one we turn the other cheek, but the other we destroy by every means in our power. There is no compromise possible with Christ's enemies, and the more we love Christ, the more bitterly shall we hate them. The clergy have not yet awakened to this simple truth. C. A. G.

In an address on "Some Needs of Engineering," delivered by Professor Henry M. Howe, Vice-President and Chairman of Section G. of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Pittsburgh on December 28, 1917, which was published in *Science* of January 25, 1918,—after dealing with the ability of materials to resist the stresses to which they are exposed, Professor Howe referred to the weakness of our present system of government, and made certain suggestions which have all the greater significance because based upon the scientific data which he was reviewing. He said "It is well to ask ourselves frankly how we come to be in this peril to which our minds revert irresistibly. How is it that we and our allies, excelling the Teutons in both the ponderables and the imponderables, in material

resources, in wealth, and in population, on one hand, and with immeasurably higher ethical standards on the other, yet can point to no clear evidence of victory? We know that we excel in organizing power. We know that they have no product of organization comparable with our industries of the Ford motor car, the Bell telephone, the Ingersoll dollar watch, the Eastman Kodak, or the United States Steel Corporation. We know that the organization of our transportation is of a higher order of merit than theirs. We know that in these three years the British have made even a better war organization than the forty-four years since Sedan have given Germany. How comes it then that though we are incomparably stronger, richer, and more capable, we are yet in danger of defeat, of national overthrow, of becoming a German satrapy, a second Belgium or Poland? Do we not know that our disadvantage lies in our political system, and that in this struggle for existence it is not showing itself clearly the fittest for survival? Have we not lost sight of this terrible law of the survival of the fittest, not the fittest ethically, or spiritually, or intellectually, but the fittest to destroy competitors physically? What are the ethics of the snake, the tiger, or the hyena that they have survived in this struggle? The bloodthirsty buccaneers were neither the ethical nor the spiritual betters of the Aztecs and Incas. The Romans were the inferiors of the Greeks, yet they overthrew them, and in turn were overthrown by the barbarians. Fitness for survival must be physical.

"It is well to ask ourselves frankly whether we have not been living in a fool's paradise. We have rejoiced in the merits of our political system, in the kind of men and women which it has bred, through opening every career to all, through stimulating each one to strive to his utmost in his chosen path. In our natural rejoicing have we not shut our eyes obstinately to its defects? Have we not refused to see that our system necessarily impels those in office to direct their energies towards their own re-election rather than towards the welfare of the state, to please and propitiate the electors rather than to direct and inspire them, to tell them what it is their wish rather than their true interest to hear, and thus in effect to substitute the temporary opinions of the majority, unfamiliar with state matters, for the vision of the born leaders as the determinant of state policy? We rejoice that our system educates the voters in statecraft, that it broadens their horizon, that it breeds strong units, but we have been too weak, too self-complacent to remedy its defects of leaving those units uncemented, so that they form what may be likened to a friable sandstone, a whole which, in spite of being composed of extremely strong units, is yet incoherent.

"The state has as a most important duty this strengthening of the individual units, but that does not justify neglecting the equally important duty of perpetuating itself. We make a fetish of our political system and regard its designers as inspired. They certainly were most intelligent and patriotic, and builded well, considering how little actual experimental evidence they had to guide them. But we should not hold their system sacrosanct. Indeed, one essential part of it, the electoral college, soon proved wholly impracticable, impotent to do its work of selecting a president, and because a mere registrar of decisions reached by others. This prominent failure shows what their system really was, an attempt by frail human beings, with very little to guide them, to devise the most difficult of all human institutions, the government of a country. The corruption of our municipal governments is another clear proof of the fallibility of our forefathers, for all these faults result from the environment which they created, and mean that it misfits human nature in these respects.

"Naturally erring in the direction of overguarding against the governmental fault from which they were smarting, irresponsibility and consequent tyranny, they devised a government which, as we now see, is so weak as to be terribly helpless, indeed in danger of an impotence which may prevent it from defending itself efficiently against aggressors.

"It is this weakness that has put us in our present peril. When Germany began her attempt to conquer the world, her purpose was evident to every broad-minded man and must have been foreseen clearly by many of our political leaders. It was indeed pointed out repeatedly by contributors to the newspapers, and was neither denied nor questioned, but only ignored, with the result, which was clearly inevitable and as clearly predicted, that she has been able to fight her enemies in detail. A government made strong by the fundamental law of the land would have exposed this peril to the voters, and we should not have had for allies an impotent Russia, a crushed Belgium, Servia and Rumania, and a sorely pressed France and Italy. Indeed, it was the known weakness of our system that made the war possible.

"A curious contradiction is that the weakness of the government is matched by a tying of the people's hands. Not only are we debarred from selecting our rulers and confined to choosing between candidates administered to us by irresponsible organizations, but once we have chosen both we and our representatives are impotent to remedy an error in choice, by compelling a change in administration, as is done with great profit in Britain, France, and elsewhere. Frankly, we should face squarely the fact that our governmental system, as the first of the great experimental democracies, was the work of apprentices, and we should strive earnestly to mend it as soon as we have passed our present frightful peril.

"The system and checks and balances, in weakening the people, their representatives, and the administration alike, has put the power taken from them into the hands of irresponsible organizations, the political machines.

"I criticize none. The errors of individual officers, from the constable to the President, flow from our system itself. It is the system that needs betterment."

Songs of Kabir, recently published by the Macmillan Company, price \$1.50, is so splendid an example of the Oriental genius that we regret to be compelled to acknowledge its remarkable translation by a man who accepted titles and honors from the British Government and who now, without relinquishing these gifts, is consorting with, if not plotting with the enemies of Great Britain and of the United States; Rabindranath Tagore.

Kabir, musician, poet and mystic, unites in his songs, the mysticism of both the Hindus and the Sufis. He was of Mohammedan parentage, lived and died in India, and was the disciple of the celebrated Hindu ascetic Ramananda. By trade, he was a weaver, and his poetry is filled with simple metaphors of everyday life, speaking directly to the hearts of the people. Disliking external forms and religious observances, and even the asceticism which might be expected of him, he goes straight to the great Heart of life and tells of a joyous love and friendship for the Supreme. "More than all else do I cherish at heart that love which makes me to live a limitless life in this world." He is a Bhakti Yogî and all those who seek "Union by Divine Love" will find beauty and inspiration in his poems. Here are two of them:

"O my heart! the Supreme Spirit, the great Master, is near you; wake, oh wake!

"Run to the feet of your Beloved: for your Lord stands near to your head.

"You have slept for unnumbered ages; this morning will you not wake?"

"O how may I ever express that secret word?"

"O how can I say He is not like this, and He is like that?

"If I say that He is within me, the universe is ashamed:

"If I say that He is without me, it is falsehood.

"He makes the inner and the outer worlds to be indivisibly one;

"The conscious and the unconscious, both are His footstools.

"He is neither manifest nor hidden, He is neither revealed nor unrevealed:

"There are no words to tell that which He is."

X. Z.

BOOK NOTES

Just published, and ready for distribution:

Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine, \$2.00

Letters That Have Helped Me, Volume II, 75c.

Patanjali's Yoga Sutras, \$1.25

These three books have been out of print for some time; they are now ready in new editions, and will be sent, postpaid, at the prices indicated.

Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine

Miss Hillard's *Abridgment* is a condensation of the two big volumes of the *Secret Doctrine*. This attempt to epitomize that monumental work was undertaken after 15 years of close study, and with the assistance of a number of other students. The *Abridgment* is not offered as a substitute for the *Secret Doctrine* but as a preliminary textbook; it gives in its 568 pages the essence of Madame Blavatsky's own presentation of "the religious and philosophical teachings underlying the various ancient systems of religion." It is possible for one to read the *Abridgment*, from cover to cover, in a few week's time (though it will repay more careful study) —and thus to get a comprehensive view of the ground that is traversed; the manner in which the *Secret Doctrine* contravenes current modern thought, with its unconsciously materialistic bias; the long sweep of evolution that has made man what he now is. With such preparatory use of the *Abridgment*, the student is enabled to find his way in the complete work with less bewilderment. It also furnishes to those who cannot afford to buy those two big and expensive volumes, which contain "the most valuable legacy of theosophic information yet given to the world," a means of getting the main threads of that teaching. The condensation has been made by cutting out the voluminous quotations, and all matter that seemed to the editor merely controversial. We are assured in the Preface that nothing has been added, save a few notes and diagrams which are clearly marked as additions; that there has been some rearrangement of material but that it is given in the words of the original work.

Letters that have Helped Me, Volume II

The *Letters* are those of William Q. Judge; written to a number of students, and also to inquirers who asked his help in getting to know the inner meaning of Theosophy, and how to apply it in their lives. None knew better than he how to tell in the simplest terms what the heart of his questioner longed to know. Indeed this very simplicity, this clear vision of the principles that should guide our lives, makes a peculiar demand upon the insight of the reader. The unwary, or those who lack the desire for light which wakes the understanding may constantly brush aside the wisdom of the ages which is here so unostentatiously offered. Too many of us are accustomed to pay little heed to a writer unless he employ a fanfare of trumpets,—impressive pronouncements or startling method of expression,—and our dulled ears miss, at first encounter, the depth, the power, the wisdom of the easy sentences, simple to the point of homeliness. To understand, one must live with and by these letters—they are not for the casual reader. For, looked at more deeply, this book is (we quote from the Introduction) "the intimate revelation of a luminous and courageous spirit; one of the greatest of those who, by their heroism and wisdom have lightened the path in recent centuries."

Patanjali's Yoga Sutras

The rapid sale of the first edition of this work shows that it must be in the hands of a large proportion of our membership. It is now offered, however, in a most attractive pocket edition, the companion to Mr. Johnston's version of the *Bhagavad Gita*. The India paper makes such a slender, compact little volume that we have been asked whether it can possibly contain all that was in the old and large edition. Yes, all that was there, and more too; for Mr. Johnston gave his commentaries a most thorough revision preparatory to this edition, and has added a number of illuminating comments that will make those who have the original book wish this one, too.

There are several translations of Patanjali's aphorisms. This one of Mr. Johnston's has the quality of that close adherence to the original which is only possible to the translator who understands not only the author but the thought and feeling of the people on whose stem he came to flower. Mr. Johnston has given an introduction to each chapter of Patanjali's text, in which he states clearly the import of each, tracing the progress made in each, linking it with its predecessors. He also throws a swift beam of light onto difficult passages; and awakens understanding by contagion. "So immensely and immediately practical" is the comment made by many readers of this edition;—the wisdom of an ancient sage, put into terms that can be directly applied to the most modern of problems.

There has been inquiry about the series of articles on the "Religious Orders"; for the information of those who would like to follow the series as a whole, we give the list, as so far developed, and the issue of the *QUARTERLY* in which each one appeared. Most if not all of these back numbers may be obtained by any readers who wish to keep the series complete.

"The Religious Orders"

A series of articles in the *THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY*.

- I. The Benedictine Rule, July, 1912.
- II. The Religious Orders (Survey), January, 1913.
- III. The Military Religious Orders, April, 1913.
- IV. From St. Benedict to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, October, 1916.
- V. St. Gertrude (the poet of the Benedictine Order), January, 1917.
- VI. The Cistercians, April, 1917.
- VII. Mendicant Orders (St. Dominic), January, 1918.
- VIII. St. Catherine of Siena, April, 1918.
- IX. St. Catherine (continued), July, 1918.

Several members of the T. S. are very anxious to complete their bound sets of the *QUARTERLY*. There are certain early numbers that are now out of print, and these members will necessarily be disappointed in their effort if some of the readers of the magazine are not able to go to their rescue, by supplying the missing numbers. It is hoped that during the summer there may be opportunity to look over old files, and if among them any of the following issues are discovered, copies of them will be eagerly welcomed at the Subscription Office of the *QUARTERLY* (P. O. Box, 64, Station O, New York) and will be used for the waiting members' sets:

July, 1903
 July, 1904
 July, 1905
 October, 1905

January, 1906
 October, 1906
 April, 1908

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 205 (Continued)—*What can be done to influence consciously the condition and place of our next incarnation?*

ANSWER.—The condition and place of our next incarnation depend on our Karma, and since we create new Karma, good or bad, every day, nay every minute of the day, we are influencing the circumstances of our next incarnation every minute. And we are doing so consciously in all cases when we choose consciously between right and wrong, between good and evil; and the stronger and more definite the choice is, the more far-reaching will be the effect.

But let the motives be well examined. Let not the effects of a good life be blighted by any ardent desire for favorable or enjoyable circumstances in our next incarnation. Let us remember this warning in *Light on the Path*: "He who desires to form good Karma will meet with many confusions, and in the effort to sow rich seed for his own harvesting may plant a thousand weeds, and among them the giant."

To try to influence favorably the place and condition of our next incarnation is to "seek results, which is contrary to the Law," and "who can attain to freedom and not abide by the Law"? In *Light on the Path* we read: "Desire to sow no seed for your own harvesting; desire only to sow that seed the fruit of which shall feed the world. You are a part of the world; in giving it food you feed yourself. Yet in even this thought there lurks a greater danger which starts forward and faces the disciple, who has for long thought himself to be intending great benefit for the world, while all the time he has consciously embraced the thought of Karma, and the great benefit he works for is for himself."

Study this passage in *Light on the Path* to where it ends by saying: "Live in the Eternal," and meditate on it long and deeply. It contains a lesson too important to be passed over lightly.

T. H. K.

QUESTION No. 222.—*Many Christians believe that after death those who have died go on loving and helping those left behind, that they know and sympathize with every sorrow as they did on earth, that they are in fact closer than before death. This seems to me a beautiful—and hence a true—belief. How does the Theosophical teaching of Devachan explain this sense of continued spiritual communion? Are those in Devachan ever conscious of what happens on earth after their death? In what sense is the Devachanic state an illusion? Is there a state between incarnations higher than Devachan attainable by those still under the necessity of re-birth? If so, what is that state?*

ANSWER.—It is well to remember that everything outside of the Absolute is Maya, illusion. Devachan is one of these illusions. But one must remember, also, that these illusions have a "relative reality." At the least, therefore, Devachan must be as real as life in our present world.

Does the incident known as death work any radical change in individual conditions? Would not after-death sympathy, etc., depend upon conditions before death? For example, consider an event related in a story by Michael Fairless. An

Abbot in England while in prayer for a monk then absent in Rome, has an intuition of a severe temptation assailing the monk. He continued in prayer and the monk (in Rome), on the point of yielding, felt a force of resistance rising in him against the temptation. Can we think that death would affect such an Abbot's sympathy and power?
S. M.

ANSWER.—We are not suddenly perfected but are after death what we have made ourselves on earth. The victories are won, the crops are planted, here. It is the spiritual harvest that is gathered there, but we cannot reap what we have not sown.

The great illusion of the universe is the sense of separateness. As by selfless love of others and work for them we conquer that illusion here, in due proportion we shall be free from it hereafter. If we remain separate and selfish—and hence deluded—here, we shall be separate and under illusion there.

Very little has been given out about Devachan. It is said to be a state in which we feel that our highest desires attain their full fruition. Obviously these desires vary with every individual and hence it would follow that there must be an infinite variety of states after death. Those whose desires during earth life were limited to some form of illusion—and it should be remembered that strictly speaking all things short of the Supreme are illusion—can only be conscious after death of the working out of that illusion, whether its form be a high or a low one. But those whose desires were rooted in selfless love for others partake to that extent of the nature of the Supreme, the one reality, and are thus real. Their fruition after death will also be real and not illusion.

That such pure love carries with it after “death” continued consciousness of loved ones on earth and greatly increased power to help them is attested by a wealth of evidence from the “shower of roses” of Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, back through all the ages.
J. M.

ANSWER.—“Entered into rest” would lose its beautiful significance, or it so seems, if the dead or those who rest are to be troubled by our worries and woes. Devachan has always savoured too much to me of a period of digestion after an unwise meal, to be attractive. There was a time in my life when the drowsy satiety after a heavy meal seemed desirable. Now I feel that it is something to be avoided—avoided by care in selecting what I eat and how I eat it. If I thus avoid the penalties of gluttony I find that my meals leave me ready to go to work at once and to work effectively. Compare this with the description of Devachan in *The Key to Theosophy* and ask yourself if there may not be a parallel here. “The necessity of re-birth” may arise from need for further training or from a burning desire to help the Master in the world. Read *Fragments*, Volume I, and see if one does not get a wondrous vision of voluntarily returning to birth to serve the Master for love of Him. Would this not be the highest kind of “necessity” to the liberated soul and would it not be a far higher state than the drowsy post-prandial experience of Devachan? There would be active effort to get ready for the adventure, one would suppose, in close and completely conscious association and even union with the Master.
G. McK.

ANSWER.—One of my boys is in one grade and the other in another. I hope the elder is interested in his brother's progress. I know he helps his brother. But I could not let the younger depend too much on this aid. I could not let the elder neglect his own work, hamper his own development, by giving too much thought and time to the younger boy's progress—whatever the little one's need. That is the problem of parent and teacher. Is God less wise? From a purely selfish point of view the doctrine presented may seem beautiful. Frankly, to me it is detestably selfish and so unbeautiful! Both boys do love each other and sympathize in

general. I hope they love me and their teachers. Is God less wise and kind and loving than I try to be? Is there a stronger bond than love?

G. WOODBRIDGE.

ANSWER.—Was it not Mr. Judge who pointed out the correspondences between day and night, waking and sleeping, and life (so-called) and death? Would you want those whom you love to sit up all night, to go without sleep, just to help you? Of course you would want them to keep you in the general consciousness of their love; but you surely would not want them so to sacrifice their health and life as to put this consciousness into a never-resting effort of will in act, in your behalf. Why not be content with confidence in the consciousness of love, and in the hope of active reunion, and let our beloved dead have a chance to rest and to be refreshed against another Day of association together? S.

ANSWER.—This question is simple enough but the answer is not simple. In the first place there is no general answer possible. The reply in any given case would vary according to the stage of evolution reached by the person concerned. There are people whose physical death makes no difference to their knowledge of and sympathy for their living friends. There are others whose death makes an almost absolute barrier, just as if a door closed and never opened. And, of course, there are all the stages in between.

Two things govern such communication; one is intensity of feeling; and the other is knowledge or power or both; in a word spiritual attainment. Enough of either of them is sufficient, and either will supplement the other.

But these are by no means all the ramifications of this simple question. When we speak of communicating with a dead person, what do we mean? Do we mean that we reach their souls? That their consciousness during life was so continuously in that immortal part of them, that when they died, the friend we knew survived as the Soul? Or, perchance, do we mean that, like most other people, our dead friend, during life, lived mostly in his personality, had his chief interests centered upon activities and things of the outer world, and consequently, had his heart and consciousness pretty well tied into his personality? It takes two to communicate, one to speak and the other to hear. To answer this question we must define which part of a man it is who speaks and what part of a man it is who hears.

To touch upon what is meant by "communion" with the dead, leads us into questions of consciousness which are too intricate for discussion in the "Questions and Answers" Department. We would have to deal with kinds of consciousness which are unrecognized and unnamed among Western students and which cannot be understood until they are experienced.

C. A. G.

ANSWER.—It certainly is the Theosophical theory that certain kinds of communion with the dead are not only possible but frequent. But this does not mean that they speak and we hear words. It means in general terms that their love and sympathy and desire to help stream straight from their hearts to the object of their affections, and surround that person with a bath of protective care and strength. It cannot overcome all evil; it cannot insure us against trouble and disaster, for it can only effect results commensurate with its own power; but it is a force for good without which the world would be still darker and more material. Those still alive can also, by their love and prayers, help those who have gone before.

J. B.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Pursuant to the call of the Executive Committee, the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society convened at 21 Macdougall Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 27th, 1918.

MORNING SESSION

The Convention was called to order at 10.30 a. m. by Charles Johnston, Esq., the Chairman of the Executive Committee, who asked for nominations for the offices of Temporary Chairman and Temporary Secretary. On motion duly made and seconded, Mr. Johnston was nominated and elected as Temporary Chairman and Miss Isabel E. Perkins, as Temporary Secretary. The Temporary Chairman appointed a Committee on credentials consisting of Professor H. B. Mitchell, Treasurer of the Society, Mrs. Ada Gregg, Secretary of the Society and Mr. Alfred L. Leonard of Los Angeles. While this Committee was examining and recording the credentials presented by delegates and proxies, the Temporary Chairman addressed the Convention.

ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

It is always a pleasure and privilege to welcome delegates and members to the Convention. This year it is a special pleasure and joy because so many Branches are represented here, so many members have come from a great distance. Some of them we see now for the first time in ten or fifteen years. We can hardly realize in New York, at the centre of the Society, how courageous are the members on the Pacific Coast—how they must toil with no visible encouragement, with none of the stimulus we have at headquarters. We do greatly value the work of our members in distant and untheosophical wildernesses. It is, therefore, a special pleasure to welcome some of them, and we hope they will get from the meeting and from the members here that encouragement, stimulus, and inspiration which we are so fortunate as to enjoy because we live in New York. I am certain that all the New York Branch members will behave even better than usual, with the desire that visiting delegates may carry away good impressions, sincere aspiration and a determination and inspiration that shall go with them to the distant ends of the continent from which they have come.

MR. HARGROVE: While the Committee on Credentials is completing its report I should like to suggest that the delegates present themselves to the Convention. I wish it were possible to call the roll. We have with us a number of delegates from different Branches, some of whom have come a long distance to attend this Convention, and we all want to see them. They in turn do not know which are the members of the New York Branch and which are their fellow delegates from distant Branches. We can at least make a beginning, and I will present Mr. Charles Johnston as Exhibit No. 1.

Mr. Johnston thereupon presented Mr. Ernest Temple Hargrove as Exhibit No. 2. The Chairman of the Committee on Credentials, Professor Mitchell, then came forward to announce that the Committee had completed its report and would be prepared to call the roll of delegates, if that was desired. The following visiting delegates were then asked to rise as their names were called (the delegates and members from the New York Branch, whose names are here omitted, being similarly presented in their turn): Mr. Arthur W. Barrett, a member-at-large from Fitchburg; Mrs. Marion F. Gitt, from Washington, D. C.; Mr. Alfred L. Leonard, of Los Angeles, California; Mrs. Regan, Hope Branch, Providence; Dr. Manuel M. Urbaneja, of the Nuevo Ciclo Branch of Venezuela; Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Talbot and Mrs. Lake, of the Providence Branch; Mr. Dower of Syracuse; Mr. J. L. Anderson, now of New York, but long a member of the Branch in Seattle; Mr. A. J. Harris of Toronto; Mr. C. M. Saxe, a member-at-large from Niagara Falls; Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt of the Cincinnati Branch; Mr. Walter H. Box and Mrs. Box of Los Angeles; Miss L. Goss and Miss Tasjian, of the St. Paul Branch; and our final and best exhibit, Mrs. Gregg, Secretary of the T. S.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

Professor Mitchell, Chairman of the Committee on Credentials, reported that twenty Branches were found to be represented, by delegate or by proxy; entitled to cast in the Convention, ninety-one votes. The Committee found that certain Branches which had always appointed proxies were not represented, and asked that Branches whose proxies were then on the way, but delayed because of the great irregularity of the mails, might be included in the list of represented Branches, as published in the Convention report (the Branch so added is marked in the following list with a star).

Aurora, Oakland, Cal.
Blavatsky, Seattle, Wash.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.
Hope, Providence, R. I.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Middletown, Middletown, O.
New York, New York.
Pacific, Los Angeles, Cal.
Providence, Providence, R. I.
Saint Paul, St. Paul, Minn.
Toronto, Toronto, Canada.

Virya, Denver, Colo.
Altagracia de Orituco, Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela.
Jehoshua, San Fernando de Apure, Venezuela.
Karma, Kristiania, Norway*
Krishna, South Shields, England.
London, London, England.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.
Nuevo Ciclo, Caracas, Venezuela.
Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela.

Mr. George Woodbridge moved that the report of the Committee on Credentials be accepted and that the Committee be discharged with the thanks of the Convention for the graceful and efficient manner in which its work had been done. This motion was duly seconded and carried.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

The Temporary Chairman announced that the Convention was now in position to effect its permanent organization, since the credentials of delegates and proxies had been duly passed upon; he requested nominations for the offices of Permanent Chairman and Permanent Secretary. Mr. Hargrove nominated Professor Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, as Permanent Chairman; this nomination was duly seconded and carried. He also nominated Miss Perkins as Permanent Secretary, and proposed that the office of Assistant Secretary to the Convention be created, and filled by Miss Julia Chickering. Duly seconded, this motion was carried and the three permanent officers of the Convention were installed. It was moved and seconded that the cordial thanks of the Convention be extended to Mr. Johnston for his services to it as Temporary Chairman.

ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

I never feel that I can take the Chair at this Convention without giving some expression to my deep sense of the honour and the responsibility that are involved in this, your great gift to me.

We are not a large gathering; the focus of very great forces does not take up much space. Unless we have learned to see in the world of forces, we might altogether miss the immense significance of this assembly. We who know the function of The Theosophical Society and what it has performed for more than a third of a century, know that here are gathered forces that are vital to the progress of the whole world; that as we act, so do they. It is a point of very great responsibility, and I am correspondingly grateful that you permit me to fill this office.

CONVENTION COMMITTEES

On motion duly seconded, it was voted that the Chair should appoint the usual Standing Committees: on Nominations; on Resolutions; and on Letters of Greeting. The following Committees were then appointed by the Chair:

Committee on Nominations

Mr. C. A. Griscom, *Chairman*
Mrs. W. H. Box
Mr. A. J. Harris

Committee on Resolutions

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Miss Leonarda Goss
Mr. W. H. Box

Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman*
Dr. C. C. Clark
Miss M. D. Hohnstedt

The Chairman announced that next in the order of business came the reports of Officers, and called on Mr. Johnston, Chairman of the Executive Committee, for the report of that Committee.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Fellow Delegates and Members: In one sense the Executive Committee has not much to report. Only one new charter has been issued and a certain number of new diplomas. No new territory has been annexed; we have had no civil wars, which, by the way, has by no means always been the case in the history of The Theosophical Society. But the Committee does not primarily exist to issue charters and diplomas. In a sense it exists to represent and embody the purposes of the T. S., namely the objects of the T. S. and the principal clauses of the Constitution. They should be permanently embodied in the members of the Committee, with the result that the T. S. will be at every moment solidly and consistently true to those objects and principles. That is really our vital function which we must perform twenty-four hours of every day, a function of the utmost significance and importance.

I do not think there ever was a Convention at which it was so strikingly evident that this was the case, because there was never one that took place when the world was so bare to psychical forces, when the spiritual forces were revealed in so clear and patent a form. At present we have an opportunity, as members of the T. S. and students of Theosophy, such as has rarely been given to any body of people in this world, because the whole of mankind is facing spiritual problems and spiritual principles and the great majority, whether they wish it or not, will come to realize it.

What is the boundless opportunity of Theosophists who for many years have been studying earnestly these principles and have been handling the spiritual possibilities which the world is facing in the world war? The responsibility of this should to some extent be evident in a world in which many see so little. It is not

essential that our vision should be expressed in words or in writing. It is essential that we should actually *see*; our vision has an infinite potency on the whole world from moment to moment. If there be three members of the T. S. who really see the spiritual issues of the war in their splendour, that is enough; the result would mean something incalculable to mankind for the future. If more than three see, the effect is yet greater. Without question, the most potent force in the world at this moment in certain ways is the T. S. and therefore, we ourselves have a splendid opportunity and a tremendous responsibility. It may mean a difference for centuries and eons to come, that there have been and are members of the T. S. who genuinely see the issues at stake. Boundless may be the result, incalculable the opportunity, infinite is our responsibility.

Therefore, the Executive Committee which stands permanently for our declared Objects, for the great principles of the Constitution, has, I think, had a very vital responsibility and I should be very happy to think that it has met this responsibility effectively, that these principles have been firmly and consistently seen and held, and that the Society has had from moment to moment an open-eyed representation in the spiritual world. This view of the tasks and privileges of the Committee is the best report that can be made at this Convention.

MR. HARGROVE: I should like to move a vote of thanks to the Chairman of the Executive Committee for his work during the past year. And at the same time, while expressing our gratitude for his wise steering of the ship of state, I should like to express something else which I believe is in your hearts. Recently, I read of an officer at the front who, in the midst of battle stopped and threw out his arms in an ecstasy that he was permitted to be there and to live at last in that supreme sense. Raising his arms to heaven he cried his thanks aloud. Anyone who has been a member of the Society and part and parcel of this work for many years, and has survived the experience, must feel when he unites with other members in Convention, as if, in the midst of battle, he were granted an opportunity to give thanks that he is again allowed to live.

It is my privilege to speak to various kinds and classes of people, but never with the same feeling that I have in speaking to the T. S. If, after being in exile for years, a man were to return home and were to use once more the language of his childhood, he would have the same feeling that one experiences in addressing a gathering of the Society,—people who understand and speak the same language; who think the same thoughts. Take what Mr. Johnston said about the war. We are a unit at that point. Every real member of the Society knows that the French and English are fighting our battles for us, and in more than a national sense, because we know that this is an externalization of an age-long struggle between the Black Lodge and the White. We have the honour to be enlisted under the banner of the White Lodge, fighting for the future not only of humanity but of the spiritual world itself. Feeling, as we do, at one on such a point as that, there is no need to express things short of the truth; one ought to feel, and one does feel, at liberty to say what is in one's heart.

Everyone is glad to express to Mr. Johnston thanks for representing the will of the Society during the past year, with particular thanks to all the Powers that we recognize anywhere, for our membership in the Society and for the privilege of once more assembling here in Convention.

THE CHAIRMAN: We are now to have the great pleasure of hearing the report of our Secretary, Mrs. Gregg.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 27TH, 1918

New Members

This has been a year of growth, outer and inner. Of the inner growth we are sure to get some glimpses in the Branch Reports and in the Letters of Greeting. One evidence of outer growth is our new Branch in San Fernando de Apure,

Venezuela, and the 40 new members added to our roll: in the United States, 20; South America, 9; Norway, 6; England 4; and Canada, 1. Each new application for membership in the T. S. is joyfully welcomed by the Secretary; not because it increases our numbers (which in our real work are the insignificant factor) but the advent of each new member is like the birth of a child. Being one of the members of the Society who believes in reincarnation, the Secretary hopes, as each recruit comes forward, that one who has been associated with the Theosophical Movement in ages past has again found the old path, and may by devotion and determined effort win a firm footing there. Our losses during the year were 5—three members resigned, and two of our old members have died: Mrs. A. A. Russ of Washington whom many of us remember with affectionate regard; and Mrs. L. F. Stouder of Fort Wayne whose service in the T. S. has been long and valuable.

Correspondence

Most of the work of this office is necessarily done by correspondence. At T. S. Headquarters the mail is never a task, to be disposed of somehow, and hurried into the files; every line that comes, every inquiry or request is gladly received. Occasionally time and strength may not admit of an immediate response; and then there are some letters that one wishes to live with, and to ponder over, before attempting to put into words the instinctive response of the heart, its deep longing that light and guidance may come to the inquirer, with the valour to persevere.

It is not fitting that the Secretary urge unduly a still greater use of the facilities of the Office. Modesty would forbid, were it not that Headquarters is designed to be a clearing house; the Secretary is but spokesman for the Officers of the Society whose experience and knowledge is thus made available to all members. When Branch Reports come in, speaking as they sometimes do, of discouragements and disappointments in the year's work, one wishes that the conditions had been presented at the beginning of the year,—when there was still time to suggest means that had been used to meet similar difficulties, or to give a fraternal hint as to the direction in which to look for the cause of the trouble. Many of us know by experience that the very effort of will required to face our problem and to state it to another often gives sufficient impetus to lift one above the fog to the spot where one can see what the next step is.

Branch Activities

Reports from the Branch Secretaries were awaited with some anxiety this year,—lest the stir of outer events and demands should have made less clear and mandatory the overwhelming need for true vision, close thinking, steadiness, and loyalty in the service of the Masters who are guiding in this world upheaval. There was no need for such anxiety as the Reports are distinctly encouraging; they show that Theosophy is indeed proving to be both a *life* and a *method* of arriving at truth by which to live. In some places it has been found difficult to hold meetings regularly,—in England the air raids have caused the dispersal of certain meetings; in this country the extreme severity of the winter proved an obstacle. It is encouraging that such bars to outer meetings have, however, only lead members to closer union. There is also a noticeable increase in the number of Branches that are holding meetings for members only, in addition to their public meetings.

Some Branches print a syllabus of topics for the season, covering the main points of the philosophy; others centre their meetings around some book which members and visitors, alike, are asked to study preparatory to the meeting, bringing in all the side lights they can gain. Whichever method is followed, a study of the reports shows that the Branches which do the most effective work are those in which all members take their full share, standing ready at all times to do whatever needs to be done.

The Theosophical Quarterly

It is not likely that any other magazine published in the world to-day is so completely meeting the needs of such a varied class of readers as does THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY; this is possible because it meets them, not at the circumference but at the centre of those real problems of life, common to us all, with which it deals. To some extent it might be possible to record what the magazine has done for our own membership, but how would it be possible to estimate the influence that it has exerted, during the past year, and in previous years, on the prosecution of the war? The change that has come in the attitude of press and people is tremendous. It is not necessary to claim this as an accomplishment of the QUARTERLY; but when you find one magazine standing quite alone in its presentation of a great issue, when, as you watch it holding steadily to its course and giving able reasons for its position, you find that one public organ after another begins to proclaim the same truth,—you are bound to conclude that this extraordinary change *must* have a cause, and *may* be caused by the agencies at work in and behind that one magazine whose vibrant message still sounds.

Mention has often been made of the libraries, as an avenue for reaching people who are not in touch with our Branches; and in some centres subscriptions for sending the QUARTERLY to their libraries are a fruitful portion of the Branch work. A new field is opened in the libraries attached to the training camps for soldiers,—subscriptions for this purpose would be welcome.

The Quarterly Book Department

We are indebted to the Book Department for new editions of two important books,—with which to start the work of the coming year. Mr. Judge's second series of letters, gathered under the title *Letters that have Helped Me; Volume II* was an English publication and could not be reprinted there under present conditions. Our Book Department has just brought out an edition, by arrangement with the English editors. The book is not as widely known as Volume I but it will richly repay study.

The long promised new edition of Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras* is also just completed. Mr. Johnston has made a number of additions to his illuminating commentaries on the original text. It is pocket size, like his *Bhagavad Gita*, and as it is printed on India paper it makes a delightful book to carry in pocket or handbag for study during the odd moments.

When Miss Hillard decided to offer to students her *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine* many felt that it would be impossible to condense such a vital piece of work without destroying it. Time has, however, demonstrated the value of the *Abridgment* and the first edition is exhausted. A new edition is being brought out by the Book Department, and is promised for June. Some Branches are using this book as a text book, for class use, supplementing it with references to the complete work when the interest in certain topics warrants exhaustive study of them.

There has been some demand, during the past year, for the publication of small pamphlets on Karma and Reincarnation; also requests for the publication in book form of "Letters to Friends" and the series of "Elementary Articles" from the QUARTERLY on a Rule of Life. Members who feel that there is need for these or for any other new publications are invited to write to the Book Department.

A Personal Acknowledgment

First, let me record my sense of profound gratitude to the Masters who have sustained me in the work that it has again been my privilege to do for the Society. Next, come heartfelt acknowledgments to my fellow officers, with whom the bond

of service in a common cause is so close that many words and frequent meetings are not needed to give me the constant sense of their support and cooperation.

Under the direction of the Assistant Secretary, the work of mailing the QUARTERLY, taking care of the subscription lists, etc., is now conducted from New York; as also the publication of books and the filling of book orders. In this work there is much detail and many members have been very generous in giving of their time to it. I am asked to make particular mention of the four who address the magazine envelopes for each issue,—Mrs. Gordon; Mrs. Helle, Mrs. Vaile, and Miss Graves; also of the following members who have certain divisions of the book work: Miss Youngs, Miss Chickering, Mrs. Miller, Miss Wood and Miss Lewis; other members being also on call for emergency work.

Looking back over the year past, reviewing from my little watch tower what the Society has done and has stood for in this world crisis, I find two opposite feelings surging up in my heart—pride in the Society and surprise that one so weak and so limited as I should be permitted to take a share, humble though it be, in such momentous undertakings for the regeneration of the world.

Respectfully submitted,

ADA GREGG, *Secretary, The Theosophical Society.*

MR. GRISCOM: I am going to ask once again for the privilege of expressing our gratitude to Mrs. Gregg. One of the Masters once wrote that ingratitude was not one of their faults, so we have warrant for trying to express as fully and warmly as we can our gratitude to the Secretary of the Society who has done so much for it. What then is gratitude? It is clearly a feeling, but there is also reason involved in it. We know of Mrs. Gregg's long service, of the kindly, gentle manner in which she conducts her correspondence; so we have something to be grateful for. But yet there is more in gratitude than the sense of benefits that have been conferred. There is the element of loyalty; there is the impulse of affection, so that in trying to represent you truly, at this time, I want to gather together from the heart of each one of you here present, those little flowers of affection; want if you like to put it so, to gather a spiritual bouquet; and in order to have a Upadhi for it I have asked Mr. Perkins to get me some flowers and I will now hand Mrs. Gregg this little bouquet, which it is my privilege to present to her on your behalf as an outer token of your love and gratitude.

The Chairman gave the Convention an opportunity to express its heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Gregg by a rising vote, which was most enthusiastically given. The Chairman then asked Mr. Hargrove to take the chair so that he might present the report of the Treasurer of the Society.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T. S.

The finances of the Society have been a mystery from the beginning, and they remain such. The Report for the year, which I am going to read you in a moment, will show that our receipts from membership dues, from subscriptions to the magazine, and from the gifts of friends, amounted this year to less than our necessary expenditures,—leaving us a deficit in the general fund of \$26.23. Such a deficit is quite the normal and appropriate way for the general fund to stand, if we are to judge by past history. Our finances, however, are in better condition than the statement of a deficit might indicate, because of the special funds which we keep for an emergency. The Special Publication Account has in it \$312.00, and the Discretionary Expense Account \$483.00, making our total reserve funds \$795.00; deducting from that total our deficit in the general fund, we have in reserve a balance of \$768.37.

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

Report of the Treasurer T. S.

From April 26, 1917—April 23, 1918

GENERAL FUND AS PER LEDGER

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Dues from Members.....	\$728.40	Secretary's Office	\$124.18
Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	559.91	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (four numbers)	1,334.00
General Contributions	185.00	Expense of Subscription Department of the QUARTERLY...	32.00
Cancelled check	7.25	Miscellaneous	19.00
	<u>\$1,480.56</u>	Collections43
Balance April 26, 1917.....	2.42		
	<u>\$1,482.98</u>		
Deficit April 23, 1918.....	26.63		
	<u>\$1,509.61</u>		<u>\$1,509.61</u>

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(Including Special Accounts)

General Fund

April 26, 1917.....	\$2.42	Disbursements	\$1,509.61
Receipts	1,480.56		
	<u>1,482.98</u>		
Deficit April 23, 1918.....	26.63		
	<u>\$1,509.61</u>		<u>\$1,509.61</u>

Special Publication Account

Balance April 26, 1917.....	\$312.00	Balance April 23, 1918.....	\$312.00
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Discretionary Expense Account

Balance April 26, 1917.....	\$483.00	Balance April 23, 1918.....	483.00
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			<u>\$795.00</u>
Deficit in General Fund April 23, 1918.....			26.63

Final Balance April 23, 1918... \$768.37

On deposit Corn Exchange Bank, April 23, 1918.....	\$795.12
Outstanding checks, not yet cashed.....	26.75

\$768.37H. B. MITCHELL, *Treasurer.*

In presenting this Report, the Treasurer wishes to anticipate the vote of thanks which in the past has been so courteously extended to the Treasurer's Office, and wishes, in anticipation, to direct the greater part of that thanks to Miss Youngs, the Assistant Treasurer, who throughout the year has done a very great part of the work,—the keeping of the books, taking the deposits to the bank, acknowledging remittances. She has left me the pleasure of receiving the letters which accompany the donations, and has taken the work upon herself. So for myself and for the Society, I wish to express thanks to Miss Youngs.

MR. JOHNSTON: I was once present when a young person was asked, "Can you drive a team of horses?" He answered, "Yes, if nothing happens." That is the position of the assistant to the Treasurer. It is a great privilege, and one that has been finely carried, but if anything happens, it is the Treasurer who is responsible. The money end is symbolic of a definite, accurate command and mastery of material forces. Without that no spiritual power can get itself fully incarnated. The Society is indebted to the Treasurer for the integrity, vitality, and effectiveness of the Treasurer's department, without that integrity and fidelity we should get nowhere in any real sense. It is as the embodiment of these invaluable and rare qualities that we thank Professor Mitchell and his assistant, realizing that the responsibility rests with the head of the department and that there many thanks are due.

Mr. Johnston's motion of cordial thanks to Professor Mitchell and his assistant, Miss Youngs, was duly seconded and enthusiastically voted. On resuming the Chair, Professor Mitchell called for the report of the Editor of the *QUARTERLY*, Mr. Griscom.

REPORT ON THE THEOSOPHICAL *QUARTERLY*

The first Convention of the T. S. I attended was in 1888, in Chicago. Madame Blavatsky was still alive, and sent a long and interesting letter: Mr. Judge was there and presided part of the time: Dr. Buck was there and presided the rest of the time. So far as I know, I am the only member who was there and who is still alive. Great changes have taken place in the world in the last thirty years; there are almost inconceivable differences in the Society. With that thought in mind, I was turning over the third volume of the *Path*, and read in the last part of the volume a few paragraphs which Mr. Judge wrote as a sort of valedictory, and a word of greeting to the future. I was struck with the fact that I could have gotten up here and read those three or four paragraphs, written thirty years ago, so pertinent are they to present day conditions. The great lesson of Theosophy is that what is true, is true for all time and places.

Those paragraphs, written with Mr. Judge's kindly spirit, his humour, and in his gentle way, are full of that fervor and devotion which was his essential characteristic. He said some practical things about support of the magazine, calling attention to the fact that the majority of readers of the *Path* were not members of the T. S.; and that is equally true of the *QUARTERLY* today. He said that over half the readers and half the support of the magazine were not from members. He referred to the fact that such a magazine would not be published at all as a secular enterprise, for hope of reward or any kind of gain. Such a magazine could not be expected to pay, ought not to pay. He himself would not attempt to get it out were it not for his profound belief in the Lords of the Lodge who stand back of it and give it power and value. Today the work of the *QUARTERLY* with its limited circulation would be of little value if it were not that back of the ideals which we endeavor to set forth are those Great Beings who can do what we cannot do—can use our feeble efforts, and carry them to a glorious and wonderful success. So much for the past. Mr. Judge dismissed it in his characteristic way. He said, the past is past, and Karma will take care of it. What about the future?

This is what I particularly like about his message of thirty years ago, "You want watchwords for the coming year, take *faith, courage, constancy*." I cannot conceive of anything at the present time that could be better watchwords for us, with the War and all that it means for everyone of us, whether fighting over in France, or here in this country. That reminds me of a letter which an American soldier wrote to his friends: "My job is a very easy one. All I have to do is to fight the Boche; you people have to fight Pacifism, Socialism and slackers. I would rather fight the Boche." We must fight these enemies here at home,—generally speaking, the forces of materialism and of evil,—and what better watchwords

can we have than these three given by Mr. Judge thirty years ago: faith, courage, constancy?

MR. HARGROVE: A day or two ago Professor Mitchell said that it was possible he might be made Chairman of the Convention, and in that case he intended to ask me to move a vote of thanks to the Editor of the *QUARTERLY*. It is not wholly appropriate for me to do so, for many reasons, although I have many reasons for wishing to do so. Here is a wonderful opportunity for those who ought to be writing for the *QUARTERLY*, such as Mr. Perkins, Mr. Miller and many others. Suppose we hear from them.

MR. PERKINS: I could find it in my heart to thank the Editor for relieving some of us who are not contributors, from that form of service. It is also a privilege to have the opportunity to speak on behalf of all those here, testifying gratitude to the Editor of the *QUARTERLY*. How truly, number after number, it mirrors the life of the inner world, brings it right down to us in words on the printed page. It is a great help to us all in the life we are trying to live.

MR. MILLER: From the hint given, I judge that the *QUARTERLY* intends to establish a contributors' column; it will doubtless be welcome. I can testify to the great benefit which I personally receive from the magazine and I believe that that is the experience of all who read it. I must confess for my own part—I have been a member for only a year—that it, as well as the movement which it represents, is the most vital and soul-stirring with which I have ever come into contact. One must welcome with open arms, like the man in France, the opportunity of gaining the insight and inspiration of the *QUARTERLY* and the movement.

MR. HARGROVE: There is a feeling, I am sure, on the part of everyone here, that owing as much to the *QUARTERLY* as we do, it would be difficult to express our debt. The sentence that Mr. Griscom quoted from the letter of the man in France: It is *our* "business to look after the Pacifists, Socialists and Slackers", both within us and around us, seems to define admirably what the *QUARTERLY* tries to do and what Mr. Griscom tries to see that it does.

Going back to the *Bhagavad Gita*, let us remember the three qualities sprung from nature, Tamas, Rajas and Sattva. The slackers are the perverted expression of Tamas; Socialism the perverted expression of Rajas; and Pacifism the perverted expression of Sattva. And let us remember that these things exist in ourselves. The Socialists, the Bolsheviks, those who want to take the law into their own hands, have their exact counterpart in the rebellious element in our own natures. Then there are the Pacifists, the so-called peace-lovers, who think themselves spiritual and superior,—they are the perversion of spiritual life, the perversion of spirituality.

The mission of the *QUARTERLY* is to make these things understood, to clear them up, and to point out that the battle taking place in the world at the present time is being fought out on many planes in man's own nature; to point out that the front line is well taken of, with a man in command today whom everyone trusts; but that the lines that *are* in danger are what a French writer called the interior lines,—the lines where Pacifists, Socialists and slackers hold forth.

And we shall not be able to recognize these until we have recognized their existence in ourselves, for we are blind about outside things until, to some extent, we have vision regarding inside things. No one can recognize the slacker until he sees the slacker in himself; no one can see the snake-Pacifist, until he sees the snake-Pacifist, in himself. When he has learned to abominate and loathe that reptile in himself, he will begin to see the foul thing that the Pacifist is in the outer world.

The clue to self-conquest is in self-understanding, self-recognition. All these things, the *QUARTERLY* has been saying for us year after year. They cannot be said often enough. The whole world needs to hear them. Take the bewilderment

of so many good people in the Church. They are not Pacifists; but men like the Archbishop of York, who, in a sermon in Trinity Church on Good Friday, told people they must think kindly of Germans, think kindly of the rulers of Germany, and also must remember that German soldiers are ignorant and are merely doing what they are told! Think kindly of devils, think kindly of those who are torturing children! How insane a recommendation! (Apparently it does not matter what you think about the children so long as you think kindly about those who are torturing them.)

If you stop to think of that blundering statement, it will dawn upon you, if it has never dawned before, that there is no understanding of Christianity or of any exoteric religion, apart from the light of Theosophy, which unveils that which was veiled, illumines that which was dark. Those of our members who are trying to enter into the meaning of brotherhood by living it, ought surely, and as the result of reading the *QUARTERLY*, to see how mistaken the Archbishop was. He would have said he was preaching brotherly love. Thanks to Theosophy, you know that he was preaching a gross perversion of brotherhood. Thanks to Theosophy, when you meet people inclined to be brotherly in that way, you know exactly where you stand and what you think. And you realize that you owe much of your understanding of Theosophy to the *THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY*, though this means to the things behind the *QUARTERLY*, to the Masters to whom we owe the existence of the *QUARTERLY* and of everything else worth while in life. So, in thanking Mr. Griscom for his really ceaseless work for the *QUARTERLY*, we are also expressing our gratitude to the T. S. and for all which the T. S. represents in our lives.

MR. ACTON GRISCOM: It has been my privilege for eleven years to hear the report of the editor of the *QUARTERLY*. I have never risen to my feet before because I was the son of the editor, but that fact gives me the privilege of being in closer touch with the work and of knowing how much labor is involved in proof reading and actual writing, in getting out each number of the *QUARTERLY*. Therefore, this year, I want to say that it is not easy to edit such a magazine, because there is more work to be done than just writing articles or sending proof to the printer, or getting articles from other people. It requires many days for each number, and those who are in direct contact with the editor and his staff can best appreciate how much work is involved.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Chair has been called an optimist for his belief that he could get from those present their real opinions of the magazine. I think he has received them in the speeches that have been made, yet he is hopeful that he may receive them more in detail; he would like to hear from members what they read first; to what department they first look; what articles or series have helped them most; what they would most like to see emphasized during the coming year. Such statements would be very helpful to the editor. I am going to postpone this test of my optimism, however, until after luncheon, for which I suggest that we now adjourn. The Standing Committees are requested to meet during the recess, and to be prepared to report at the afternoon session. Luncheon has been ordered for 12.30 at the Hotel Albert, corner of University Place and 11th Street. All delegates and visiting members are cordially invited to assemble there, as the guests of the New York Branch. I feel that one of the very great opportunities of the Convention is this recess, when we can get to know each other face to face, can talk with those with whom we are corresponding all the year. So I have always believed that the period of adjournment was one of the most delightful and profitable opportunities of the Convention day.

A motion for adjournment until 2.30 was duly made, seconded, and carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION

The Convention was called to order at 2.30 P. M., and the Chairman announced that following the regular procedure he would ask first for the reports of the Standing Committees, beginning with the Committee on Nominations, Mr. Griscom, Chairman.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

Your Committee has this report to make. The officers that have to be elected are two members of the Executive Committee, to fill vacancies that occur automatically. We recommend that the present incumbents, Ernest T. Hargrove, Esq., and Charles Johnston, Esq., be re-elected members of the Executive Committee for a term of three years. For Secretary of the Society, we present the name of Mrs. Ada Gregg; for Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins. For Treasurer, Professor H. B. Mitchell; for Assistant Treasurer, Miss Martha E. Youngs.

THE CHAIRMAN: Are there other nominations for any or all of these offices? If not, I will call for a vote on the Committee's report as it needs no seconding. It was duly moved and seconded that the Secretary of the Convention be instructed to cast one ballot for the six officers nominated by the Committee. This ballot was cast and they were declared duly elected.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:*

The Committee on Resolutions submits to you certain stock resolutions which we pass annually with cheerfulness and unanimity.

I. RESOLVED, That Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman, is hereby requested to reply to the letters of greeting from our foreign Branches. [This is not a stock resolution, but one into which we put feeling and thought. We want to assure our members everywhere, that we appreciate their thought for us; and that we feel and rejoice in their participation in our meetings. We ask Mr. Johnston to convey our fraternal regards, good wishes, and thanks.]

II. RESOLVED (and this is our stock resolution), That this Convention of the T. S. hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to the Branches.

III. RESOLVED, That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received.

MR. SAXE: Every year this resolution of thanks is perfunctorily put through in this way, and we out-of-town delegates and members do not get a chance of expressing our pleasure, and gratitude for the kindness of the New York Branch, for our happiness on this occasion. I know all the others will join me in saying that we want to express it, and want to express it more than is done in this motion.

MR. HARGROVE: The fourth is a resolution which the Committee submits and which we feel quite confident will meet with approval:

IV. *Whereas*, The T. S. in Convention assembled, on the 24th of April, 1915, adopted the following resolution, to wit:

"Whereas, The first and only binding object of The Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity; and

"Whereas, In the name of Brotherhood, war as such is being denounced from many pulpits and lecture platforms, and in newspapers and magazines, with appeals for peace at any price; and

"Whereas, Non-belligerents have been asked to remain neutral; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, That The Theosophical Society assembled hereby declares:

"(a) That war is not of necessity a violation of Brotherhood, but may on the contrary become obligatory in obedience to the ideal of Brotherhood; and

"(b) That individual neutrality is wrong if it be believed that a principle of righteousness is at stake"; and

Whereas, In April, 1917, the following resolution was adopted, to wit:

"Whereas, The United States of America, by act of the President and of Congress, has finally declared that neutrality is no longer possible in a conflict that involves the deepest principles of righteousness, and has, in obedience to the ideals of Brotherhood, declared war against those who are carrying on 'warfare against mankind' through 'an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right, and is running amuck.' And Whereas, By sacrifice alone can evil be overcome and righteousness be established; Therefore, Be it resolved that we, the individual members of The Theosophical Society here present, do hereby express our heartfelt thankfulness that the country in which the Society was founded has thus shown its recognition of the ideal of Brotherhood; and Be It Further Resolved, That we do hereby pledge our utmost loyalty and endeavour to the cause upon which the country has entered, until through the energy of sacrifice the war be brought to a victorious conclusion in accordance with the terms of the President's message."

And Whereas, Much misunderstanding is still prevalent in regard to the war and its purposes and the principles which should govern individuals and nations in their attitude toward the war,

Therefore be it Resolved, That the members present at this Convention should now be asked to express their convictions freely on these subjects, for their mutual benefit and ultimately for the clarification of the conscience of the world.

It may perhaps seem to you that we, as a Committee, ought to have undertaken to express for you your opinions in regard to the misunderstandings prevalent about the war. But it would be impossible to speak for all of you. It is infinitely better to lay the question open so that everyone may speak for the Theosophy that is in him. The utmost that any one person can do is to pass on to others that particular ray of the one eternal truth which is able to work its passage into his mind. By the collection of these rays of truth, it is possible to obtain a synthetic view, and get more light than can be given by any individual, or by any committee.

I should like to call attention to some of the misunderstandings. There is the misunderstanding that comes under the general head of the object of the war. We have been told that we are fighting for nothing but democracy. It would be well to find out the meaning of the term. Then there is the misunderstanding for which some of the Churches are responsible,—the theory that the truly religious attitude is one of aloofness; a notable example of which is to be found in the Pope. Again we have the very frequent misunderstanding that even if compelled to fight we must do so without hatred,—an attitude of calm superiority toward what is taking place beneath us. I hope an effort will be made to cover these and many other points. Each individual should speak from his own life and experience.

THE CHAIRMAN: We will then resolve ourselves into a committee of the

whole and I will first call upon Mr. Leonard of Los Angeles, to speak for his own view and experience.

MR. LEONARD: In 1915, when we read in the *QUARTERLY* of the resolution on the war which the Convention approved but decided not to adopt, some few of us subscribed wholly to that resolution, feeling that it should have been passed. We put our sentiments into writing and sent them to headquarters.

I want to emphasize the fact that I am a militant. I believe in the justness of this cause; that it is of a spiritual character which many of us are not able to see or comprehend. We are fighting, I feel sure, for spiritual truth.

So far as the Pacifists or neutrals are concerned, I have no sympathy with them. There are other so-called Theosophical Societies whose members are not attempting to espouse the cause of the White Lodge; the same is true of many religious societies. But there are some few of us militants, on the Pacific Coast, who are trying to live in harmony with the spiritual message that was brought to us, in this city, by H. P. B., forty years ago. Everyone is entitled to his own idea; mine is in favor of that original 1915 resolution. I am a fighter.

The Chairman expressed the hope that none present would repress their desire to give expression to the deep feelings in their hearts on this subject of the war. Knowing what the inner response was, he would like to hear a corresponding outer expression.

MR. ACTON GRISCOM: I think I have the privilege of being the youngest person here, and on that ground I should like to be one of the first to speak. I wish I knew how to say with vigor and force, some of the things which are in all of our hearts. I do fully believe that this is the Master's own war; that He has taken sides; that, mankind being what it is, we are either on His side or on the other side; that it is a continuation of that old war in Heaven; that St. Michael and all his angels are therefore fighting against the Black Lodge. It is our privilege to fight on their side, if it is in our power so to understand and discipline ourselves. It is not merely an exoteric war, in the sense that any soldier who enlists with the Allies is on the Master's side, but an esoteric war, involving spiritual principles. This being the case, it is an object and obligation for everyone who considers himself on the Master's side to maintain a standard of courage such that all he does may be a fitting expression of what the Master stands for.

Many people in the Church say openly that war is a horrible thing; this has set me thinking. I have been trying to make up my mind whether this carnage is really more horrible than the lives of vice and sin which too many men have been living,—lives familiar to us, but in the eyes of the Master, perhaps a more terrible thing than war. It may be that our standard of judgment is biased by what we think would bring to us the most suffering. If we think of ourselves going into the fight and as wounded we have immediate appreciation of the horrors of war; if we sin or if a friend sins, we do not so clearly see that horror. I am of the opinion that the so-called horror of war is nothing to the horror of sin and evil. If people could realize that, it might help them to the necessary patience, courage, and endurance; it might help them to stand the outer wounds, suffering, and horror. It would be easier to maintain courage under them than if one were to experience as vividly the horrors that really exist in evil and sin. If the horrors of war could be set in right proportion, it would very greatly help our understanding and our thinking about this war.

THE CHAIRMAN: I know the thoughts upon the war of many who are present, and I know how strictly the members of the New York Branch have been trained in the method of suggestion, in presenting a thought to those who may be in opposition, so that it will percolate into their understanding, and finally come to them as a feeling of their own. This was illustrated in what has just been said by Mr. Acton Griscom. I would remind the Convention that here we have no

strangers, so we can use our own, our natural language, can speak the truth that is in us, without need to consider whether the audience is fit or ready to receive it. As a Committee of the Whole, we can be frank, and it is with that invitation to frankness that I renew the invitation for full expression. If any association of people is qualified to see war as it is, to discriminate between outer and inner horror, it is this audience.

DR. CLARK: I think many will hesitate to say what they feel, because in face of the world situation today, they know they cannot express themselves adequately. But that hesitation should not be true of us, because, as the Chairman of this Committee has stated, there is a ray of truth in everyone—which we receive by virtue of our membership in the T. S. Through that membership, we have access to an inexhaustible supply of truth that is not so accessible to others. As we read magazines and books, guided by our Theosophic method, we find portions of the truth in them. We make the most of the truth found there; we try to use it for the people around us; yet sooner or later we are brought up against the limitations of those who wrote the books. There is an example of this in an admirable address made by M. Lauzanne, in a meeting on April 26th, where Chief Justice Hughes presided. It was an address that anyone might be proud to make; he spoke of the determination of France to continue to the end in this war of justice and right. But he stopped there; he could not know the source of these things; he did not know that war, in the defence of justice and truth, is war on behalf of the Masters, from whom those virtues proceed.

It seems that, as recent members of the Society, we owe an expression of gratitude to those who made the T. S. possible for us, who have brought within our reach the inexhaustible sources of truth about life. If it were not for the members whom we heard speak this morning, telling of their connection with the Society when it was founded,—if it were not for their devotion, their sense of values, their willingness to sacrifice everything, where should we be today? We might be among the Pacifists. We owe everything to the T. S. What is it that the Society has enabled us to see? It enables us to see the truth about the War. The War brings to our attention,—externalizes so that we must see it,—the reality of the issue between good and evil, the forces of spirituality and those of materialism. Subordinate issues, Pacifism, Socialism, and so on, are derived from the materialistic philosophy that sees nothing more of life than the surface. Thanks to the teaching that was imparted by the Masters, and passed on, through the Society, to us today, we know something of the spiritual realities that make up life. So, by seconding, in every way possible, the Cause of the Allies, we are, in a very small measure, expressing part of the great debt of gratitude we owe to the White Lodge for what it did in establishing its representatives on our low plane of life.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: I have something very much on my heart. We do know that this war is only the externalization of the war that has been going on for ages in the hearts of men between the White and Black Lodge. Every man gives his heart to one side or the other; is obeying one side or the other; if he is not fighting evil, he has become an ally of the Black Lodge; he is taking the force that comes from the spiritual world and using it against the White Lodge. Every man is fighting. There is a nation that has sold itself, body and soul, to the Black Lodge; it is a unit in their fight against the White Lodge, against the coming of His Kingdom on earth through His rule over the hearts of men. In such a war, there can be no compromise. We shall soon be asked to compromise. It may come in the form of some plea for Brotherhood,—that we should be magnanimous; or it may come as a request to differentiate between the German people and its rulers. We are going to be asked to stop short of the complete triumph of the Master's cause, before the German nation is turned from its course and has repented on its knees. If we yield to this plea, and from any motive of physical gain, to save

physical life, money, or wealth, we leave evil uncrushed, in so far as we do that, we retard the coming of His Kingdom. The failure to do our utmost to crush evil is to sell the Master's cause for thirty pieces of silver.

Mr. Box: When Mr. Hargrove referred to me, it seemed as though I should have made some response. He thought he owed a debt of gratitude to us for coming here; it is the opposite of that. If you knew the feelings with which we boarded the train, the feeling of intense responsibility that rested upon us with regard to the Pacific Coast, you would know how profoundly grateful we are to be here, and for the chance to re-form links that were broken long ago. I tell you this from my own heart. It does not seem to me that you realize with whom you live. It does not seem that you who live here can realize what a centre this is. We were told that tremendous force was emanating from this centre; that does not half express it. I would tender our deep gratitude for being permitted to spend a few days here with you.

The subject that we are considering is so stupendous that one does not know where to begin. What strikes me particularly is our deep responsibility. In this connection, you will find in the Theosophic writings of Mr. Judge and Madame Blavatsky references to the fact that there comes a time in the lives of individual men and women when we must make a choice; about middle life we decide whether we are going to Heaven or Hell or neither. This is true also of a Race; it has to make that choice, to decide to go to Heaven, or to destruction in Hell, or to go to sleep, remaining inert like an Eastern mummy until Nature comes and crumbles the wrappings off, so that it comes to life and sees its responsibility. The great Aryan race, of which we are part, has reached the point where it has to make that choice,—it has to go up, down, or asleep. That is the deep responsibility which I should like everyone to see and feel clearly—if we do not feel it we cannot do anything about it. (I want to express if I can find any way to do it, what I have felt in trying to reach the New York centre. Here you understand things. Thousands of miles away it is harder to understand.)

We have three alternatives: we can take up the sword of Christ, can fight for the soul of man; we can join the Black forces; or we can fight for them by refusing to fight against them in our own hearts and outside, wherever the issue comes. The Black forces are marshalling to take possession of the gateways, trying to take the keys of Heaven; and they will do it unless we fight. It is either go with them to Hell or keep the gates of Heaven out of their hands.

Some of us are familiar with the idea that certain people are spreading around (to me, it is clearly a mistaken idea) that Christ is about to appear among us. We have been led to expect a forlorn creature on the streets of Chicago or London, as the potential head of the Church. In contrast, I should like to call to mind one of the pictures of the coming Avatar left by Mr. Judge. Reviewing the three great predecessors of Christ, he said the next Avatar would combine all the qualities of the other three with the fighting qualities of Krishna: that would be the very incarnation of St. Michael. The fighting priests of France are a symbol of the coming Avatar. Rather than look for the meek and mild Jesus of whom some speak, we should do well to seek the coming Avatar in the front trenches of France, where we should, perchance, find Him covered with mud, blood, and human corruption.

Mr. PERKINS: The news that we read in the papers today, from the war, was not heartening, at first glance. We had come to expect headlines that made us feel comfortable, safe, and happy. As the war has gone forward, however, we have come to realize that it is not that kind of war at all. We must look back two hundred years to see the plan of the Black Lodge taking shape in Prussia. Decade after decade, see that plan maturing, until the time came when the devils were ready to strike. We are given to believe that this old plan of the Dark Powers was well known in the White Lodge, and on July 31st, 1914, when the die was

cast, I believe there was no surprise, that our Master simply drew His sword, and that there was a certain sense of relief that the periodical struggle between White and Black at last was on. When the morning paper shows a driving in of the Allied lines, we like to think there is a plan behind it all, on the part of the White Lodge. When we read that the Dark Powers have been getting ready on the material planes for many generations, let us remember that the White Lodge has its plan, although not so clearly evident to us, on the plane of battle.

I have been asking myself why it is,—why the members of the Society have such a supreme responsibility. Foch is now in supreme command; this is a great gain. Above him, we know, however clearly he may or may not recognize it, stands our Master with His drawn sword guiding the long campaign. There is such a thing as recognition, and I believe that this Society can recognize the plan of the White Lodge; recognize that there is a clear and definite plan, and that nothing but victory could lie at the end of that plan. It will help if we begin recognizing in this Convention, in our own hearts, that we, as members of the Society, can even reinforce that plan, with our hearts, our wills, and our lives, by recognizing its campaign on the battle field of our individual hearts. I believe that part of the reinforcement of the Allies in France is in this Convention room at the present time, immediately available and under our control; that we may here and now and in the days to come, give ourselves and everything there is in us, steadily and joyously to the personal battle reflected in our hearts from the battle front in France; seeing at the end of that conflict, victory, and knowing that the Master is leading our combat as well as the one in France. And the more clearly we recognize that the White Lodge has its plan of campaign, very much older and very much wiser than that of the Black Lodge, so far as we make it possible for these forces to be used, so far as we give over to the White Lodge our co-operation, our assent, just so far we may win, not only the contest in our own hearts, but at the same time may rightly feel that we are sharing in that great campaign which began on Calvary, and ends, though not yet, when the victory of Calvary shall be interpreted truly, in the glorious victory of the White Lodge. Even in this Convention we have it in our power to share in that great campaign and great victory.

MR. HARRIS: I want to speak for Canada. The way in which the Canadians rose (except in one spot), to respond to the call of duty, was quite a revelation. It was not their desire to gain territory,—we have enough of that. It was hardly desire for extension of trade. It was not altogether a love for the King or for the motherland. It was not an expression of fear. The one great reason seemed to be that people were aroused by the horrors committed by the Germans. Also they seemed to feel and rise to the high demand for the defence of the weak and persecuted. I do not think that many looked at the deeper questions. They hardly needed to, for they had been taught to respect what the Germans violated. They felt the call of duty to go and fight; and it seems to be a case of a nation acting on its intuition. Surely Canada will gain greatly by it. In the early days, the difficulty was not to get men to go, but to keep them back,—all wanted to go. I happen to be connected with a small manufacturing establishment; there was no hesitation there; all who were fit to go went; out of our twenty-four employees who met the military requirements, twenty-four enlisted; we only wish that we had more to send.

THE CHAIRMAN: I think we have gained something very real from this. Any community or individual that gives all it has, will understand. A factory with twenty-four men, and twenty-four went,—there is no need to comment further on their understanding of the war.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I have been away from New York for some time, so I have been obliged to do some of my own thinking; and one of the things I have been thinking is that it is worth our while to look for the sources of the support of Germany. We can trace this support back (I am speaking now wholly on

my own responsibility) to three classes: the Vatican and its partisans; the hyphenated German Jews; and the Socialists of all kinds, from Progressives to I. W. W.'s. If we study these, as Mr. Hargrove suggested, in the terms of our own lives, we may find that these three typify some of the coarser and more brutal sins, qualities, etc.

I yield to no one in my love of the Catholic saints and mystics and their books and teachings, and I use their potent aid daily. But I feel that the Vatican party in the Roman Church is separated from Catholic mysticism. The political organization, so to speak, of the Roman Catholic Church has sold itself, body and soul, to the Germans for a mess of pottage. As a small boy, I heard a man, high in the Catholic hierarchy, say that as a student in Rome, in the days of Pius IX, when temporal power prevailed, he had prayed that this power might be taken from his Church, when he saw the things that were legalized in a city said to be the seat of God on earth. He prayed the world might be cleansed from what had been allowed in Rome. The hope of regaining temporal power in Rome would explain the otherwise inexplicable abandonment of Cardinal Mercier and the Belgian and French nuns and priests, outraged and murdered, persecuted and martyred, in the name of Kultur by the Germans.

As for the Jews, the second of Germany's sources of support, they have, in England, a Chief Justice and members of the Cabinet; in France high honours have been given them, as also in Italy, a Jew having been Senator and Mayor of Rome; while in America all roads are open to them, with Jews on the Supreme Court Bench and in the Cabinet. Yet the German and Russian Jews have turned on the Allies to aid their enemies, for purely materialistic reasons. It is interesting to a believer in Karma, to see how quickly retribution has fallen. Russia, betrayed by her Jewish Bolsheviks, has been given to Germany, and where the Germans have organized towns and provinces, pogroms are already revived.

As for the Socialists,—I believe all forms of Socialism can be traced to a materialistic, non-spiritual base, however much the noble word of "brotherhood" may be used, and degraded. I feel that democracy might be defined as an attempt, by mere forms of law, to give to men what they are unwilling to work for; and for that reason, democracy is selfish, unbrotherly and contrary to all laws of evolution on all planes.

I have been enjoying the great privilege lately, of reading aloud Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, and in that atmosphere, I have come to appreciate better what she has done, is doing, and can do for France and the world. If only, both as individuals and as a nation, we would study her life, adopt her standards, and follow her example, I feel certain we could drive out the evil in ourselves, defeat the Germans and make possible a glorious victory for the Cause of Christ.

MR. MILLER: What Mr. Woodbridge has just said (and I think we all feel that we should like to take some part in it) suggested to me the great blessing that the T. S. presents, for it gives us the feeling that we can have a part in the conflict by staying at home and fighting, within ourselves, the Black Lodge which has control of our common enemy, the Germans. I think that now, when everyone itches to get into the physical fight, we should hold hard to the feeling that there is a battle we can wage daily and hourly. And we should realize, too, the help that lies back of that saying, "Every time we lift a finger, angels hasten to hold it up." The inspiration that the New York Branch meetings and the Convention afford is in the thought that we can have an influence on this war through "faith, courage, and constancy."

MR. BARRETT: There is just one thought in my mind,—the distinction between superstition and true spirituality. Recently, I heard a minister speak of the wonderful spiritual awakening that has come to the world through this war. He felt that we were inclined to be too credulous; saying that the Catholic priests in France

were taking advantage of the war to lead the people back into superstition. But I am convinced that this is not the case, that it is a true awakening, and that men have gone forth to make the supreme sacrifice, as Christ did. The women, too, are doing their part, cultivating the land, working in factories, and so on. We cannot honour them too much, they are fighting our battles as well as their own. Through it all stands forth the spirit of the Christ. Even if some regard as superstition the stories of the Comrade in White, yet I think the spirit of Christ is in it all.

MR. JOHNSTON: I had not intended to say very much on this subject because I am going to speak tomorrow, but I should not be willing not to go on record here. The light which is shed on the present war by the whole Theosophical illumination, has a particular significance in the *Secret Doctrine*, where we are told of a vital fundamental crisis, a war between two great Races which dominated the world long ages ago. There was not on the part of the White Lodge either slackening or Pacifism. It was war in the literal sense of killing and being killed. Only because that race of evil was practically killed out was it possible for humanity to come forward into the spiritual awakening that we now see and in which we have a part. Darwin's law covers the struggle and survival of the fittest, but we must know that it is the spiritual race which is the fittest to survive. If we study the annals of that ancient war, we shall get over our sentimentality.

No deep student of Theosophy thinks this will be the last war. In the final war that is some time to come, we shall have the extermination of the races of evil to the last man, woman, and child; and that is the only chance for the races of spirituality. There are divine provisions for the evil races; they will have a chance, after being killed, not to be devils. There are provisions enough afterwards for repentance, to avail themselves of the scorching purification which awaits them by passing through the gates of death. Therefore we must be rid of our sentimentality. Death is their only hope of deliverance; and the only hope for the races of spirituality is the destruction and annihilation of the races which have given themselves willingly to the powers of evil.

MRS. GITT: I feel that war is a necessity. This war is the most natural thing in the world, if we look at it from the common sense point of view. We are not ready for peace. These conditions have been piling up for centuries. Past wars did not purify; we shall have wars until we are purified. But if any portion of humanity had lived up to their religion, we should not have had this war. We might have difficulties between nations but such a war as this is the inevitable outcome of the condition of things. It is the expression of the individuals composing the nations. The individual heart has to be purified before the nation can be purified. A card issued by the Chapel expresses the idea best: that we are really fighting for the things for which Christ died.

If all people had the advantages that Theosophists have in the QUARTERLY for getting at the real basis of the war, they would have better understanding. In many Churches there is such a crude understanding. I heard a Sunday School Superintendent say, "If there is a God, why does He not stop this war?" I said to myself—If God's ways were comprehensible to us, they would not amount to very much. When we are fighting in a right spirit and with a right understanding, we are warring for the very things for which Christ stood.

MR. GRISCOM: I should be very sorry to think that by talking too much I had blurred any of the impressions we ought to take away from this meeting and from the speeches we have heard this afternoon. I felt after listening to what Mr. Box had to say to us, that I should prefer to go home then. Yet there are two or three things one would like to say on a subject of this size: one is almost a personal matter, though of general significance. I am a Quaker, a birthright member of the Society of Friends. For two hundred and fifty years, they have stood for

a form of Pacifism; one of their cardinal principles is that they do not believe in war; and they have been consistent in that view, even to the point of suffering persecution. Yet in this war, practically the whole Society of Friends has come out in favour of the war, stating that they feel there are spiritual principles involved here, and thus they are not violating the principle laid down by their founder when they give adherence to this war. This has significance: people are unusually, astonishingly, alive to the spiritual principles behind this conflict. It could not be otherwise if it is all the things we believe it to be.

There is another aspect which I wish I could make clear. Why have we all come here this afternoon? Why have some of these delegates taken the trouble and fatigue of coming three thousand miles? Let us ask ourselves individually. There must have been some very definite reason and purpose. Mr. Miller called attention to the fact that those of us who cannot go to France and fight can take our part, just as much and just as really, by fighting here against our lower natures. It is not easy to understand that, but it is so. Then take Mr. Hargrove's idea of the way in which the Lodge can work through an organization like this if we are true to the spirit of the Lodge. We have only a few hundred members, our magazine has a small circulation. Yet we claim we have had, as a Society, a large influence on the thought and history of the world: and we have. The Theosophical Society, which we have all worked for and loved, has been the physical instrument through which members of the Lodge can pour their force and accomplish their purposes on this plane. This is a thought that will help us in our own periods of discouragement. The members of the Lodge have at their command an absolutely unlimited reservoir of force. They could wipe all evil out of the world in an instant if they wanted to. What limits them is our capacity to act as channels for that force. Whether it is force for our salvation, or force for the destruction and conquest of Germany,—we limit them. The reason why we come here, is because, deep down, we have the feeling that by coming to a meeting of this kind, we are opening our hearts to that influence and power which can accomplish such great and wonderful things, not only in us, but in the world. There is no limit to what can be accomplished by any one of us, if we simply open ourselves to that power.

Take examples in history. Mr. Woodbridge referred to Jeanne d'Arc, who is an excellent example of that kind. She was a very young and ignorant peasant girl, but because she had a pure heart and a burning love of France, and had nothing in her nature that was antagonistic to the Lodge, they were able to work through her and to do things men call miraculous. Each one of us could become an instrument just as potent, if we were willing to eliminate from our natures the impediments, the little sins and small weaknesses which act as obstacles and barriers to the Lodge's using us as instruments.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: I hardly know whether to speak first of the Cincinnati Branch, or of the war. Our Branch work has been the same as in other years. We have held weekly meetings and have carried out our syllabus. There has been much sickness, and often there have been only about a half dozen members able to attend our meetings. I think that if we only hold fast, we are doing a great deal.

As for the war, our part of the country is, just at present, very enthusiastic for the American side, but it seems to me that if there were the least chance of the enemy's winning, there would be a great big hurrah on the other side. Our Branch realizes how necessary it is to make a stand for the Race, and also to condemn wrong wherever it is. We try, each one of us, to remember the necessity of considering what he is doing to eliminate evil in himself, before he begins on the evil in anyone else.

MRS. BOX: For a very long while I have prayed: "Pray for no peace until God give you a true peace."

MISS GOSS: There is a statement of Madame Blavatsky's that has been our centre of thought in the St. Paul Branch, your infant Branch. It is to the effect that to any great cause one can contribute one's thought, one's service and one's money. We in the St. Paul Branch have not much to give in money, or in the service of our hands; yet, in our struggling way, we have tried to give in all these three ways. We have felt that it is a marvellous privilege to have been born into the world at this time. We have felt, also, the obligation that comes with this privilege, and, to the extent of our strength have tried, with sincerity and with unanimity of purpose, to help win the war over here. We have tried to keep before us what Dr. Alonzo Taylor said: that every act of our lives should be viewed in its relationship to the war. We are constantly asking ourselves how each act would affect the war and its outcome.

MISS TASJIAN: All day today, I have felt the great privilege it has been for me to be here. There is not much I can say for the St. Paul Branch, as I have been away from there for the last six months; but for myself, I should like to express gratitude to Miss Goss, who first lead me to the Society, and so to the privilege of being here today.

MRS. REGAN: In regard to the war, I can only say that it would be impossible for me to express what I feel in my heart. Even if I could it would be quite unnecessary for it has all been expressed here. Like Mr. Woodbridge, I do not do my own thinking. I am glad to have it done for me in the future as it has been done in the past. Sometimes I do feel helpless, when I realize my responsibility as a member of the T. S. Then I take that article in the *QUARTERLY*, "War Seen from Within." From that I know just what I can do; I know that the battles fought in France are not the only battles of the war.

Hope Branch is much as in the past. We have our study class on Tuesday evenings. During the last two months we have taken up the study of the "Elementary Articles" in the *QUARTERLY* relative to the art of living.

MRS. GORDON: You know the sentiment of the Middletown Branch and their attitude toward Germany. It is very pronounced, particularly with our blind member. We had some difficulty with a German member for a time, but that is past and everything is lovely. If you will permit me, I will read the brief report I have to make for the Branch:

"The Middletown, Ohio, Branch offers its greetings to this Convention.

"Since the last Convention occasion, one of the members of the Middletown Branch has resigned. We are now seven. The study of the *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine* has engaged the attention of the Branch during this and part of last year. I am told many interesting meetings have resulted. The Secretary feels that each member is doing the best he can for the advancement of Theosophy. One member is doing well in her Church work and her work in other organizations in which she is interested, where control, patience and gentleness are often sadly needed. When met and questioned by people, our blind member seems always to have the right word to drop into the right place. The members of the Branch are trying, I think, to live the doctrine, and I believe the influence arising is felt by those who come into contact with the earnest and devout ones of the Middletown Branch.

MR. HARGROVE: I know you must be regretting that it is not possible on this occasion to hear from everyone; many from whom we should like to hear have not been called upon to speak.

When we take stock of the enemies which confront us, I suggest that we as students of Theosophy, must call to mind much that Madame Blavatsky said in regard to the Church of Rome. Now of recent years, and particularly through the *QUARTERLY*, many of us have learned to appreciate what is best in that Church. It would be deplorable if any member of the Society were unable or unwilling to

recognize spiritual experience wheresoever found. We surely must have discovered that truth is not confined to any one religion; that truth is to be found wherever the heart seeks it, and that whether it be in such books as the *Bhagavad Gita*, or in the *Dhammapada*, or in the writings of the Saints of the Church of Rome, or other Christian Churches, our minds should be receptive to any revelation from the spiritual world. That is a very important feature of our movement: our absolute open-mindedness toward truth, no matter what its origin. Only if we are open-minded to truth and beauty, shall we be keenly aware of their opposites wherever found.

In the Church of Rome there exist two opposite poles. One has already been spoken of: the revelations of the spiritual world that are to be found in the writings of the saints (revelations of immense significance and helpfulness to every student of Theosophy). But there exists also the opposite pole,—an organization seeking power, seeking to dominate the conscience of the world, seeking its own will, and because seeking its own will, opposing the will of Christ, the will of the spiritual world, the will of the Logos. In every case where a nation has failed in this war,—Russia, Ireland,—it is because it has been seeking its own ends first, and righteousness either not at all, or as a very poor second. Russia was induced to forget honour, its Allies, the Cause of Christ, and to concentrate its attention on its own supposed wrongs. Ireland has concentrated its attention on its own supposed wrongs and injuries, and has betrayed its trust and denied its Leader,—denied Christ and rejected him,—announcing to the world that it is thinking of its own self rather than of anyone else, the very words *Sinn Fein*, meaning “ourselves.”

Rome did the same thing,—pretended to be neutral, to be above the *mêlée*, just as Pilate pretended to look with impartial eye on Christ and his accusers. This was done in the name of fatherhood, strangely enough. It was not only Rome, not only the Pope. I have here a letter from the Archbishops of the American Church to the President of the U. S., signed by Archbishops Gibbons, O’Connell, Ireland and a number of others, stating that, in their own words, “We have prayed that we might be spared the dire necessity of entering the conflict.” These Archbishops prided themselves on the fact that during the years of our national hesitancy, deplored by every true American, they were on their knees praying such a prayer; prided themselves on the fact that they did not want to proclaim themselves openly as to the rights of the war; did not want to declare themselves for their Master. (Neither did they want officially, formally to declare themselves for Satan.) Here is a news-cutting: “Cardinal Gibbons defends the war policy of the Pope; declares the Pope has been truly neutral.” He defends him by saying that, because he is neutral, there is no fault to be found with him. We know what the attitude of the Roman Clergy has been in Canada, and what it has been in Ireland, and also what it has been in too many cases in this country. It is only fair to refer to some prominent Catholic laymen in this country who have boldly declared themselves, regardless of the attitude of the Pope. Mr. William D. Guthrie declared the other day, at a meeting of the Cathedral Parish, “All these ruins of our cherished temples and sacred monuments, many of them still smoking, their very stones, cry out to us from Catholic France, Belgium and Poland to avenge them. All these martyred priests and nuns call to us to punish their murderers. And with God’s help and the indomitable spirit and fortitude of our country, we will avenge and punish, if it shall take seven upon seven crusades to do so.”

As members of the T. S., we may thank heaven and all the powers therein, that there are still people calling themselves Roman Catholics, who so absolutely disregard the Pope as to use the language of Mr. Guthrie. But that in no way alters the facts so far as the Vatican is concerned. To express it very mildly, the Vatican is not friendly to the Allied Cause, and where its influence is paramount, we, as members of the Society, should be on guard against it.

At the present time, it is our privilege to use Theosophy to bring understanding to the darkness of the world; so it is our privilege to watch for its hidden as well as its avowed enemies. It would be worse than folly to attack the Catholic Church; and there would be no reason for it. We should be grateful to that Church; it has kept alive more good things in the world than most of us begin to understand. But let us always remember that the Catholic Church is one thing and the influence of the Vatican is another thing. Wherever you find an Irish priest you may suspect that his god is hatred of England and that he has given himself, soul and body, to his god. In the case of a certain type of Italian priest, you may suspect that he will be worshipping himself, because with one eye he is always seeing himself in a cardinal's hat. Power and love of power explain much that is operative in the world today. The spirit of the Vatican is the exact opposite of catholicism, the exact opposite of the spirit of the saints, and of the spirit of the priests in France referred to by an earlier speaker. And because it is the opposite of that spirit, it is clear to many of us that it is our duty to warn others of the danger that confronts the Allied Cause from that direction. But this is only one feature of the situation which has its peculiar dangers. In other Churches, too, there are elements of danger. There are good and virtuous people whose peculiarity it is to bewail warfare, and who cry aloud about "the tragedy of seeing all these young lives wasted." From the ordinary point of view it is tragic; but that is looking at the loss on the surface. Let us suppose that someone who is ill is commiserated because he wears a mustard plaster. You know it is going to cure him of his illness. Clearly, therefore, it is the serious trouble that calls for commiseration, not the mustard plaster. Let us see the war in the light of that analogy. Are those "young lives" being wasted? It was suggested not long ago that instead of being wasted these men are building up the real Army of Reserve. It is these men who will, in the end, turn the scale of the White Lodge against the Black.

The light of the White Lodge comes down from above. Its power on this plane is limited by the receptivity of this plane; by the ability of human beings to respond to it. Those who give themselves to the cause of the White Lodge, who die with what has been called the valour, the heroism, of the cross, who, in Theosophical terminology, die to the lower quaternary, constitute in themselves a link between the spiritual world and the material plane. They die with an intensity of self-surrender, an intensity of purpose, which are in harmony with the will of the White Lodge, thus forming a bridge by means of which the power from the central spiritual sun can reach us, enabling the Lodge to manifest on this plane and sweep everything before it. That is why those men, so dying, do constitute the Army of Reserve which some day will make it possible for the White Lodge to triumph over its enemies and our own.

All kinds of pessimistic, "defeatist" talk, which regards the war as a "shambles," and which sees death only and never the resurrection, can and should be met by students of Theosophy with intelligent optimism. It is their privilege to bring understanding where there is lack of understanding; to expose what is vicious and malignant and to clear up that which is merely darkened.

The same thing is true in connection with Socialism, Bolshevism, anarchy, rebellion, and the belief widely prevalent that the war was caused by kings and aristocracies. The war was *not* caused by kings and aristocracies but by a nation which had sold itself to the devil for power, which welcomed that leadership because that leadership could lead it to power, and which recognized in its Emperor the embodiment of its own spirit.

Do not let us be deceived by terms; do not let us use words in a sense that is totally misunderstood by other people. It is folly to worship words. Take the word democracy. (I do not wish to offend, but, this being a meeting of the T. S., one ought to be able to be more frank than before an ordinary audience.) Many of us were brought up to go on our knees to the word democracy. Many people

are using it to include splendid things,—honour, nobility and truth. In the Greek, from which our English word is derived, it means mob rule and nothing else. I for one do not believe in that and I don't believe you do. In the same way that democracy is misunderstood, aristocracy is misunderstood. It is unsafe to say a word for aristocracy; it suggests the idea of a haughty individual, trying to kick someone. Yet the literal meaning of the word is "government by the best." If that meaning were accepted, we can see that it would at once force us to decide,—who are the best? Evidently, it would not be a choice between very rich and very poor. The spirit of the man who spends his life worshipping money and who gets it, is exactly the same as that of the man who spends his life worshipping money and does not get it.

I wish I could get another word for our ideal,—how would you describe a man who worships honour; who sees in service his supreme opportunity, who believes he was born into the world, having birth and education, that he might give of his best to his fellows; who despises possessions and knows that money can give him nothing of real worth? Such a man is superior to most rich men, and undoubtedly superior to the poor man who longs, with all his soul and being, that he might be rich. I leave the choice of a name to you.

It would be folly in any case to see this war as a rich man's war. All of us would agree to that. And it would be folly just as great to suppose that it is waged for a form of government,—whether there should be a king or a president, a monarchy, an autocracy, a republic. The point is that the war is for Right and against Wrong, between the powers of Right and those of Evil. For that very reason, as a result of the war, there is growing up in this country a real aristocracy, not of money, but of sacrifice and of service. It is what the country needs, noble men and women; a spirit of service. They will be found in time, from all the ranks of today; for it takes more than one generation to do it. Those who are giving themselves without thought of reward to the cause of Theosophy, to the cause of truth and justice; who are laying down all that they have and are for that cause; who see in themselves,—and are glad to see in themselves,—so much dross in comparison with that supreme good; who live today, as the aristocracy of tomorrow must live, only to learn how to give more and more to the supreme Self: surely such people, wherever found, are the best, and may be regarded as the fore-runners of a Nobility every one of us would revere. Is the Lodge a democracy, a mob? It is made up of gods, and we, sooner or later, have got to join their ranks as gods. That is the destiny of mankind: humanity must be lifted from the mud and mire of self; must be raised to heaven as children of a common Father. Democracy—yes, again, if that be taken to mean nobility and truth and honour, let us use the word to speak to the understanding of other people; but, among ourselves, need we introduce an element of confusion, need we misuse terms to satisfy inherited prejudice? How absurd to suppose that a real Nobleman thinks of himself as superior to others! Does a Master, a disciple, think of himself in that way? Where do we find humility except in the noble-hearted? Germany has never produced a nobleman in all its hideous existence, and never will; it has no more understanding of the word than it has of honour. What we must hope is that with the help of the war, this country will evolve a true understanding. And it is the privilege of every father, every mother, to labour so that their children shall become noble in that sense,—the servants of all, and therefore the leaders of mankind.

But I repeat: to begin with, we, as individuals, must be perfectly clear as to what is the vital element in this great war. If Germany were beaten, and yet there remained in the world the supposition that it was the mob which had won the victory, that would be, in the eyes of the White Lodge, no victory but defeat. Let us ask ourselves, therefore, each one of us, for what the White Lodge fights, remembering that it is for the defeat of the outer enemy which confronts us,—yes, of course,—but also for the defeat of the enemy which tries to take us in the rear.

What is it that the Lodge longs to see triumph; what are the truths that it is striving to vindicate; what are the principles that it is upholding? Liberty: yes, but does that mean license! Equality: but does that mean dragging down all to the depths of the lowest, or does it not mean rather, an equality of opportunity to sacrifice self!

Finally, let us carry home with us such rays of truth as we have gathered at this Convention, and begin all over again with greater understanding, with wider recognition, with new faith and hope, making it our aim to embody the spirit of Theosophy, and to realize more clearly than ever that for the world as for ourselves, that also is the real end and object of the war: that the knowledge of divine things may become embedded in the hearts of men.

THE CHAIRMAN: There are other delegates and members-at-large present from whom we should greatly like to hear, but it is already late, and I fear that we ought instead to turn to the report of the Committee on Greetings, of which Mr. Johnston is Chairman.

MR. JOHNSTON: Would it be the wish of the Convention that this Committee should report at any length on the very interesting and gratifying letters that have been received from Branches and from individual members?

THE CHAIRMAN: It has been customary to have a brief report from the Committee on Greetings, and a more complete account of those letters in the Convention report as published in the *QUARTERLY*.

MR. JOHNSTON: Then, with your sanction, the Committee will make its report very brief, on account of the lateness of the hour, relying upon the courtesy of the Editor of the *QUARTERLY* to afford sufficient space in the July number for a more complete record of the greetings received.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON GREETINGS

A number of the letters that have been turned over to the Committee come from England, and they ring with the war. When you read them at length in the Convention report, you will be struck, I am convinced, with the way in which they turn into action what we have been saying in principle and in thought. We, in America, have members at the front, though not many. I had the pleasure of meeting one last summer, a youth with ardor and inspiration, and I was happy to get a postal card from him from France. We are represented there but by no means to the same extent as are the British Branches. In many cases it has not been possible for them to hold Branch meetings because of the air raids. [I wish to God we had air raids here now, and we would try to keep our meetings going in spite of them.]

There is the Norfolk Branch, of which we read with satisfaction that all the members are in service. There is an excellent letter from Newcastle and also from the London Branch,—which like all of the English letters rings with the spirit of the war.

In Venezuela the situation is different; they have difficulties there connected with the war which are much harder to meet than where the issue is openly drawn. [Two letters from Venezuela were then read.] The various letters I have read to you, and the others as well, have a significance which they have never before had, because of the way in which they show in action those principles which have been brought out here in spirit, thought, act, and will.

THE CHAIRMAN: It remains for us to accept this Committee's report and to take action on its suggestion that the Editor of the *QUARTERLY* be authorized to print selections from the letters not read and from others that the delayed mails may bring us. [This was duly voted, with sincere thanks to the Committee.] With that report the formal work of the Convention draws to a close. The Chair-

man has announcements to make about a New York Branch meeting this evening; Mr. Johnston's lecture on Sunday afternoon; and the informal tea following it, at this studio. He would then be glad to entertain a motion for adjournment.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I should like to say that it is customary in the Army to have a salute to those who have fallen on the field of honour. Every time today that I have looked at the bust of Mr. Judge, over there, and the picture of Madam Blavatsky, I wish we could stand in silent salute to those who have passed before us and to whom we owe so much. This salute was given by standing. The Convention then adjourned *sine die*.

ISABEL E. PERKINS, *Secretary of Convention*

JULIA CHICKERING, *Assistant Secretary of Convention*



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GOD'S PEACE TERMS

THE QUESTION is not: on what terms France or England, Italy or the United States—the last to enter into this divinely ordained conflict between God and the Devil—may be ready to make peace; it is not even: on what terms Belgium and Serbia, equally outraged by infamous tyranny, may be willing to make peace. The true question is: on what terms is God willing to make peace? And any government which, without seeking to learn God's peace terms, through humility and prayer, shall venture to come to a decision on this deeply spiritual question, will incur a tremendous responsibility, and will become accountable to God Himself.

For it is God's high law that has been violated. And it is God Himself who demands reparation. He has entrusted to the nations which, explicitly or implicitly, are faithful to Him, the august work of punishment, the vindication of His most holy law. And that law will be vindicated, to the last grain of sand, to the uttermost farthing. There is no possible doubt of that. Nor is there the smallest doubt that any nation which may now be willing to compound the German felony against God will have a share in Germany's punishment. It is not simply a question of what terms we shall mete out to Germany; it is far more a question of what terms God will mete out to us if we fail now adequately to interpret, adequately to execute God's most holy law.

What, then, is Germany's crime? There have been, in the past, wars between nation and nation, between tribe and tribe, which have involved no deep violation of spiritual law. We do not say that there have been wars in which no spiritual law, no spiritual principle was involved. That would be impossible, since there is no act or fact, whether in man's life, or in the universe, in any region above or beside or beneath the life of man, that takes place without the presence of

spiritual principles, the activity of spiritual laws. But there have been many wars which have been simply an expression of the great principles of development, the interplay of races and sub-races; wars planned by the divine law either to call forth certain virtues and qualities in a young and growing race, or to correct certain excesses and overgrowths, or simply to establish a balance between two sub-races or lesser fractions of sub-races. And these wars, while involving spiritual principles and spiritual laws at every instant, have been simply a part of the general Karma of humanity, just as the daily struggle of each one of us is a part of our personal Karma. Such wars as these involve no great moral turpitude on either side; nay, both sides may fight from principles entirely right; both, therefore, may reap a reward of spiritual merit; both may profit quite visibly, and in ways easily seen and expressed by the historian. Both may be, in a moral as well as in a material sense, real gainers from the conflict between them.

One may find such an instance, perhaps, in the American war of independence, begun in the Spring and early Summer of 1775. It was a question, in a certain sense, of the establishment of a new sub-race. That was long ago made clear in our Theosophical literature. And the nucleus of the future sub-race had to prove itself; to evoke and manifest qualities of responsibility, of endurance, of sacrifice, of heroism. The actual pretext of the war was slight; the grievances of the American colonies were trifling, as compared, let us say, with the present grievances of Belgium: it was a question of the stamps on certain legal papers, of taxes upon certain luxuries, things in no way essential to the colonies' well-being. But since, under cyclic law, the new sub-race had to be inaugurated, these pretexts, slight in reality, these trifling grievances, sufficed, and the conflict was begun.

In these days of splendid reconciliation, one may say, quite openly, that both the circumstances and the motives of that war have been far more fairly treated in English histories than in the histories written by and for Americans. So true is this, that all fair-minded Americans now quite clearly see that their histories must be re-written, while there is no question of re-writing English histories, nor any need at all to revise them. The principle for which the King of England was contending was exactly that for which, under Lincoln, the Northern States so splendidly contended in the years between 1861 and 1865: the principle of unity, the undivided life of a nation. But with unity must go equity; with the oneness of a nation's undivided life must go perfect justice between the parts that make up that life. And the righteousness of King George's cause was impaired by a failure in equity, a denial of justice; therefore it was right that, in the conflict, King George should lose; and that the American colonies, standing on the firm ground of justice, should vindicate that justice, and should thereby establish the

nucleus of the future sub-race on a lasting spiritual principle. In the conflict of 1861, while the South attacked the great principle of unity, there had been no injustice, no failure of equity, on the part of the whole nation towards the South; setting aside the great question of slavery, in order to make the issue more clear, the failure of equity was on the side of the South, which had voluntarily adhered to the principle of unity, in signing the Articles of Confederation, which established a perpetual union between the States. This was the bond which the South wilfully violated, and because of that violation of plighted faith, it was just, quite apart from the issue of slavery, that the South should be beaten in the American Civil War.

There was, therefore, in both these wars, an adjustment of national Karma, quite comparable to the Karmic adjustments that daily and hourly take place in our personal lives; adjustments which are the means, under the divine law, of our spiritual growth and development. But in neither war was there, on either side, a fundamental violation of vital spiritual principle. To put it starkly, neither side deliberately and of malice aforethought, declared war against the laws of God. Neither side plotted to destroy the soul's development, to ruin the spiritual life of the human race.

And that is exactly what Germany has done; or, to speak more truly, that was the plan of the unseen Powers of Evil, the sinister beings to whom not the German Kaiser only, not the military caste of Germany only, but the entire German nation, prince and trader and peasant, have deliberately sold their souls.

The motive of the Powers of Evil has been sufficiently set forth. These potent demons of corruption are—when humanity realizes and develops the august powers of the soul, when mankind enters and breathes the purer air of spiritual life,—doomed to irremediable death, after long ages of merited punishment, such as all wise religions have put upon the damned. Demons of corruption, they draw their subsistence, their very life-force from corruption; the perpetuity of corruption is their one hope of an evil immortality. They feed on evil, on the grosser lusts, on the cruelty and treachery and lying which debase humanity and keep humanity debased; thereby strengthening all the foul and evil principles in perverted human nature; principles which, as they are perversions of divine and spiritual forces, therefore supply the demons of corruption with just the sustenance they need. Therefore it is the interest of the unseen demons of corruption—nay, it is the vital necessity of their existence—to perpetuate corruption, and thereby to thwart and extinguish, to the utmost limit of their power, every spark of spiritual growth in mankind. For, to put it in a homely way, that spark may become a fire which will burn up the food supply of the demons.

We have an illustration of exactly that law, ready to hand. Where have those eager servants of the devils, the German agents, the ministers of German propaganda, been able to find the sustenance needed for their evil work? Only there, in every nation, where there was corruption, where there was hidden treachery, where there was venal vanity, where there was something cowardly and base and purchasable, where they could pander to some detestable lust. Take Russia, the most conspicuous instance. Had the nobility of Russia been inspired by a genuine loyalty, had the princes and leaders of the Duma revered their plighted oath of fealty, had the officers of the army scorned to break the pledge that they had given—the pledge of loyal and faithful service—the agents of Germany would have used their detestable arts in vain; they would have been hanged by indignant Russians to the nearest tree. German propaganda in Russia would have died of starvation, would have perished for lack of food. But, to their dire misfortune, the upper classes in Russia, the nobility, the officers of the army, the political leaders, lacked the supreme quality of loyalty and honour. Therefore, they are being punished, and terribly punished, by the evil forces which their recreancy evoked. Let us hope that a remnant may be found among them who, through direst punishment and suffering, may win back that golden quality of loyalty and honour, and, winning it back, may lay a new foundation for their nation's life, a foundation set deep on the supreme principle of the Universe; for "loyalty surpasses all."

Exactly, therefore, as German propaganda needs, for its sustenance, for its very life, rank elements of corruption, of greed and cowardice and lust, in the nation upon which it seeks to fasten itself; exactly as, finding these corrupt elements, it prospers and waxes gross, while lacking them, it quickly withers and dies; so, in their larger way, but following identical principles, the demons of corruption, if they are to perpetuate their evil, unseen lives, must find elements of corruption in mankind, and must, so far as they are able, strengthen and perpetuate these. And these elements they find in human beings—or beings nominally human—who share the tastes of the demons of corruption; beings who exult in cruelty, who fatten on foul lusts, who are grossly and bestially material in every nerve and sinew of their lives; they find their sustenance in beings who are willing and eager to outrage human kind, to make war upon the soul, in order that their own desires may be gorged. And such food they find in the German nation, who consented willingly to every outrage against God and man, if thereby German lust and greed and vanity might be fed.

It is a question, then, in this war, of increasing, in mankind, the food of the holy powers, through sacrifice and suffering, through valor and heroic death; for these things make the sustenance of the immortal soul. And it is a question, at the same time, of diminishing, and, so far

as is possible, of annihilating, the food of the demons of evil, which ceaselessly make war upon our divinity,—in order that these creatures of unseen evil may literally starve to death. Since the demons of evil find their best sustenance—though by no means their only sustenance, in the profoundly corrupt German people—from prince to peasant, from Kaiser to Hausknecht—it is to the interest of our immortal souls that this sustenance of the evil powers, the unseen demons, should, so far as is possible, be reduced to absolute impotence.

We have said that the demons of corruption find their chiefest food in the German people, but not their only food. They find that, wherever there is corruption. Therefore let us look well into our own souls, to see whether we are secretly hoarding there the sustenance of devils—in the most literal possible sense.

So we come to God's terms of peace. The peace of God will be consummated when the devils are starved to death by the elimination of every element of corruption from all human hearts. It is treason, therefore, not merely to liberty or to some principle of government or of law, but to the Most High God Himself, to make any truce with evil; to dare blasphemously to say "peace" while God says "war." No nation, no leader in any nation, can invoke a more certain and terrible spiritual doom upon himself and upon his nation, than he who now, in treacherous cowardice, basely refuses to execute God's sentence of damnation upon the Hun.

O Eternal Light, shine into our hearts. O eternal Goodness, deliver us from evil. O eternal Power, be thou our support. Eternal Wisdom, scatter the darkness of our ignorance. Eternal Pity, have mercy upon us. Grant unto us that with all our hearts, and minds, and strength, we may evermore seek thy face; and finally bring us, in thine infinite mercy, to thy holy presence.—Alcuin, A. D. 780.

FRAGMENTS

TO the extent that thy mind, purified, illumined, and filled with understanding, can be nourished by the Master's knowledge and wisdom, to that extent canst thou obey his command to feed the hungry with that bread of life which is himself.

To the extent that thou canst make of thy heart a pure chalice, whose blood has been poured out in the washing of thy feet, to that extent can the Master fill it with the blood of his own Heart, turning the water of thee into wine; to that extent canst thou obey his command to give drink to the thirsty, passing them the communion Cup of his love and sacrifice.

To the extent that thou dost make of thy whole body a tabernacle of pure spirit, to that extent can the Master give thee of his own substance to be thy food, and of his own life to be thy drink, so that thou shalt never hunger any more, neither thirst any more, since the former things are passed away.

Thus becoming a lamb without spot, even as he was a lamb without spot, thou canst be a victim worthy to be sacrificed; and, consumed in the flames of divine love, thou shalt be as a sweet smelling incense to draw all men to worship in his temple at the altar of his Heart.

* * *

I, if I be lifted up—

O divine Host we adore thee.

shall draw all men unto me.

Yea, draw us forever by the cords of thy love.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Lo, Lord, it is everything: lo, it is life itself; lo, we pass not by.

Behold and see if there be any sorrow—

*O pitiful men, O tender women, O children, innocent children
whom he blessed, give ear to his lament.*

like unto my sorrow.

O sorrow of sorrows, ocean of sorrows.

Come unto me—

O divine Heart of Christ we come.

and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Nay, promise us more, Lord; rest unto thine.

CAVÉ.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR*

“THE battle of life.” The phrase comes to us from the dawn of history, and every man that enters into life enters, consciously or unconsciously, into war, to play his part with skill and courage or with ignorance and cowardice, master of himself or blindly driven by the forces about him, moving to victory or defeat. And so it is that the principles of war are the principles of life; and that the volume before us—a series of lectures given by General Foch at the French War College, to those who would become the leaders of French armies—may be read as a manual of discipleship; for discipleship is the conscious warfare of the trained soldier of life, who knows his commander and his enemy, and the forces he himself must command.

Can war, can discipleship, be taught? Can it be learned by study, and if so, by what kind of study? These are the questions to which General Foch first addresses himself, as they are those which confront every religious superior and every aspirant to the spiritual life.

“Can these words be used together: *War* (Discipleship) and *College*?

“How can we conceive the study of such action, war,—which takes place on battlefields, under unforeseen conditions, in the face of danger; which takes advantage of surprise and of strength, violence, brutality, in order to create panic,—through this other form of action, study, which thrives on repose, on method, on thought, on reasoning?

* * * * *

“What should be the *nature* of the teaching to prepare for *action*, without which everything is useless when the struggle comes? Should we use classes, books, which, once understood, allow us to proceed on a campaign with the conviction of solving difficulties as they appear and of being infallibly victorious?

“Finally, to *what faculties* of your spirit should the appeal be made in order to develop and train them, to prepare the man of action, and what predisposition is necessary on your part?”

War is not a science. It is an art; “a passionate drama.” To view it as a science, to deal only with its material tools, the definite factors whose action, *under constant conditions*, can be predetermined with mathematical precision, is to leave out of account the crucial human and spiritual elements. Armament, supplies, terrain, has each a science of its own; as has prayer and mortification and the foreseeing chart of the day. But over and above them is the factor of human morale, of the human spirit and will that are to use and apply them. And in life, conditions are never constant.

“In war there are none but specific cases; everything is individual, and there is no duplication. The elements of a war problem, to begin with, are only seldom certain, they are never definite. Everything is in

* By General Ferdinand Foch, Commander of the Allied Armies, Translated by J. de Moriini, Late Major Canadian Expeditionary Force. New York, The H. K. Fly Co., \$2.50 net.

a constant state of change. These elements have therefore only a relative value instead of the absolute values used in a problem of mathematics. Where only one company of men has been sighted at a certain hour, a battalion is found when attacking shortly later."

The fault that betrayed us yesterday appears today in different form, and the temptation whose strength we thought we had estimated and could meet, is found suddenly far stronger than we knew. We have practised prayer and self-denial, but our courage falters and we fail to use them when we need them most. The conditions in which we find ourselves are very rarely exactly those we had foreseen. And so we may fall into the opposite error, and come to believe that life can only be learned by living, that experience is the only teacher, and the only school of war is war. Here General Foch says:

"I do not wish to discuss the kind of *experience* which comes from such training, the special advantage given to the mind by the habit of coming to decisions in the presence of a real adversary, and especially of resisting such emotion as naturally follows a blow. Unfortunately such a school is no school. It can be neither opened nor closed for our instruction; and it is insufficient because it would give us no preparation for the opening stages of the next war.

"As a matter of fact, there is no studying on the battle field. It is then simply a case of doing what is possible to make use of what one *knows*. And in order to make a little *possible* one must *know* much.

"This explains the weakness, in 1866, of the Austrians who should have learnt from the war of 1859, when they met Prussians who had not fought since 1815. The former had waged war without learning anything thereby; the latter had learnt the art of war without fighting."

It is as the battle is reviewed in retrospect that we may learn from it. But because just its conditions can never recur again, no mere memorizing of its features can help us. We have to seek and grasp its guiding principles, the manner of their application and adaptation to the special circumstances, and the results that followed from them. War is not a science, but it is an art. And as an art, it has its unvarying principles, which may be discovered and taught through the study of military history, using the experience of others precisely as we should have to use our own in order to profit from it. "History must be the source of learning the art of war."

"But the teaching of war's principles does not aim at creating mere platonic knowledge. To understand the principles without knowing how to apply them would be useless. But understanding brings assurance, wise decisions, the power of action. . . .

"Thus appear both the method to be used and the goal to be reached: to pass from scientific conception on to the art of command, from a truth known and understood on to the practical application of such truth. . . ."

"'Between these two things, scientific conception and the art of command, there is an enormous step which the method of teaching must enable a pupil to take if it is to be an efficient method'" (General de Peucker) . . .

"'But a result of this nature cannot be obtained if the instructor merely lectures and the pupil merely listens. It can be obtained, however, quite naturally when the teacher adds to his technical instruction some forms of practice, in the course of which the matters taught are applied to specific cases'. (Marshal von Moltke)"

Here, then, is the outline of our school of discipleship, our War College for spiritual warfare. First the technical drill, the mastery of our tools, the practice of prayer, of meditation, of asceticism, the disciplining and strengthening of imagination, reason and will, through regular exercise in formal observances. This is demanded for admission—as the soldier who would study strategy must first have learned the use of artillery, infantry and cavalry, and how they may be moved and maintained in the field. Second, and with this the instruction in the school itself would begin, the enunciation and elucidation, one by one, of the fundamental principles of the art of war, of the life of discipleship,—the principles of concentration, of detachment, of recollection, etc. Or, as General Foch has listed them, the principles of economy of power, of freedom of action, of free disposal of power, of protection, etc. The meaning of these principles and their application to specific cases would be studied through historic examples, both of success and failure, so that much close and reflective reading of spiritual biography would be required, and the analysis of mystical and ascetical treatises.

As General Foch analyzes the action of the Advance Guard at Nachod, showing how each of the dispositions taken and the movements made by the opposing generals, illustrated, either in the breach or the observance, the fundamental principles that should have governed them, and traces their consequences in contributing to victory or defeat,—so, in a school of spiritual strategy, the life of St. Francis of Assisi or of St. Ignatius Loyola might be examined, and the student asked to determine, for example, what slighted principle of spiritual warfare led to the great defection of St. Francis's followers. And because this might result in but "platonian knowledge", and give little assistance in taking "the enormous step between scientific conception and the art of command", the student might further be asked to outline the definite dispositions that he would himself have taken in St. Francis's place.

It is at this last point that the school of the disciple possesses an advantage not shared by any school of material warfare; for whereas the latter must be taught in times of outer peace, the inner warfare is ever continuing, and its students are, however shielded, themselves engaged in it. And because the same principles govern the combat of small forces as of great, the student of the inner life has the material for the study of the art of war in every action of his day, in every duty set him, in every temptation over which he triumphs or into which he falls. Here he knows, at first hand, the conditions of the problem, as they cannot be reconstructed from the scanty records of history; and so it is to his own experience that he can most profitably seek to apply the principles he draws from his study of the great examples of his art.

He will find them illustrated in the instinctive strategy of the lower self, as well as in the conscious plans he makes to meet it. He will learn to see the skill and vigilance with which a self-indulgent habit employs "the principle of protection" and how "concentrated" and "detached" are the movements of his "ruling passion" that lead to his defeat.

Through such study as this we may make our own the principles of war—the invariable principles which must be adapted anew, in each new case, to the special conditions that confront us. It is useless to look for similarities; they either do not exist or are outweighed by the dissimilarities. It is useless to appeal to our memory, "it would desert us at the first cannon shot." We can rely only on "a trained power of judgment."

And here General Foch asks and answers the question that has been at one time or another the despair of every neophyte: How am I to gain this trained power of judgment? What is to guide me in the adaptation of the invariable principles to the special circumstances that are never twice the same? And because General Foch's answer is of the greatest practical value to us all, we give it in full.

"Invariable principles adapted to the special circumstances of every problem, does not that method take us back to the anarchy of ideas which it had been thought to replace by one general formula, a universal theory?

"As a matter of fact it does not take us back to such a condition because a similarity is bound to come in the adaptation of invariable principles to different cases, as a result of a similar method of considering the question: in a manner that is *purely objective*.

"From a similar manner of considering questions will come a similar manner of understanding them, and from the similar manner of understanding comes a similar manner of action. The latter soon becomes instinctive.

"In war there is but one manner of considering every question, that is the *objective manner*. War is not an art of pleasure or sport, indulged in without other reason, as one might go in for painting, music, hunting or tennis, which can be taken up or stopped at will. In war everything is co-related. Every move has some reason, seeks some *object*; once that object is determined it decides the nature and importance of the means to be employed. The *object* in every case is the answer to the question which faced Verdy du Vernois as he reached the field of battle at Nachod.

"Realizing the difficulties to be overcome, he seeks in vain through his memory for an example or a principle which will show him what to do. No inspiration comes. 'To the devil', says he, 'with history and principles! after all, *what is my objective?*' And his mind is immediately made up. Such is the objective manner of handling a problem. A move is considered in relation to the objective in the widest sense of the word: *What is the objective?*

"This similar manner of considering questions and of understanding them causes a similar manner of action. But what follows is *an unrestricted application of every means to the objective sought*. The habit once formed of thus studying and acting on many specific cases, it will be instinctively and almost unconsciously that the work is done. Verdy du Vernois is an instance. 'To the devil', says he, 'with history and principles', yet he makes use of his knowledge of history and

principles; without training along such lines, without the acquired habit of reasoning and deciding, he would have been unable to face a difficult situation."

* * * * *

"It is necessary, finally, to employ unconsciously some truths. For that purpose they must be so familiar to us as to have entered into our bones, to be a component part of ourselves.

"Those are happy who are born believers, but they are not numerous. Neither is a man born learned or born muscular. Each one of us must build up his faith, his beliefs, his knowledge, his muscles. Results will not spring from any sudden revelation of light as by a stroke of lightning. We can only obtain them through a continued effort at understanding, at assimilation. Do not the simplest of arts make the same requirements? Who would expect to learn in a few moments, or even a few lessons, to ride, etc.?"

"The work is here a constant appeal to thought: . . . after the correction of work bringing one's ideas closer to those of the teacher.

"Then only do minds stretch in accordance with the study undertaken; principles are absorbed to the extent of becoming the basis of decisions made. You will be asked later to be the brains of an army; I say unto you to-day: *Learn to think*. In the presence of every question considered independently and by itself, ask yourself first: *What is the objective?* That is the first step toward the state of mind to be attained; that is the direction sought, purely objective. 'There is no genius who tells me suddenly and in secret what I must say or do in any circumstance unexpected by others; it is reflection, meditation' (Napoleon)".

It is not a mere accident that the opening sentence of the Rule of St. Benedict, of the "First Principle and Foundation" of St. Ignatius, even of every well drawn constitution or charter of a society or corporation, should be a statement of its *objective*; for it is the objective which determines all that follows. The clear formulation and constant recollection of it must be the first rule of all the disciple's thinking.

In the same way that we have read this opening chapter on the Teaching of War, finding in it a definite outline for the practical instruction of disciples, we may read the chapters which follow. Though close study is demanded, the translation is never difficult, even in the most technical sections. Often no translation at all is needed, for General Foch teaches in terms so universal as to be immediately applicable to every form of human effort. We may take his text as a practical guide in our individual struggle against our faults and weaknesses,—the separate faculties and powers of our nature constituting the troops at our command, which we must manoeuvre for attack and defense, service of protection, and the crucial impulse of concentrated mass. Here we place ourselves in the position of the Commander in Chief, whose function it is to plan the whole campaign and direct its moves. But as the aspirant becomes the disciple, recognizing his commander and his enemy, he recognizes also his comrades and finds himself one of a group,—a unit in an organized force. It is by this force as a whole, and not by himself as a separate individual, that the

war is waged, and victory or defeat experienced. The disciple, therefore, like the commander of a company, regiment or division, must determine all his actions with an ultimate view to the success of the greater whole of which his own command is but a part.

We may illustrate both the intimately individual and broader fields for the application of General Foch's teaching, through the opening paragraphs of his second chapter, "Characteristics of Modern Warfare."

"We endeavor to study and teach War. Before beginning such study we must determine what war we speak of.

* * * * *

"It is evident that if, instead of speaking in Paris, I spoke at Brussels on the subject of strategy and tactics, my teaching would bear particularly on one form of war. The condition of Belgium is familiar to you: a neutrality guaranteed by Europe, which perhaps is a useless scrap of paper, but until now it has assured the existence of that little state; the close proximity of two great powers, Germany and France, from whom no great obstacle divides her, either of whom could easily conquer her if the other neighbor or friendly powers do not interfere. For the Belgian army a special theory of war would be necessary, with one very definite aim: to delay as much as possible the progress of the invading neighbor. The work would consist in seeking how the Belgian army can fill that role: to *avoid* any decisive engagement, to *delay* the decision of battle.

"All the military plans of the nation would have to rest on the same idea: the organization, mobilization, armament, fortifications, and also the training of the troops down to the instruction of the smallest units."

Let us imagine a group of disciples. In the outer world each would have his own place and duties—and between them there might seem to be little connection, yet inwardly they would all be parts of one whole. For the matters that concerned his own department each would be independently responsible; but his success or failure would vitally affect the whole group, of which he is but the representative in that special place and work. Let us assume him confronted with difficulties that he knows to be too great for him, but which press for decision. What should be his objective? To *delay* the decision, without compromising it; to gain time to bring his fellows to his assistance, so that the difficulty that is too great for one may be met and conquered by the united power of the whole.

Or let us look at the situation of a man who has not yet become a disciple, who is his own commander—as the separate units of a newly recruited force mobilize separately for their preliminary training, and are brought together as an army only when this is at least partially accomplished. Let us consider the sort of delaying action a man may at times have to fight against his besetting temptations.

Every one who has seriously undertaken to conquer some evil in his nature, knows that sooner or later a parting of the ways must be reached and a decision made that will be irrevocable—that will fasten his evil upon him, or put it beyond his power to descend to its indulgence. This is the decision of battle that warfare seeks. To bring about this

decision, but to bring it about under the most favorable conditions, so that he may meet and destroy the full force of the evil by the full and concentrated power of all that is good in him, must be the aim of all his strategy. There comes a day when he is at his worst, unconcentrated, unrecollected, exhausted physically, his nerves on edge; and all the real motives of his life, his aspiration, and recognition of spiritual law and will to obey it, all seem far away. Then comes temptation; the evil in him offers battle, calls out for him to make the irrevocable decision, to say or do the thing that will commit him. Should he accept the battle? What sort of war should be his in those conditions?

Let us make the situation quite definite by making it very trivial. There is someone for whom we have regard, but who has spoken to us in a way that we find difficult to accept. It has hurt our pride, and we believe its manner was unjustified, however salutary the truth within it might be. We have been contending with the question as to whether we are willing to accept such treatment, to learn home truths at the expense of what we regard as our dignity—to continue our present relationships or to speak out plainly and change them. Then in the midst of one of our weakest and most despicable moods, we are again subjected to the same mortifying treatment. Everything that is small and self-seeking in us cries out to resent it, then and there to end it. We strive to summon the good in us—the knowledge of our need for truth, for perception, for the conquest of the petty vanity that is here being hurt. But all of this is very far away. A definite and decisive victory in our present state is, to our shame, beyond our power. Life appears quite intolerable if it were to mean a continuance of this sort of thing forever. We refuse to contemplate it—knowing that we are seeing falsely—and instead of seeking a decision that will commit us for the future, we seek to delay it. We fasten all our energies upon the present, upon seeing the one special humiliating truth before us and upon getting through that one interview without an explosion; on holding back the assault of our vanity, temper, resentment, self-pity, or whatsoever the feelings may be that assail us, until we can get safely out of the room and gain time in which to recollect and concentrate ourselves—in which to bring to the battle the real forces that must win it.

General Foch makes quite clear that though weakness may necessitate this type of war, temporarily and in certain conditions, yet in itself it can never possibly bring victory. A delaying action can only be for the purpose of gaining time for the assembly of the forces that will seek and give decisive battle. The special type of war for which Belgium, for example, must prepare, can only have meaning or value as leading to war of quite a different type in which Belgium herself must engage when reinforced. To resist temptation, to delay and avoid the decisive conflict, not to be crushed by a hopeless defeat, that may be all at which the man of the world aims, or the aspirant for discipleship is at times able to accomplish. But the ultimate aim of the disciple must be victory, and "*There is no victory without battle.*"

Just as there have been many false theories of war, so there are many false theories of discipleship. There are those who think they will attain discipleship through the seeking of favorable outer conditions, through residence in New York or Thibet, through abandoning their own duties in order to engage in philanthropic work, through isolating themselves from the temptations of the world, through substituting manoeuvres of one kind or another for the primary aim of battle against the evil of self. General Foch has little patience with such fallacies, "the fencing methods" of the materialistic strategists of peace times.

"All those principles and methods are founded on material things in times of peace, on the material element which keeps all its importance in peace training as opposed to the moral element which cannot then be shown or considered.

"For instance: the battle of Alma, a duplication of which in peace manoeuvres would be a victory for the Russians, a defeat for the French, the nature of the ground makes it inevitable. And the peace tactician concludes that scarpments, similar to those of the Alma, being insurmountable they need not be protected.

"The scores made in target practice, the effects of artillery fire on the ranges, are found to make any attack impossible. Therefore one must avoid attacks, one must wait to be attacked, go back to the war of positions and of clever manoeuvring, turn the enemy's flank in order to starve him, etc. Every time an improvement is made in armament the defensive is found to be compulsory.

"Similar questions, on the other hand, when studied from history call for an opposite answer.

"The battle of the Alma is an undeniable victory for the French. Therefore all ground is passable for the enemy unless it is defended by watchful and active troops.

"All improvements in firearms add to the strength of an offensive intelligently planned, because the attackers, choosing their ground, can concentrate on it so much a greater volume of fire. Moreover *there is the question of morale, the spiritual superiority of the attacker over the defender*, of the crusher over the crushed. The attack will need more preparation before moving its men, yet it retains the advantage even as regards the volume of fire."

The disciple can never regard material conditions as determinative, but must look always to the spirit. There are no difficulties of environment that cannot be surmounted, no position that is impregnable in itself, no defenses behind which vigilance is not needed in order to be safe. And these axioms for his own warfare guide him also in his efforts for others. The modern moral-theorist of peace times, the materialistic philanthropist and social reformer, would prove to him that religion and nobility are impossible in such surroundings as the slums of a great city. Yet the question, "when studied from history, calls for an opposite answer", as witness the lives of innumerable saints of the past and the heroic records of city regiments in the present great conflict.

The salient characteristic of the French genius, "the eldest daughter of the Church", has always been its clear-sighted recognition of material facts for exactly what they were, but its refusal to be dominated by

those facts; in its instant response to any appeal to the spirit. But when this appeal is not made, when its leaders betray it, then follows such tragedy as that of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. It is a lesson for all those who would hold to the economic interpretation of history, and so place their faith in external reform and dependence upon material conditions. It is a lesson which no disciple can ever forget, and which General Foch drives home by the humiliating truth of a quoted German criticism.

"There is often an inclination, even when studying history, to attribute to purely material causes the main result of any war.

"The French people', says Von der Goltz, 'has always concentrated on material questions. They carefully observed the events of the war of 1866 and sought the secret of the Prussians' victory only in the superiority of their armament. By realizing in this manner only the visible side of Prussian military strength they realized, also, only the visible obstacles which it encountered. It was an axiom of the French army to use to its fullest extent the power of armament, and to remain strictly on the defensive. They thought that the offensive power of the German army would be broken by the defensive action of new and terrible weapons. Our opponents did along the development of this theory much more than had ever been done by any army previously, and yet victory did not reward them.

"They ruined in that way the spirit of their army, and the visible results could not fill the place of the moral strength sacrificed, of the confidence shaken. *Whatever is done in an army should always aim at increasing and strengthening the moral strength*'. * * *

"Such is the brief history of our sad experience of 1870."

So General Foch disposes of the false theories of war, the theories from which the primary idea of battle has largely disappeared.

"And it has so disappeared because it is thought unnecessary, because one hopes, like the immortal Berwick, to gain a victory without battle—that when troops are led to the fight success is expected from the mere disposal of these troops with regard to one another, from a perfect alignment, from some new formation or other. Battles are planned like reviews; there is no thought of the enemy or of the blows to be struck against him, or of the hammer with which to strike.

"These mistaken ideas will crop up often without your realizing it in your decisions; they will bring down on you our criticism when you undertake operations on the flanks or rear of the enemy whose only pretended value lies in the direction they take, when you begin threats which are not followed by attacks, when you draw up graphics and charts as though they had any intrinsic value.

"All that kind of thing has no more strength than a house of cards.

"A worthy opponent is not put to flight by any cleverly chosen direction. He is not nailed down without a real attack any more than a paper roof could prevent rain and cold from entering the house.

"War as we study it, positive in its nature, permits only of positive answers: there is no result without cause; if you seek the result, develop the cause, employ force.

"If you wish your opponent to withdraw, beat him; otherwise nothing is accomplished, and there is only one means to that end: the battle."

As modern war is not a matter of limited standing armies, but of all the resources of the nation, so the disciple's war cannot be waged with his head alone, or his heart alone, or in spare hours of leisure. It must enlist the entire nature and continues through every minute of the day.

"The present day army is therefore bigger and better trained, but it is also more nervous and more easily affected. The human side of the problem, which already had greater importance than the material factor . . . must now be more important still. . . ."

"Nowhere can better models be found than in the actions of Napoleon, who made use of that wonderful military power" (numbers, enthusiasm, passions) "in order to triumph by:

"Taking advantage of human emotions:

"Manoeuvring masses . . . ;

"Giving to operations the most crushing nature ever known."

And who said:

"I desire nothing so much as a big battle."

"To seek enemy armies, nucleus of the opposing strength, in order to beat and destroy them, to follow for that purpose the direction and tactics which will lead there in quickest and surest manner, such is the lesson of modern war.

"Let us therefore no longer speak of manoeuvres merely intended to reach the opponent's lines of communication, to seize his stores, to enter this or that portion of his territory. None of these results is an advantage in itself; it only becomes one if it facilitates battle under favorable circumstances, if it permits the most favorable employment of forces.

"Only tactical results bring advantages in war. A decision by arms, that is the only judgment that counts, because it is the only one that makes a victor or a vanquished; it alone can alter the respective situation of the opponents, *the one becoming master of his actions while the other continues subject to the will of his adversary*. For instance, take Valmy: Dumouriez is at St. Meneshould. His flank is turned, his direct communications with Paris are cut. He adopts indirect communications, and as there has been no decision by arms, no tactical result, he holds his ground. When the enemy attacks, he defends himself, and if he is not beaten it is the enemy who is beaten because he has failed at the court of battle."

How often have we not outmanoeuvred some fault, turned the position where it was entrenched, only to find that, because we had not focused our efforts on the destruction of the evil itself, but had sought solely to correct the outer form in which it showed, it turns itself about and faces us in some other form as threateningly as before. The disciple cannot indulge such mistaken strategy. He must return to

"Leadership characterized by: preparation, mass, impulsion. . . .

"*Preparation*: that is, in your mind a plan of action founded on deep study of the *objective* or on the mission assigned, as well as on a thorough, careful examination of the ground, the plan being subject, moreover, to changes; troops disposed so as to prepare and begin the plan's execution, to picture it in a way; advance guards and flank guards in particular.

"*Mass*: that is, a main body as strong as possible, assembled, concentrated and ready to carry out the execution of the plan.

"Impulsion: by which to multiply the mass, that is to throw on one objective that mass, more or less dispersed at first, reassembled later with all the means at its disposal suitably employed. * * *

"Of all mistakes, one only is disgraceful: inaction."

We cannot quote the whole of General Foch's lectures, though each page tempts us anew. We can aim only at showing how they may be read, and so must pass hurriedly over the chapters on "The Economy of Forces", "Protection", "The Advance Guard." They deal in detail with the fundamental difficulty which every aspirant to self-conquest encounters: how to narrow the point of attack, and concentrate there all his forces that victory may be assured, and at the same time guard himself against the possible assaults of his enemy in every direction and all along his line. The one need requires concentration, the other dispersion. Troops must be detached, time and attention and effort given, to "discover the enemy; ascertain his strength; immobilize him; cover and protect the concentration of one's own forces; maintain the dispersion of the enemy; and prevent his concentration." The disciple's art consists in the ability to make all these separate acts, each necessary to the success of his manoeuvre, with a minimum of dispersion, and in such a manner that the greater part of the force employed in them may still be available for the concentrated shock of battle at the crucial point. "Economy of force" does not mean parsimony, and the neglect of necessary precautions; it means "knowing how and where to spend." And in these technical chapters we may find illuminating instruction in the detailed application of such principles to the ultimate concentration upon our objective. They require translation. But the teaching is there.

"Action in *one* direction, that one which is necessitated by the strategic plan, through tactics, that is by the most favorable use of military resources. . . .

"In each of these directions successively adopted, victory expected from all the forces, or at least nearly all; in other directions, safety assured by troops as weak as possible, intended not to defeat the enemy, but to slow him up, to paralyze him, to reconnoiter him. . . .

"Constantly, in strategy as in tactics, one seeks a decision by mechanics, by the use against part of the enemy's forces of a main body made as strong as possible by putting in it all the forces which can possibly be spared from elsewhere. That part being destroyed, one aims quickly at another, against which one uses again the main body, in order to be always the stronger at the chosen place and chosen time."

From the Chapter on "Intellectual Discipline", with its sub-title of "Freedom of Action in Obeying" we cannot resist quoting at some length. General Foch himself begins with a quotation from Napoleon.

"I was little satisfied . . . you received the order to proceed to Cairo and did not comply with it. *No event that may occur should prevent a soldier from obeying*, and talent in war consists in surmounting the difficulties liable to make an operation difficult." (Napoleon)

"We have seen that the basis of modern war is the use of masses, aiming at a common purpose, or in other words the opposite of independence which would inevitably result in dispersion.

"It is evident, therefore that each one of the units forming the total force is not at liberty to go where it pleases, nor to arrive when it pleases; it cannot be guided by the personal opinions of its chief, however sound such opinions may seem; it cannot act on its own account and seek the enemy or engage him where and when it pleases, even if success should be attained thereby.

"Discipline constitutes the main strength of armies. Armed forces are primarily intended and commanded for the purpose of obedience.

"The general commanding in chief can indulge in art, in strategy, all others only carry out tactics, prose. He conducts the orchestra, and they each play their part.

"Whether it be a question, therefore, of advance guards or front line-units, of armies, army corps, divisions, brigades or smaller units, every one is a *subordinate* unit.

"Every chief of every unit must therefore think of obeying at the same time as he thinks of commanding. Before dictating his orders, he must be inspired by those he has received. To what extent and how? That is what we shall examine.

"In war to obey is a difficult thing. For the obedience must be in the presence of the enemy, and in spite of the enemy, in the midst of danger, of varied and unforeseen circumstances, of a menacing unknown, in spite of fatigue from many causes.

"While dispositions taken in peace times can be weighed at length, and infallibly lead to the result desired, such is not the case with the use of forces in war, with operations. In war, once hostilities are begun, our will soon encounters the independent will of the enemy. Our dispositions strike against the freely-made dispositions of the enemy.' (Moltke)

"Then how shall we carry out the execution of an order received, unless we preserve our freedom of action in spite of the enemy? *The art of war is the art of preserving one's freedom of action.*"

To be free to obey! That is what it is to become a disciple. To that end we seek the mastery of self and all its passions. Without freedom, there can be no obedience.

"On the eve of Montenotte, we see Laharpe ordered to succor the half brigade of Rampon; Augerau, . . . ordered to fall in behind Laharpe as reserve; Massena, . . . etc.,

"So many units, so many different tasks; so many separate missions all aimed at a same result: concentration, but always in the presence of the enemy and through different means which will rely on the ability of the leaders.

"Often the result will be harder to see and to attain. As numbers increase, and simultaneously time and space, the road to follow is longer and harder. At the same time, command, in the narrow sense of the word, loses from its precision. It can still determine the result to be attained, but can no longer specify the ways and means of attaining it. How then can we assure the arrival of these numerous dispersed bodies, except by keeping before them a clear realization of the sole result to be attained, leaving to their initiative the liberty of action to that end? We shall need

"Intellectual discipline, primary condition, showing to all subordinates, and imposing on them, the result aimed at by the superior.

"A discipline intelligent and active, or rather an *initiative,* second condition for keeping the right to act in the desired direction.

"Such must be the embodiment of the military spirit, which appeals to character of course, but also to the spirit, implying thereby an action of the mind, of reflection, and denying the absence of thought, the silent compliance necessary perhaps for the rank and file who need only execute (and yet it is certainly better that they should execute understandingly), but insufficient always for the subordinate leader. He must, with the means at his disposal, *interpret* the thought of his superior, and therefore understand it first, then make of his means *the most suitable use* under circumstances of which he is the *sole judge*.

"A leader must not only be a man of character, but also a man capable of understanding and planning for the purpose of obeying.

"To the strict, passive obedience of former centuries we shall therefore oppose active obedience, necessary consequence of the appeal made always to initiative, and of the tactical use of small independent masses.

"And that notion of freedom of action which we find appearing as a protection of our spirit of active discipline, which comes from the necessity of assuring the action of the whole through the combined actions of all participants, we find it also becoming, like the principle of economy of forces, one of the fundamental rules of war.

"For in every military operation we have seen that our constant preoccupation is to preserve that freedom: freedom to go to Montenotte, to remain there, to act against Ceva. And, at the end of war, when there are a victor and a vanquished, how will their positions differ except that the one will be free to act and to exact what he wishes from the other, while the latter will be compelled to do and to concede what the victor may decide?

"We must be constantly inspired by this idea of freedom to be preserved, if we wish at the end of an operation, and still more therefore at the end of a series of operations, to find ourselves free, that is victors, and not dominated, that is vanquished.

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"To be disciplined does not mean that one commits no offense against discipline; such a definition might suffice for the rank and file, but it is quite insufficient for a leader of whatever rank.

"To be disciplined does not mean either that one executes orders received only in such measure as seems proper or possible, but it means that one enters freely into the thought and aims of the chief who has ordered, and that one takes every possible means to satisfy him.

"To be disciplined does not mean to keep silent, to do only what one thinks can be done without risk of being compromised, the art of avoiding responsibilities, but it means *acting* in the spirit of the orders received, and to that end assuring by thought and planning the possibility of carrying out such orders, assuring by strength of character the energy to assume the risks necessary in their execution. The laziness of the mind results in lack of discipline as much as does insubordination. Lack of ability and ignorance are not either excuses, for knowledge is within reach of all who seek it."

* * * * *

"Activity of mind, to understand the purposes of the Higher Command and to observe the spirit of these purposes;

"Activity of mind, to discover the material means of fulfilling them;

"Activity of mind, to fulfill them in spite of the enemy's efforts to preserve his freedom of action; . . .

"In brief, * * * *discipline*."

We wish that this chapter might be in the hands of every aspirant for discipleship—more, of every man, woman and child of our nation—the subject of every morning's meditation, the basis for every evening's self-examination, till they have made it their own.

Finally we come to the chapter on "The Battle: Decisive Attack", that to which all else leads, the object of all.

"Far from being a total of distinct and partial results, it is the one result of many efforts, some of them successful, others apparently failures, aiming all at one goal: the decision which alone gives victory. Either there must be a successful ending or the whole effort has been wasted. 'In war, as long as there remains something to be done, nothing is accomplished', said Frederick. Every move in the battle must therefore work to that end. And inasmuch as there is direction, combination and results, it proves that logic rules the actions, with all its privileges and pitiless severity. There is a theory of the battle.

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"Modern war, in order to reach its purpose: to impose one's will on the enemy, knows of but one means: the destruction of the opponent's organized forces.

"That destruction is undertaken and prepared by battle, defeating the enemy, disorganizing his command, his discipline, tactical unity, his troops as forces.

"It is realized by pursuit, in which the victor, profiting by the moral superiority which victory gives him over the vanquished, cuts up finally troops that have become demoralized, dispersed, impossible to command, troops which are no longer troops. . . .

"Battle cannot be merely defensive.

"Under that form it may, it is true, halt the enemy in his advance; it keeps him from attaining some immediate objective; but such results are purely negative. Never will it destroy the enemy or procure the conquest of the ground he occupies, which is the visible sign of victory; it is unable, therefore, ever to create victory.

"A battle of this kind, purely defensive, does not, even if well conducted, make a victor and a vanquished. It is merely something to be decided again later.

"A purely defensive battle is like a duel in which one of the men does nothing but parry. He can never defeat his opponent, but on the contrary, and in spite of the greatest possible skill, he is bound to be hit sooner or later.

"Hence we find that the *offensive* form, whether it be immediate or as succeeding the defensive, can alone give results. It must consequently *always* be adopted at some stage or other.

"Every defensive action, then, must end by an offensive blow or successful counter-attack if any result is to be gained. It is an elementary principle, if you wish, but neglect of it has been frequent. It was not understood by the French armies of 1870, or they would not have pictured as victories days * * * which might have *become* victories but which certainly were not victories at the stage where they were left. The French had merely held their positions, which is not synonymous with victory, and even implies future defeat if no offensive action be undertaken.

"To make war was always to attack'. (Frederick)

"We must always seek to create events, not merely to suffer them, we must first of all organize the attack, considering everything else of

secondary importance and to be planned only in respect to the advantages which may result from it for the attack."

Here lies the secret of endless discouragement and failure. How many good and well intentioned men and women have despairingly asked themselves why it was that after years of effort they still yielded to the old temptation, were still surprised at their weak point and failed. And the answer is that they have stood always on the defensive; that their concept of the battle of life lay in beating off the attacks of the enemy, in resisting temptation, forever parrying, never thrusting. And so what "might have become victories" never were such. No offensive followed the defensive; no pursuit of the demoralized foe.

It was not in this way that the saints entered their spiritual combats. Recognizing a fault they pursued it unremittingly and relentlessly. They did not repress their pride; they eradicated it. They did not submit to humiliations; they sought them. And so, too, the aspirant for discipleship must learn to "create events, not merely to suffer them."

How is a battle to be won? "Will it consist in the number of enemies killed? Is it a question of doing more harm by having more guns and more rifles, or better guns and better rifles, than the enemy? Is superiority found merely in material advantages, or does it come from other causes? We must seek the answer in an analysis of the psychological phenomenon of battle.

"'A hundred thousand men,' says General Cardot, 'leave ten thousand of their number on the ground and acknowledge defeat: they retreat before the victors who have lost just as many men, if not more. Besides, neither knows, when the retreat occurs, what their losses are or what the enemy's casualties may be'. It is not, therefore, through the material factor of losses, and still less through any comparison of figures, a greater number of casualties, that they give in, renouncing the fight and abandoning to the opponent the ground in dispute.

"Ninety thousand defeated men withdraw before ninety thousand victorious men solely because they have had enough, and they have had enough because they no longer believe in victory, because they are demoralized and have no *moral* resistance left. Which leads Joseph de Maistre to say: 'A battle lost is a battle one believes one has lost, for a battle is never lost materially.' And if battles are lost morally, they must also be won in the same way, so that we can add: 'A battle won is a battle in which one refuses to acknowledge defeat.'"

We hear in this an echo of a mighty warrior of the Heavenly Host, of whom it has been said: "You cannot beat him, for you cannot discourage him."

"The will to conquer: such is the first condition of victory, consequently the first duty of every soldier; and it is also the supreme resolution with which the commander must fill the soul of his subordinates.

"That necessitates, for an army that desires to conquer, the highest sort of command, and it necessitates in the man who undertakes to battle one important quality: the ability to command.

"'It is not the Roman legions that conquered the Gauls, but Cæsar. Not the soldiers of Carthage caused Rome to tremble, but Hannibal. It

was not the Macedonian troops that penetrated as far as India, but Alexander. * * *

"Napoleon wrote these words, but he could have written more, and with still better cause, if he had included that wonderful period of history which he has completely filled with his own personality.

"Great results in war are due to the commander, and it is but justice that history should couple with the names of famous generals victories that glorify them or defeats which dishonor their memory."

"The will to conquer." Without the indomitable resolution that admits neither discouragement nor failure, it is useless to seek the path of discipleship. Let us grant, then, that it is ours, inherent in the essence of the soul that calls us to this war and leads us to the battle. But what means do we take to inspire it in all our faculties, our troops? Do we realize that we are failing in the primary quality of command when our minds suffer a sense of failure, of depression? When we doubt ourselves, or our fellows, or the value of our efforts? We see the truth clearly when we look to physical warfare; but in spiritual combat too many beginners invite, under the mask of a false humility, the very loss of morale that alone constitutes defeat. Does it seem to us that we are a handful against the whole evil of the world? It will not, if we remember the Master who leads us; but, if it does, let us remember also that saying of Napoleon's: "It is not the Roman legions that conquered the Gauls, but Cæsar." Even in the face of such examples, we have as yet no conception of the power that may be wielded, the changes over the whole face of the world and throughout its inner thought that may be wrought, by a disciplined will that never accepts defeat. Only as we grow into that conception can we understand the full meaning of discipleship—the strength that it offers, and the strength that it must employ.

"One little realizes the strength of mind necessary to deliver, fully grasping its consequences, one of those battles from which depend the history of an army, and of a country, the possession of a throne," says Napoleon. And: 'by a strong mind we must not mean one that only knows strong emotions, but one which even the strongest emotions cannot sway.'

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"The great events of history, the disasters which appear on some of its pages, such as the collapse of French power in 1870, are never accidents. They can be traced to higher and general causes which are omissions of the most ordinary moral and intellectual truths. It is therefore necessary, if we wish clearly to understand war, that we recognize first its main principles.

"How can an army, efficiently commanded, destroy the morale of the enemy? Into what actions is war, display of moral force, translated?

"To answer that question, we need only see how a mental impression is created.

"Everything," says Xenophon, 'pleasant or terrible, causes us the more pleasure or fear in proportion as we have least expected it. This is nowhere more evident than in war, where every *surprise* brings terror even to those who are most powerful.' * * *

"The way to destroy the enemy's morale, to show him that his cause is lost, is therefore surprise in every sense of the word, bringing into

the struggle something 'unexpected and terrible', which therefore has a great effect. It deprives the enemy of the power to reflect, and consequently to discuss.

"It may be some new engine of war, possessed of novel powers of destruction, but that cannot be created at will; ambushes and attacks in the rear are suitable to small-scale warfare, but impracticable in big operations where we must resort to the sudden appearance of a danger which the enemy has no time to avoid, or which he can only partly avoid. It may be the apparition of a destructive force greater than his own, necessitating a concentration of forces, and of overwhelming forces, at a point where the enemy is in no position to parry instantaneously by a similar deployment of forces within an equal time.

"To surprise, is to crush at close range by numbers and within a limited time; otherwise the enemy surprised by greater numbers is enabled to meet the attack, to bring up his reserves, and the assaulting forces lose the advantage of surprise.

"They lose it also if the surprise begins from afar, for the enemy can, thanks to the range of weapons and to their delaying powers, regain time to bring up his reserves.

"Such are the conditions of numbers, of time and of space which must be observed in order to obtain those characteristics of surprise which are necessary for the destruction of the enemy's morale.

"Hence appears the superiority of manoeuvring armies, alone capable of speed for:

"Preparing an attack;

"Beginning it at close range;

"Carrying it through rapidly.

* * * * *

"To destroy the enemy's morale is therefore the first principle we find; to destroy it through an unexpected blow of overwhelming force, such is the first consequence of that principle.

"But that overwhelming and unexpected blow need not be struck at the whole enemy army. To defeat an opponent it is unnecessary to 'simultaneously cut off his arms, his legs and his head, while piercing his chest and stabbing him in the stomach.' (General Cardot.) In the same way, to overcome an army's flank, its center, any important part of the whole, will be sufficient for the result sought."

Provided always, it should be added, that the defeat inflicted be followed by pursuit.

What does this theory of battle mean for the man contending against the evil in himself? It means, first, new hope, rekindling the resolution that will not admit defeat, for all that is necessary to win is "to be the stronger at a given point and a given moment." He is to choose the point. This requires "Service of Information", the knowledge of his enemy from daily contact and daily self-examination. He chooses. The choice is important, but for our present purpose of experiment in the true theory of warfare, it is not vital; for if he chooses badly now, next time he will choose more wisely. He selects one definite point of evil, one concrete expression of it. Against this he must now *prepare* his attack. To that one point he must direct and concentrate all the energies over which he has command—all that have retained "Freedom of Action". He makes it the aim of his morning meditation, of his prayers, of his

stated periods of recollection. Above all, he concentrates upon it his full attention, his eager interest,—born of the new hope and novelty of the effort to attack and destroy utterly what he has heretofore only sought to resist,—every ounce of his will and of his confidence that he has found the way.

Here already is a formidable force, the full power of his nature concentrated against a single fault that in the past has had to face only a small share of his widely spread "general good-intentions." The lower nature has not anticipated any such new tactics. It is by no means certain that that specific fault is sufficiently dear to it to risk the cost of a general engagement. It is surprised, and already its morale is shaken. It is prepared to surrender if the man is really in earnest—if the threat is otherwise certain to be followed by the blow. And this is wholly a question of the man's own resolution. But what kind of a blow? Punishment of the lower-self; discipline, self-inflicted, penance. And this must be planned and resolved upon. It is part of the preparation of the attack.

"Beginning at close range." That is the next principle, and it leads back to the choice of the point of attack. It must be an evil that can be reached at once, concretely; not something distant or vague, but immediate, with which we are already in contact.

And finally, we are to "carry it through rapidly." We must begin at once; from the moment our resolution is made its execution must commence. Otherwise the concentration we effect cannot be maintained; and the enemy has time in which to probe our every weakness, to recover from its surprise and initial fear, to question whether the blows,—the penance, the punishment,—will be persisted in if those first given are withstood. To delay, is to lose the advantage of surprise; to weaken our own morale through the infiltration of doubt and hesitancy and the self-distrust born of past defeats; and to strengthen the morale of our opponent. This is fatal, for the whole of battle is, as we have seen, a battle for morale, and of morale.

Consider what General Foch points out in the case of Macdonald's attack in mass against Archduke Charles at Wagram. We find it:

"Prepared by a charge of 40 squadrons (to clear for it a place of assembly), and by the fire of 102 guns (to halt and shake the enemy); carried out by 50 battalions (22,500 men)."

But that mass of infantry, whose advance decides the battle, is:

"Powerless to act by fire, because of the formation it has assumed;

"Without effect by the bayonet: nowhere does the enemy await the shock;

"Doing absolutely no harm to the enemy, while suffering much itself;

"Reduced to 1,500 victorious men when it reaches its objective at Süssenbrun.

"In short, the decimated troops beat the decimating troops, and they decide the army's advance, that is victory on the Marchfeld. The result was obtained not from the material effects—they are all in favor of the defeated side—but from a purely moral action."

The "surprise", the "unexpected and terrible" element, that shatters the enemy's morale and instilling the conviction of his impotence defeats him, is here the undeviating, silent advance of those falling troops,—the direct spiritual impact of a resolution which manifests its invincibility by its acceptance, which persists in its purpose despite such punishment as, by every material standard, should cause its abandonment.

It is the same with our attack upon our faults. We may ourselves suffer far more than the evil in us does, all the material advantages may be with it and not with us, but if we persist in our advance, undeterred and unshaken by our suffering, with the "will to victory" and confidence in it unimpaired, then the evil flies before us. Our morale is heightened, the enemy's is destroyed; and with that destruction of its morale, the power of evil is gone. It holds us because it has hypnotized us into the belief that it is the stronger. Shatter that belief by one such determined, victorious assault upon a crucial point and the whole fabric falls apart; and one by one we may destroy its elements. Success or failure is a matter of morale, of confidence, of resolution.

In emphasizing the tactics of the battle, the way in which the entire nature is to be concentrated upon a single point of attack, we have deliberately minimized the importance of the right choice of that point so that a decision there may truly be crucial. This is a vital question for the supreme command. What is our "ruling passion"? For it is the keystone of the whole arch of evil in us—when we conquer that, victory is ours. But often, indeed almost always, it lies deep within the defenses of the enemy, so that many minor engagements must be fought in order to clear the way for the final and crucial one,—that we may draw so near to the critical position as to be able to attack it, "beginning at close range", "carrying it through rapidly", concentrating our entire nature upon it with the surprise of "unexpected and terrible" force. All of these minor engagements should be undertaken to this one end. In it is their cause and meaning, and without it they are but wasted effort, "a decision postponed." And therefore there is need of generalship, of the closest self-knowledge, of experienced direction. But for the present we are concerned only to make wholly clear these principles of "the battle of manoeuvre" as opposed to the old "battle in line" which is the only idea of spiritual warfare that many have conceived or practised. It will be profitable to study what General Foch has to say of this.

"To this battle of manoeuvre characterized by one supreme effort, the decisive attack producing surprise, there has often been opposed the battle in line, in which the engagement is general, and in which the commander relies on some favorable circumstance or happy inspiration, which generally does not appear, for the choice of time and place of his action. He may even depend for this on his subordinates, who in turn depend on *their* subordinates, so that finally the battle is won or lost by the rank and file.

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"In every lottery there are fortunate men who win a prize, yet no sensible person depends on lotteries as a means to fortune. Certain

causes independent of our will, including chance and happy initiative, sometimes determine events, but they cannot be depended on, and still less be used as the basis for action.

"If we analyze the battle in line what do we find?

"The engagement is general, and needs to be supported everywhere; forces being used up they are renewed, replaced or increased. The result is a constant wearing down, against which one struggles until the result is obtained by one or more lucky actions of the troops, subaltern leaders or soldiers, always from some source of secondary importance which can only employ a part of the resources available.

"The total is made up of a series of more or less similar minor battles, out of the control of the higher command."

Which of us has not known the weariness of this "constant wearing down", the daily renewal of the daily struggle to combat all our faults at once, the struggle that never seems decisive, that never seems to get us anywhere. One day we resist this temptation, but fall into that; the next day the success and failure is reversed. The whole line undulates back and forth; but it still lies much where it did years ago. It is a gruelling strain on our morale, and our "will to victory" sinks perilously near to the mere dogged determination to hold on, come what may.

"It is an inferior form of battle, therefore, if we compare it with the battle of manoeuvres, depending on the leadership of the Commander-in-Chief, on judicious and combined use of resources at hand, on the value of *all* these resources, true economy of forces aiming at the concentration of efforts and of masses on one chosen point. * * *

"The weakness of the battle in line lies in the fact that it is an attack which develops everywhere with equal force, resulting in uniform pressure on an enemy who opposes a resistance equally uniform, but of superior value because he disposes of special advantages, cover, fields of fire, etc., which the attacker does not possess to the same extent.

"But if we can perceive the weak point in the enemy structure, or a point of little resistance, the equilibrium is broken, the mass rushes through the breach, and the obstacle is carried. If we seek the weak point, or if we create one by our blows on a part of the enemy's line, we attain the result. * * *

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"Theoretically, a battle begun is an attack determined to succeed.

"Theoretically, also, to be the stronger on a given point at a given time, we must apply all the forces simultaneously on that point, and in an unexpected manner.

"When we pass to practice, we shall find that this necessity entails others; the principles of protection will appear again, and compel sacrifices, absorb forces.

"To direct the attack, to guard it against the enemy, to prevent the enemy from carrying out a similar manoeuvre, we shall have to undertake and carry through many minor engagements, each one having some special purpose. Nevertheless, the decisive attack is the keystone of the battle, and all the other combats must only be considered and organized in the measure in which they facilitate and assure the development of the decisive attack, characterized by mass, by surprise and by speed, for which we must constantly reserve the greatest possible number of forces and of troops with which to manoeuvre.

"Hence economy of forces, meaning their distribution and employment in battle.

"The difference between the battle of manoeuvres and the battle in line does not consist merely in the difference of results: results planned and sought in the one case by a decisive attack; results hoped for in the other case from some happy occurrence on one or several unknown points of the front. There is also a complete difference of leadership, of execution, of economy of forces.

"This has to be pointed out, because though we theoretically abandon the battle in line, we actually return to it if we have not in advance organized our combination with a plan of battle which aims above all at decisive attack.

"In the battle in line, tactics merely consist in overcoming hostile resistance by a slow and progressive wear of the enemy's resources; for that purpose the fight is kept up everywhere. It must be supported, and such is the use made of reserves. They become warehouses into which one dips to replace the wear and tear as it occurs. Art consists in having a reserve when the opponent no longer has one, so as to have the last word in a struggle in which wearing down is the only argument employed. In that case the reserves have no place chosen in advance, there must be some everywhere, ready to be employed wherever needed to continue action on the whole front. They are gradually absorbed, and their only purpose is to keep the battle from dying out.

"In the battle of manoeuvres, *the reserve is a sledge hammer*, planned and carefully preserved to execute the only action from which any decisive result is expected: the final attack. The reserve is meanwhile husbanded with the utmost caution, in order that the tool may be as strong, the blow as violent as possible.

"Finally, it is thrust into the struggle boldly, with a firm determination to carry a chosen point. Employed for that purpose as a mass, in an action surpassing in energy and violence all the other stages of the battle, it has but one objective.

"According to Napoleon, there was *no general reserve as such*. He had troops reserved, but for the purpose of manoeuvring and attacking with more energy than the others.

"One often speaks of the use and necessity of strong reserves. The dogma is closely connected with the theory of progressive consumption of forces; it is considered a sacred dogma. But every reserve represents a dead force. . . . The reserves are useful only on condition of being engaged. . . . One can even imagine a case where it would be wiser to have no reserve; that is where the enemy's force would be precisely known, and when he was already fully deployed.' (Von der Goltz)

"The difference in employment of the reserves is so great between the two kinds of battle that the other differences are sometimes forgotten.

"The battle in line is a principle of the French Army of 1870, or rather the absence of principle as to the conduct of the battle. It is a case of everyone for himself, defeat being always officially due to the arrival of strong reinforcements on the German line; but these reinforcements were precisely troops reserved and brought in numbers to that point to create the demoralization by which armies are destroyed.

"This wording of our official reports shows also that if these fresh troops had come to us, it is only as reinforcements that they would have been used, for distribution all along the line, and not as means to an action of which nobody thought."

What are the disciple's reserves, which he must not fritter away by distributing as mere reinforcements all along the line, in mere general good intentions? They are all the resources of his being, and this means all the powers of the spiritual world to which he has access or upon which he can draw. It includes the daily reinforcement and inspiration that come to him from prayer, from meditation, from intercourse with his fellows, from spiritual reading, from any and every source of strength, from the Master's knowledge of his need. With him as with Napoleon, "there is *no general reserve as such*. He has troops reserved but for the purpose of manoeuvring and attacking with greater energy than the others." And these he is to use as "a sledge-hammer", for a blow to be struck at one definite point and with one definite object. Inspiration is not given him merely to squander in vague, pious intentions, to be dribbled into the conflict drop by drop without effect, or sprayed over his entire line like some sweet smelling oil. It is given him for the purpose of definite attack, to accomplish results. Therefore it is that we are told that "every meditation must end with a definite resolution", that which we gain from it being "aimed in one direction, for the purpose of accomplishing one final result: *the foreseen, determined and sudden action of masses employing surprise*"; *victory through battle*.

Like the Bhagavad Gita, General Foch presents to us the laws of discipleship through the principles of war, of which they are the highest and eternal expression.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

If the poor lost souls had the time that we waste, what good use they would make of it! If they had only half an hour, that half hour would depopulate hell.—Curé d'Ars.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES

THE QUARTERLY is a tribune of frank speech. Each who mounts it is solely responsible for what he says. He may not and, indeed, cannot, speak for others. Therefore, it becomes safe to venture the expression of an individual, deep-hearted longing that more members of the T.S. would seek for Theosophy in the writings and prayers of the great Catholic Saints and mystics. Have not too many of us left that power to be used alone by those most opposed to all that the T.S. is trying to do? Why not use the dynamic teachings and the dynamic prayers for our own Cause? The Allies are not foolish enough to let the Germans monopolize high explosives. Why, on a higher Allied plane, should we?

Three friends were travelling together. Two were fellow members of the T.S. Anstey has only recently joined the Society. He is a broad-minded and devout Catholic. Brooke has been a member for several years yet he often says: "I feel as if I were just joining." He was brought up a Protestant and admits that he was once most sympathetic to the A.P.A. The non-member, Hare, was a great friend of Brooke's in the pre-T.S. days of the latter's life. Hare is a lawyer.

While Hare was looking over some papers, Anstey and Brooke were talking about the Convention. Hare looked up and said: "By the way, Brooke, don't all Theosophical people belong to one Theosophical Society?"

"By no means—any more than all men in the State of New York who call themselves lawyers belong to the same Bar Associations. Other societies with diametrically opposite viewpoints use the name Theosophy."

"Then you did not have to avow belief in any particular creed when you joined what you call the 'T.S.'?"

Anstey answered him, smiling as he spoke. "Of course we had to—and to agree to live up to our faith."

"What is it? Re-incarnation?"

"Certainly not. Most of our students are convinced that reincarnation is a scientific fact, but we have members in good and regular standing who do not believe in it at all."

"Do stop being owl-like, and tell me what is the one and essential dogma of your T.S.?"

"A never failing tolerance of the beliefs and convictions of others."

"That's not a dogma. It seems easy enough and broad enough for any one to conform to. I do not see where you leave a chance for non-conformists."

"The T.S. doesn't, yet sometimes they find it! Haven't each of us got something that we find it hard to be tolerant towards—quite aside from any moral question being involved, or even a question of good taste?"

Hare answered somewhat slowly: "Do you know, I have rather counted upon this trip to give me a chance to clear up things and to know more about your T.S., for, I find, I have been growing more and more interested in it, or at the least, more curious about it. Yet I find myself feeling that I may seem to be rude if I am to be as frank as I fear I shall have to be, to get at what I want."

"We will try to be truly model members of the T.S. and endeavor to be more interested in what you have to say than even in what we are longing to bring out. A good member should never be unsympathetically antagonistic or argumentative—now shoot!"

"Be serious—tell me, does that mean that you people are really interested in the other side's case and opinions, or that you only permit their development in order to combat them the more effectively?"

"It means, as Professor Mitchell explains in his little book, *Theosophy and the Theosophical Society*, that we of the T.S. are, or ought to be, interested in the views of others and really interested at that. To get irritated or angry—even when criticized unjustly—whether from malice or ignorance—shows that we newer students still keep our Theosophical work too much in our minds, and not enough in our hearts, and so, of course, we do not show it forth in our lives—as we should. But we have learned to be ashamed when we let our self-willed attachment to our own esteem irritate us."

"But haven't you any convictions?"

"I, individually, have absolute convictions, which I am seeking to strengthen and make a ruling power over my will and in my life, but these are not T.S. convictions. As a member of the Society the very strength of my own convictions should make me the more respect other men's convictions?"

"What about the Germans—do you respect their convictions?"

"I have no use for a German traitor, nor have I any use for a weak-hearted American, who would fail to run his bayonet through a German just because he thought that the German believed he had a right, in the name of Germany and *kultur*, to outrage a woman or disembowel a child. The American has his duty—which is to destroy the destroyers of all that he believes to be right and holy. I admire the Devil's industry; I respect his strength of conviction, but that is no reason why I should let up in my fight against him and all his works. Rather, should not my respect for him keep me more on guard, and warn and nerve me to fight all the harder—determined that he shall not overcome me with his perfected and admirable equipment so foully used?"

"I asked a stupid question," said Hare. "I knew the answer. That book, you lent me, Brooke, the Bhagavad Gita, really covers that, in the

answer of Krishna to Arjuna and I'll admit that Jesus Christ taught the same lesson, as Mr. Johnston's commentaries show. And, by the way, Brooke, I have had a chance to read your *QUARTERLY* at last, after turning down the opportunities you have afforded me. I have had a good, long chance to look over some of your recent numbers. I certainly do remember now that I was filled with admiration of the magnificent stand on the war question and I don't mind admitting that I now regard the *QUARTERLY* as a very good periodical but—you know you have promised to overlook my frankness—one effect upon me was to leave me irritated."

"What was it that belonged to you so very much that you got irritated?"

"It was the extremely Catholic note in several of the articles."

Then Hare flushed a little and turned to Anstey to say: "I really beg your pardon—I had forgotten that you were a Catholic—getting back to one of the old-time cudgels-out talks with Brooke here."

"You are simply keeping your promise to be frank and I can match your story. I let one of my family have a copy of the *QUARTERLY* the other evening. I got it back the next morning with a note saying that it was altogether too heathenish for any Christian to dare to leave lying around. I have no doubt that many and many a Bishop and priest would think that I merited excommunication for reading it—to say nothing of the sin of having joined the T.S.—so please go on opening your window for us."

"Of course I liked the articles with an Oriental flavour, that seemed so heathenish to your family, especially the articles on Oriental religions and their basic principles, but how can there be any place for Catholicism in a publication like the *QUARTERLY*? You say you have no dogma—is Catholicism anything but dogma of the narrowest and most uncharitable kind?"

"I suppose," said Brooke, "that it is the Romanist's assumption that we are all so utterly damned because of our heresy or schism—when we feel that we are no better or no worse than they are—that makes us so intolerant of the Romanists."

"Don't be so extremely Anglican, Brooke. Use good Americanese and say 'Catholic' and 'Catholicism.' Furthermore, I doubt if your point be well taken, for no one holds to such a sense of superiority as your positive Baptist." Then Hare took out his note book, saying: "Here is something a newspaper friend gave me. It was said to him by a Baptist clergyman: 'Nothing so tries my faith as my knowledge that so many good people, perfectly good according to my lights, are predestined to hell fire, while so many people, who seem to me bad, will yet repent and are predestined to be saved—but the mysteries of the Almighty are beyond human comprehension.' And most Baptists, I have found, believe that they are of the elect and that the rest of us are of the damned. Yet we don't get excited against the Baptists, as we do towards the Catholics."

"I suppose that is due," said Brooke, "to the fact that most of our history comes to us from Protestant sources and leaves us prejudiced."

"That may account for it in part," replied Anstey, "but I think it also rests on an entirely unconscious recognition of a half-truth, and I am a Catholic myself."

"Every regular reader of the QUARTERLY knows the difference between the Catholic political, so-to-speak, organization and the Catholic ideal. There is one great wing of the Catholic church, as such, known as the 'Vatican party,' that is, I believe, a deadly menace to both the world and to my religion. There is another wing, however, sometimes called the 'Gallican party', (but don't confuse it with what is technically called 'Gallicanism'), which is, I believe, the hope not only of our church but, possibly even of Christianity."

"I can understand your being a member of the Society—feeling that way, as you do—but it seems even bewildering that you should remain loyal to your old church. Where do you find a common ground?"

"It will seem paradoxical, perhaps, for it is in the T.S. itself. If I had not found that haven I should be drifting out to sea, as is the unhappy lot of so many of the more intelligent and the more intellectually honest Catholics in America. I met one of the older T.S. members, an able business man whom I had known in earlier days. He talked about Theosophy to me. At the same time he spoke of our Lord Jesus Christ with a love and with a faith in His continued existence as a living individuality, actively working for us, such as I have rarely known to be equalled in my own church. As it so happens I had never known it to be felt at all outside, though since I have found that there are some small groups of people who believe in the Power of the Divine Man, still both man and divine. I asked this charming gentleman how he could be a Theosophist and so truly a Christian. He asked me, in turn, a question that set me to thinking and to reading until, here I am, both a Catholic and a member of the T.S."

"May I ask what that question was?"

"My friend asked me: 'Can you imagine a truer or a better Theosophist than the Lord Jesus Christ?' Out of my meditation on this came a desire for more light and I wrote him. From this came three little books: *Meditation, Fragments, Volume I*, and *Light on the Path*. I have been encouraged to read widely by my spiritual directors and so I read these books. From them I learned more of the heart of my own religion than I had ever known. Then the QUARTERLY and other books were sent to me and it has all ended to my great good, or so do I believe."

"I, too, and others also, know and are indebted to that wise and loving friend of yours. How many of us he has helped, and ever with humour and patience," said Brooke. "How true was his remark about Our Lord. One cannot conceive of a truer, better Theosophist. Every page of Theosophical literature that I have read convinces me that He was taught in the Secret Doctrine before ever He began to preach and

teach in public. I believe, too, that He taught Theosophy with a directness and simplicity that make His teaching more Theosophical than even the recent work of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge and the present leaders of the T.S. But why should He not be considered as Himself the most recent and even the most up-to-date Teacher of Theosophy? In the first place can there be fashions in the Truth? Moreover, there certainly can be no improvements on the Truth. Finally, it seems to me, that if reading Theosophical works did nothing else for one, it would bring that satisfactory conviction of which you speak—that Our Lord still teaches us directly, as well as through His work in Palestine: teaches us, furthermore, as the Living Man that you recognize Him to be—a Living Man, though of infinitely higher degree than we are, yet still as human—yes, more human than we are.”

Said Hare: “Brooke, do you really believe this?”

“I most certainly do—how could I fail to, when I have been reading every Theosophical document and publication that I may lay my hands on, going back to the days of the Seventies, to say nothing of the Nineties and since, and as a result have turned back for complementary reading to the Bible and the Saints.”

“And I,” said Anstey, “have found Theosophy in the writings and teachings of the Saints of my church from the Apostles, who received the immediate teachings of Our Lord, to the Little Flower of Jesus, Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux, a charming little saint of the end of the 19th Century, who had never read the *Upanishads* or the Bhagavad Gita, shut up as she was in a Carmelite Convent at 15, and yet whose soul knew their teachings, and even their vocabulary, by heart.”

“You puzzle me,” remarked Hare, “you speak of those Saints as if they were Theosophists, not Catholics.”

“I do not know enough of the history of the T.S. in former centuries—for I must confess that I have not read the *Secret Doctrine*, that really marvellous compendium of Madame Blavatsky’s, as thoroughly as I look forward to doing—so I really do not know if some of them belonged to some form of outer T.S., but I am convinced that their souls belonged to the real T.S. It seems to me that there can be no question but that their spirits were in full communion with the Masters and indeed were a part and parcel of the consciousness of the Masters, which I notice in the Theosophical magazines of the older days, and even sometimes in the *QUARTERLY*, is called ‘The Lodge.’ For instance, I do not understand how any fair-minded reader of their works can fail to recognize Theosophical training in St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John and the other Gospel writers, in St. Benedict, St. Ignatius, St. Francis de Sales, St. Gertrude, the Blessed Margaret Mary and Madame Barat, to name a handful of the scores who might be named.”

“Some of our members,” Brooke said, “feel that they are so Catholic that one cannot recognize the Theosophical.”

"I am not sure," said Hare, "but that I share something of their feeling, if you will continue to let me be frank to the verge of rudeness. It did seem to me, when I was reading the *QUARTERLY*, that it did not always regard the prejudices of the major body of Americans, who must be represented among your members. As I understand, it is the aim of your Society to draw people together—not to risk driving them apart and away from you by offending them, or by exciting their prejudices."

"Brooke, by the way, why is it," Anstey asked, "that the Protestant-minded, as you always call them, are so unwilling to look beneath the symbol for what is symbolized? Nothing has been more surprising to me, especially since I joined the T. S., than the way that people, even some of our members, refuse to take help from wherever they may find it. Label a thing '1400' or '1600' and they will turn away askance and sometimes even offended. 'Show me something in September, 1918 styles' they seem to say—as if the Truth could change. I am especially puzzled over the case of some members of the T.S. who welcome anything from the East—though themselves reincarnating as Westerners—and positively refuse to take help from Western teachings that, to me at least, seem fully as Theosophical as anything that Madame Blavatsky herself wrote?"

"I am going to venture to give part of the answer myself," said Hare. "So far as you may be referring to Catholic writings and teachings we feel that the Catholics themselves take and offer the symbols as the sole end and substance of all that is in and of the teachings themselves."

"I suspect that you are too polite to say that you think that we are too materialistic. It is true, and it is a source of great grief to many a Catholic. The faction in our church that happens to be in control of the Vatican and, thereby of the church organization as such, is most lamentably materialistic. Why, though, condemn the earlier and spiritual teachers because of the sins and sad mistakes of their degenerate descendants? One might as logically condemn our Lord Himself, or refuse to use the Gospels, because they are used and misused by the Mormons. Thank God, my church is not hopelessly materialistic so long as Cardinal Mercier defies Germany and the Vatican alike and exposes to public scorn and horror the acts of the very party that even the Pope is so loyally trying to serve—the German-Austrian-Vatican Alliance, with its clerical and political ramifications in Spain, Ireland, Quebec and even the United States itself."

"Please, may I ask a question?" said Brooke. "Did either of you ever by chance read *The Book of the Dead*? It is a compilation, as I understand, of ancient Egyptian rituals. I was interested to find that those old Egyptians used some of the very ejaculations of St. Gertrude and the Blessed Margaret Mary—and the Rosetta stone was not found, and the translations of the old rituals made possible, until long after they were dead. It was the recognition of this universality that lessened my own repugnance and which has led some of my friends, though Episcopalians, to turn to the Sacred Heart Devotion."

"That throws some interesting light on the problem," said Hare, "but, I find myself still wondering how it is that Episcopalians are willing to use what, as I have gathered from some of my Irish Catholic clients, is perhaps the most partisan weapon of the most militant and uncompromising Catholics—for I have been given to understand that the Sacred Heart Devotion is under the special patronage and direction of the Black Pope himself and his Jesuits."

"I am not sure," replied Anstey, "that the Ultramontane or extreme party in my church—the party that, to our sorrow, is today in control of the Vatican and is helping Germany—uses the Sacred Heart Devotion as a weapon any more than they do the Psalms, or the Gospels, or the Lord's Prayer, or the Apostle's Creed. The only real difference that I can see, is that the rest of the Christian church has, until recently, allowed them the exclusive use of the Devotion. The day may come when that Devotion will be as much a part of all church worship as is the Creed today. Do you happen to know that Mr. James, who gave so generously to the Union Theological Seminary, and who was one of the strongest Presbyterians in the country, gave \$100,000 to the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, because, as he said, he wanted to contribute towards the greatest permanent monument to the Apostle's Creed that was being erected in America? Perhaps we may live to see the day when some Methodist millionaire, inspired to look for the truth in a spirit of tolerance, will erect a monument in New York to the Blessed Margaret Mary, as the individual who has done the most in modern times, to combat the Unitarian trend, and to restore to the consciousness of the world recognition of Jesus the Christ as Living Master and Teacher."

"He will have to be a member of the T.S.," said Brooke. "I always feel that the Society is carrying on her great work. Is it not our literature that brings out the truth and the simplicity of the Revelations to her, the power in her responses to them, and rescues the Devotion from the attempt to monopolize it and degrade it as partisan propaganda?"

"Only recently I have been carrying on some simultaneous reading. I have been reading together, so to speak, a book on the life of the Blessed Margaret Mary, giving many of her prayers, with *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism*, while using *Light on the Path* and her prayers in my devotions. I have found that each illuminates all the others. More than that, I feel that I can not understand anything about the *Secret Doctrine* without the help of the Sacred Heart Devotion. How could I, when all trace back to the same source? Anyone who will try this experiment of the simultaneous reading of those books, will certainly find a new vocabulary in which to express feelings growing from T.S. work—a vocabulary superior to mere mind words."

"It is just that matter of vocabulary," came Anstey's comment, "that makes so much of the difficulty that modern readers have with the writings of the Saints. If they would only read them as they would

read a foreign language, trying to get at the meaning of the writer apart from the mere words used. Many people find the imagery distasteful to them but, if they did but realize it, that is because they so grossly materialize the spiritual meaning of the Saints, which to say the least, is not the fault of the Saints. Others resent what they call the extravagance of the language, but that again is because they themselves have never really felt anything deeply and so assume that anyone who expresses intense feeling must be hypocritical. In fact our reaction to the writings of the great Saints is a most illuminating self-revelation if we will but probe into it.

"And, don't you think, Brooke, that it is important that the works of the Saints be read and their prayers used in the spirit of the T.S., recognizing that the terms are those of men and women who read little but prayed much, who loved deeply but had little use for mere words and, as a matter of fact, knew very few words? Or, in other words, that we should follow the method taught in the First Comment in *Light on the Path*, seeking to find the cipher that lies within the words?"

"That," said Brooke, "is the Comment that has helped me to get inspiration and help from all sorts of seemingly incongruous things. What power there is within the compass of that small book."

Hare spoke out with a certain suddenness, as if he had reached some decision.

"Well, Brooke, if you, one of the very last people in the world the Protestant-minded among your old time friends would have suspected of it, use Roman Catholicism to keep loyal to your T.S., what, may I ask, Anstey, do you as a Catholic, use to keep you loyal to the T.S.?"

Anstey reached into an inner pocket and pulled out a worn copy of *The Voice of the Silence*. "This," he said simply, "is what I have been using of late. It has helped me to know better, and to use better, with help and renewed power, the Sacred Heart Devotion."

"Brooke," said Hare, turning to his older friend, "it is not surprising to have Anstey taking the Saints and their works seriously, but I can't get used to having you so much on their side. It seems mean to bring it up, but I do want to understand your position, so you won't mind my reminding you of the days when you classified the Saints as hysteriacs and epileptics?"

"That is unfortunately true. But my excuse is that all that sort of silliness was before I joined the T.S. and learned to look up facts for myself and to form my own opinions. I had never read anything about the Saints that was accurate. I could not have been hired really to read and to try to understand anything that they had written—at least the post-Gospel Saints."

"Which Saints did Brooke use to call epileptics?" asked Anstey, with mingled interest and amusement. Hare seemed to be trying to refresh his memory before replying:

"Why St. Paul—St. John we understood to be a sort of prose poet—and St. Teresa and St. Francis and that Italian Saint—St. Catherine, I believe, and that Saint who started the Jesuits—what was his name?"

"St. Ignatius," Brooke explained.

"I supposed you would include Napoleon," said Anstey.

"That's so, I have heard him classed as one of the epileptics."

"I have never had an opportunity to run down that sort of thing to its source," said Anstey, "but I feel very confident that we could trace it to German 'Scholarship.' As pointed out in the January number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, the Germans have done their level best to wipe out all traces of what the writer calls the 'supernatural' but which most members of the T.S. would call the 'superhuman,' for we do not believe that anything can transgress the Laws of Nature and so be supernatural. But even modern science has come to abandon the epilepsy theory in connection with genius or the unusual. Go to any State Commission's report or to any trained student and he will satisfy you that the epileptic is sub-normal, especially in intellect. Then read the Gospels and Acts and the Epistles; read the Lives and writings of the Saints and see if they were not super-normal intellectually."

"I'd like to rest the matter on two cases," Brooke said; "on the cases of two marvellous maidens, more marvellous than any heroines of fairy tales, yet as authentic as Lincoln or Gladstone. I mean The Maid of France and the Blessed Margaret Mary of the Sacred Heart. I'd like to know any purely rationalistic explanation that will account for them or for their power."

"Most people suppose that Joan of Arc shamed the men of her France into being men and became a symbol, so to speak?" Hare spoke rather doubtfully.

"Either Mark Twain or Andrew Lang points out that we know more about The Maid than we do of any other human being of prominence. The trial that martyred her, searched her life. The Process of Rehabilitation did the same thing. We still have the formal records, taken down at the very times—details of questions and sworn answers, covering her short 18 years. Read the stories of her life—of her knowledge of diplomacy, strategy—political and military—and military tactics, including the use of artillery from the minute she first laid eyes on a gun—and artillery has always been regarded as scientific and technical. Go into the matter. Then ask yourself which is really the more miraculous—that a sweet and charming little country girl, who had never been away from home until at 17 she became the only person of that age of either sex who has successfully served as Commander-in-Chief of an Army in the Field, should have developed without training or knowledge; or that she was a great soul, incarnating to help her beloved France and aided in her exile in the body by her friends, St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret. The one is an absurdity—the other, the doctrine of mysticism and faith, seems to me to be the

only reasonable explanation. Has Brooke never told you of that address at his little church, in which it was said that all people in all times under all religions who have tried certain practices—of which purity, humility and sacrifice are the most important—have, without exception, reached the same faith in revelation and in communion with a Master?"

"Yes, he told me. It impressed me."

"Why can't we put aside all prejudices and admit the facts in the matter of The Maid?" asked Brooke. "I can recall when men used to say of Professor Langley that it was a pity that his great scientific work in astronomy and mathematics had broken down his brain and had led him to take up the 'scientific impossibility' of mechanical flight. Science dependable? Nonsense!"

"You don't mean quite that, Brooke," said Anstey. "Don't you mean that to pin all our faith to the lower brain activities that men limit as alone scientific is nonsense? I know that you believe that there is real science within religion and revelation or you wouldn't have stayed in the T.S."

"I do, of course, but let's take that for granted and give Hare the floor, for you both have chances enough to hear me talk about my own views. What's next, Hare."

"I want to know something more about that other maiden saint you spoke of in conjunction with The Maid—no, excuse me—before we leave The Maid I think I ought to tell you a story which has just come back into my mind. After the War had been going for several months—I think it was in December, 1914, a very competent and prominent young Jewish banker came back from Paris. I met him one evening, when he was telling of his experiences. One of the people present asked the inevitable American question—'What was the most remarkable thing that you saw while you were over there?' The banker said that, as he was sure we all knew, he was a Jew and like most of his class had lost his religious faith and had become what he called a scientific agnostic. He said he thought that we would hardly credit his truthfulness if he were to answer the question honestly.

"'Go ahead,' said our host, 'there isn't a man who knows you who doesn't know that you are absolutely truthful.'

"'The most remarkable phase of the War that I have seen was when 75,000 of us thanked Joan of Arc for having saved Paris.'

"'What do you mean by that?' was asked.

"'Exactly what I said. It was the great service of thanksgiving to The Maid of France at the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris.'

"Said one of the party: 'You mean a sort of memorial service that was held. I read of it. You spoke as though you and the rest were thanking The Maid personally.'

"'That is exactly what I meant. That was what each one of us felt and believed. The Cathedral was packed. Thousands knelt in the streets. I was outside. As the service went on, I too, Jew that I am,

agnostic as I was, I too knelt. We thanked The Maid as saviour of Paris and of France. We thanked her as a living leader, not as a dead Saint. That I regard as the biggest thing I saw abroad. There was not a soul in that 75,000 who did not feel and know as I felt and knew. And we felt her appreciation of our gratitude.'

"'Mob hysteria, was it not?' spoke up the man who had brought the banker. The Jew laughed outright: 'You have known me for years and you ought to know that I am not a man to be moved by mob hysteria. Don't you remember the tests I passed in our courses in psychology? Every instinct and emotion; every bit of reason, conviction and ratiocination was up in arms to guard against hysteria. I was cooler and better self-controlled than I have ever been. I started with a sense of kindly contempt and "scientific" pity for the mob—but, I tell you, I know. The Maid saved Paris and we thanked her and she accepted our thanks with a sweetness, a simplicity and a dignity that I have never known to be equalled.'"

"Did you think it was hysterical?" asked Anstey.

"I did not," answered Hare flatly. "More than that," he added, "there was not one of those who heard him who did not believe as I did and do. Paris thanked The Maid, thanked *her*, not some amorphous spirit or ideal or vague symbol, but consciously thanked a living personality for personal services rendered in time of greatest need."

"As a lawyer, Hare, I doubt if you ever have known a case more strongly buttressed with unimpeachable evidence, both in character and preponderance, than has been brought forward in regard to the phenomenal and superhuman intervention of the Inner World in this war. If it were in any other line you would acclaim it." Brooke was much in earnest.

"Why do men hold back?"

"Perhaps," said Anstey, "the frank reply of a brother lawyer of yours may answer you. He had been seeing a great deal of a certain remarkable group of people. Suddenly he stopped going to see them. One of his friends asked him why he had stopped. The answer was: 'I could not go on without having to adopt standards in my life that I am not ready to accept—yet never have I known such remarkable people; remarkable in so many ways and so many lines.' Most of us fear the standards we know that we should have to adopt if once we believed in the intervention of Divine individuals in the affairs of life, but few of us have the frankness of that lawyer."

"Yes," said Hare thoughtfully, "it certainly would make a great difference if one did come to believe in them. It is interesting to find men like you and Brooke so frank in your faith and to know that so many men of intelligence and understanding as your T.S. associates, are equally frank and simple in their faith. But what about that other young maiden Saint—Margaret Mary, you called her? If reading about the Saints and reading what they have written themselves has taken

Brooke away from the A.P.A., I may yet be made to realize that the Sacred Heart Devotion has its true and scientific bases and is not merely a clever scheme of the latter-day Jesuits."

"Perhaps one great trouble," said Brooke, "is that we all fall into the mistake of thinking of the Saints as more or less colourless personalities, hardly more than names in type. Were they not the most vital of people? Robert Ingersoll once wrote to the effect: 'Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man, who lived and loved and schemed and hated we know but little.' There is an exactness of connotation in the words 'steel engraving,' that I have always delighted in. I feel that most of us feel as if the Saints were even fainter than that—more like a weak, washed-out, amateurish water-colour, I should say.

"Most of us hate to sacrifice ourselves or to give up anything in which we feel ourselves especially interested. How rare it is that we do it deliberately? But there are mighty few people who do not make sacrifices unconsciously and continuously for those whom they love. The Saints knew the full value of sacrifice. Don't you remember"—Brooke turned to Anstey—"those extraordinary two sentences published in the *QUARTERLY* that put it all in so few words? Let me see—as I recall—they ran like this: 'Everything is founded on sacrifice. God set the example when He created the Universe.' So, don't we build Theosophical foundations when we sacrifice our prejudices to let in more of the Truth?

"And, won't we agree that it is much easier to stimulate one's self to needed sacrifices in behalf of the Truth and its Cause if we will use the terms of the known, terms of the easily understood, especially if we use the vocabulary of the days when the doctrine of dedication of one's self as a religious was more generally comprehended than it is today? Why should we stick to the valourous ignorance of bigotry and condemn all religious communities and all religious, even the Saints, because of the faults of a few men and women? We are all human and that means that some of us are bound to fail in our endeavours and fall short of our known ideals, but why damn those who try and who do not fail?"

Brooke grew more earnest as he went on. "I am trying to be a faithful Churchman and am actively interested in the Episcopal church—I am loyal to it, I believe—yet I was turned back to it, after years of unhappy agnosticism, by what many people call Buddhistic teachings. I owe everything to a group of friends, yet in these I have to include some whom I have not known as ordinary human beings. Take Madame Blavatsky, for instance, she had died before I became interested in the T.S. and before, through membership in it, I grew to know and to believe in the teachings of Christ and to seek to give to Him my allegiance. Each year I feel an increasing sense of great personal obligation to Madame Blavatsky. Yet I can remember, as a boy, how she was regarded as anti-Christian—due entirely to her being misunderstood. She was deeply learned in Eastern religions, but that only made her the

better appreciate the Truth of what Christ taught and the reality of His Mission to us Western people. Her true appreciation of Him, I feel, made her flame with indignation at the way in which dogmatic theology had grown to misunderstand Him and to misrepresent Him, and, I feel, she worked hard, and with love and loyalty, to enable people to know Him as He is. Then take the Master K.H., whose letters and other writings I hope Hare may yet read. I actually regard him as a friend whom I love. I have never seen him, but I believe in him and in his help. Yet his body, according to Mr. Sinnett and others is that of a Buddhist guru. No one has done more to bring me back to love of our Master than the Master K.H., yet I am not a Buddhist, but a 'conventional Christian', as a Harvard friend describes us. Still I can be sympathetic with the truth in either Buddhism or Catholicism, without having to be either a Buddhist or a Catholic; and I should seek help from both, if I can find it. The better members of the T.S. we are, the more true this should be. This is so obvious I wonder why we don't see it always."

"If we all did," said Anstey, "what a difference it would make. How it would help in this great war. On the outer plane Germany began it and was prepared and united—able and ready to utilize every available means. The Allies were slow, and have been slow, to unite in using all means available and permissible. By using words and phrases Germany has seduced Russia and came near breaking Italy. Why should we not think that the Dark Forces will try to use prejudices to divide our side and to prevent our using dynamic forces available. They will stop at nothing to avoid a Victorious Alliance against them on all planes. Let us use all kinds of weapons that we may, all the high explosives available and everything else that is legitimate to help us win the Great Fight and to forward our Cause—whether that help be labelled Christian or Buddhist—Catholic, Protestant or mathematically scientific—let us all unite in seeking everywhere for the Truth with which to wage this war against the Devil and all his cohorts."

"Is there a better place to seek than in the T.S.?" asked Brooke.

"None—provided we will use what we may find."

Will we?

EXENTH ROOT.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

X

MODERN DOMINICANS AND PÈRE LACORDAIRE

LIKE most of the Religious Orders, the Dominicans suffered from the atheistic and humanitarian influences of the French Revolution. At the beginning of the 19th Century there was no Dominican center in France.

The Order was restored in France by Henri Lacordaire, an ecclesiastic who was as conspicuous in France as his contemporary, Newman, was in England. Lacordaire was a brilliant orator, and, when not aggressively assertive, he was magnetic. His brilliant oratory and his theatrical career have extended his fame and influence outside his own country and age. St. Dominic and St. Thomas (Aquinas) are the two great saints of the Order; but to young Dominicans today, they seem on unattainable heights, perhaps, while Lacordaire is nearer and more accessible.

From early manhood until his death, he was a conspicuous, sometimes a sensational, figure in French life. He died in 1861. As we study his biography and his opinions, we come to see that, despite an ecclesiastical, even a monastic habit, and despite life-long occupation with religious objects, he belongs to what we hope is the *past* of France—namely, disintegrating liberalism. To study his life is a lesson in discrimination between what is spiritual in religion and what is psychic.

He was born in 1802, the year when Chateaubriand published his momentous *Génie du Christianisme*. This work must be characterized as *momentous*, although the author himself was a morbid, self-centred, and egoistic worldling. The significant thing about the book is the recognition, by a man of letters and a gentleman, of the validity of religious feeling. Men of letters of the preceding generation were of Voltaire's mould—they classed religious feeling as a kind of superstition. Chateaubriand, on the contrary, saw it more truly as a fact of nature. The appearance of the book coincided, in the second place, with Napoleon's effort to give validity to religious feeling by the restoration of the Catholic Church. Napoleon's genius was redemptive and creative. He was trying to bring order and sanity out of the intellectual welter of the Revolution. His Concordat of 1802, by which the Catholic Church was restored, is sometimes looked upon as a matter of policy. Perhaps Napoleon might have said, that, judging from the plane of the absolute, the Catholic Church was not the final and highest embodiment of truth. But he was not working on the plane of the absolute; he was working in chaotic France, where faith in spiritual things had been undermined by puerile speculations. The Catholic Church was the fittest instrument

he could find for bringing again to men's attention the realities of the spirit. Working toward this aim, Napoleon extended a cordial welcome to the author of *Le Génie du Christianisme*, entrusted him with a diplomatic mission, and endeavored to draw him into the circle of his coöperators. Like many another, Chateaubriand was not equal to his opportunity. His vanity and conceit blinded him; he could not see or understand the Emperor's aim—he played fast and loose in politics, loyal to nothing but his own impulse and moods.

It is not surprising that Chateaubriand, with such a character and so crude a sense of discipline, should have been content with the *sentiment* of religion and should not seek its reality in the will. He was a great sentimentalist, a great psychic. Because he was unable to find the present reality of religion, he looked for its realization in a vague future. And like many other religious sentimentalists, he thought that postponed reality would be a kind of socialistic state. Chateaubriand's words seem much like those of some present day pacifist preachers. "The principles of Christianity", Chateaubriand wrote, "are the future of the world. Far from having reached its final term, the religion of the Great Deliverer has scarcely entered its third or political period. Christianity, so stable in its dogmas, is ever changeful in its lights: its transformation includes the transformation of all things. When it shall have attained its highest point, the darkness will be entirely cleared away; liberty, crucified on Calvary with the Messiah, will thence descend with Him; and she will restore to the Nations that New Testament which was written in their favour, and which has hitherto been fettered in its operation."

A French Dominican who has written the life of Lacordaire counts it a merit that Lacordaire should have discovered in early life this *social* aspect of religion which Chateaubriand, the man of the world, came to believe after a long experience. It was to the "social evidence of Christianity", that Lacordaire attributed the restoration of his faith which he lost during his academic days. He had gone to Paris for law studies. He found himself a waif in an indifferent world. It would be easy to understand his conversion, if it followed the usual course of conviction of sin, and contrition. But it seems to lack the personal side, the feeling of guilt, of shame, of mercy and forgiveness by a living Friend; it lacks a sense of the Master. Instead of a living Master, we find in Lacordaire's thoughts some vague notions about the social order. "If I seek in my memory for the logical causes of my conversion, I can find no others than the historic and social evidence of Christianity. . . . I have reached Catholic belief through social belief; and nothing appears to me better demonstrated than this argument: Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine; for it is the means of bringing society to its true perfection, adapting itself to man, with all his weaknesses, and to the social order in all its conditions." He wrote to a friend: "Many think it unaccountable that I should have been led back

to religious ideas by means of political ideas. The further I advance, the more natural does this, however, seem to me."

This conversion meant much to Lacordaire—a critical point of life safely turned. But if one recalls similar periods in other lives, Ignatius Loyola, for example, or Bunyan, or George Fox, one must inevitably conclude that Lacordaire's conversion was of the exoteric type. In a way it suggests Newman's. One can recall, perhaps, how one followed Newman's interesting narrative in the *Apologia*, without finally receiving any impression of the Living Presence that gives all their significance to the liturgy, ceremonies and traditions of the Church.

The democratic future of the Church! that might be taken as Lacordaire's central thought from this youthful period until his death. Sainte-Beuve points out that the Catholic Church,—in France, especially,—had always been connected with a definite political philosophy, namely a monarchical form of government—the Church had been an expositor and defender of royalist ideas, supporting the justice of the political hierarchy upon the basis of the celestial gradations. Lacordaire was almost the first to break with that traditional political creed of the Church, and to throw himself headlong into the cause of democracy, which he identified with Christianity. He considered his views and aims by no means peculiar to himself but as given to him by his *milieu*: "the child of an age which scarce knows how to obey, the love of independence had all my life been my nurse and guide"—he spoke those words about himself on his deathbed.

He was ordained priest in 1827. Shortly afterward, discouraged by the politico-religious outlook in France, he was in consultation with an American bishop, with a view of choosing the free "republic of Washington" as his field of labour. He made his choice; but before he could put it into execution, an opportunity opened to work for "independence" in France. He threw himself heart and soul into that chance.

This opportunity was the publication of an ecclesiastical periodical called *l'Avenir* (The Future). The purpose of the paper was to secure the independence of the French Church and clergy from the limitations placed upon them by the State—the State had usurped ecclesiastical prerogatives. (Those who are interested in comparative history, literature, etc., may care to be reminded, that, just at this period in England, certain parliamentary measures were being debated about the status of the Anglican and Roman Churches in Ireland. That debate was the immediate spark which started the Tractarian movement and led finally to Newman's change of church). The periodical was fathered by a priest, Monsieur de la Mennais, a man of parts and of some magnetism, who had associated with himself at his home in Brittany, a band of co-workers and disciples. Lacordaire, and another enthusiastic young Catholic, the Count de Montalembert, (the distinguished author of the book, *Monks of the West*, which has been of influence in reviving monastic traditions and ideals in our period) became the ablest co-editors

with Monsieur de la Mennais. If one reads opinions of the paper, *l'Avenir*, expressed by *friends* of Lacordaire and Montalembert, one finds the sincerity and disinterestedness of the editors not questioned; but, with that concession, the paper is described as "incendiary, haughty, arrogant, impatient, indiscreet, radical." "Tactless" explains the attitude of the editors. They wished immediate results; to gain them, they made direct frontal attacks which antagonized and stiffened their adversaries. And like many another Radical, they lashed out, not only for their own object, but loosed general denunciations upon extraneous matters that very slightly touched their cause.

The fate of such an eccentricity as *l'Avenir* was not long doubtful. The periodical made its appearance in 1830. Shortly after, in pursuance of their principles, the editors came into collision with the civil authorities, and there was a public trial in the law courts. Anticipating trouble from Rome, Lacordaire proposed that they go thither, and take the bull by his horns. The three leaders (de la Mennais, Montalembert and Lacordaire) arrived in Rome at the end of 1831. They found the bull's horns very slippery, more like the traditional duck's back from which they rolled as water drops. There were audiences at the Vatican—everything was polite, but nothing happened. And after waiting around for four months, Lacordaire returned to France, convinced by the visit that it would be impossible, during his lifetime, to establish a real republic in France or in any other European country, convinced also that it would be madness and sin to collide with the ecclesiastical authorities. A few months later the Pope prohibited any further publications of *l'Avenir*. This news reached the three friends, as by some coincidence, they were (independently) each in Munich. Lacordaire and Montalembert accepted with complete sincerity the orders from above. De la Mennais accepted the decree with resentment which shortly led to a rupture with the Church. Lacordaire, perceiving the rebellion in his chief's heart, at once severed their connection.

Although this episode terminated without discredit to Lacordaire, he was for years followed by the suspicions which it inevitably suggested. He had, of his own accord, ended the connection with Monsieur de la Mennais—but there remained in all minds the remembrance that he *had been* a friendly associate and co-worker with that excommunicated priest. Such is the result of "the appearance of evil." Many of Lacordaire's dearest plans, later in his life, were checked and long postponed, as much on account of that connection, as on account of his general rashness.

Lacordaire's brilliant career as preacher began about two years after the affair of the journal. He was invited to give some addresses in one of the Paris seminaries. In the world of the seminary and of theology, Lacordaire repeated Victor Hugo's experience at the theatre with *Hernani*. Lacordaire broke completely with the established traditions of oratory. The older compositions of the 17th and 18th centuries are logical and are methodically developed—Lacordaire's arguments were

often weak, and his line of thought not sequential. But very often the traditional orators put one asleep, whereas Lacordaire (in the words of Sainte-Beuve) "*étonne, il conquiert; il a du clairon dans la voix et l'éclair du glaive brille dans sa parole.*" Sainte-Beuve was a close student of the intellectual movement in his century; he declares that Lacordaire was successful because he was steeped in the sentimental Christianity of Chateaubriand—Lacordaire spoke to young men who had drawn in with their breath René's "*tristesse sans cause*"; he spoke to them of their own ideals of political freedom, making these heard in that most unaccustomed place, the pulpit.*

The result of the orator's unusual style and method, and the response it drew from his audience was the suspension of the addresses. Lacordaire was reported as unsafe. The suspension was a very temporary check, however. The Archbishop of Paris, investigating the charges against the young orator, decided to transfer him from the seminary to Notre Dame—to give him the Cathedral pulpit. This was in 1835. The challenge of the opportunity drew out Lacordaire's powers. He had a triumph—and of a kind that led up to his entrance into the legislative hall of his nation, and into its literary Academy. But that was fifteen years later. The following page from the *Memoirs* describes the first sermon in Notre Dame:

"The day having come, Notre Dame was filled with a multitude such as had never before been seen within its walls. The liberal and the absolutist youth of Paris, friends and enemies, and that curious crowd which a great capital has always ready for anything new, had all flocked together, and were packed in dense masses within the old cathedral. I mounted the pulpit firmly, but not without emotion, and began my discourse with my eye fixed on the archbishop, who, after God, but before the public, was to me the first personage in the scene. He listened with his head a little bent down, in a state of absolute impassibility, like a man who was not a mere spectator, nor even a judge, but rather as one who ran a personal risk by the experiment. I soon felt at home with my subject and my audience, and as my breast swelled under the necessity of grasping that vast assembly of men, and the calm of the first opening sentences began to give place to the inspiration of the orator, one of those exclamations escaped from me, which, when deep and heartfelt, never fail to move. The archbishop was visibly moved. I watched his countenance change as he raised his head and cast on me a glance of astonishment. I saw that the battle was gained in his mind, and was so already in that of the audience. Having returned home, he announced that he was going to appoint me Honorary Canon of the cathedral; and they had some difficulty in inducing him to wait until the end of the station."

* Here is a specimen of an unfavorable criticism written at the time: "The sermons of the Abbé Lacordaire rightly understood, may be reduced to newspaper articles. They constitute the most perfect degradation of preaching, the most complete anarchy, we will not say of theological, but simply of philosophical, thought."

Two years of brilliant preaching followed. In 1836, without any apparent reason, Lacordaire left Notre Dame, and went to Rome. His own reason for this step was the occupation of his mind with thought about the religious Orders. He was thirty-four years old. He was without ecclesiastical ties. Though a brilliant and successful orator, the only path of permanent duty that opened to him through his Bishop was that of a parish. This did not attract him. As he viewed the state of the Church, especially in France, where he had been rather noisily fighting for her rights, it seemed to him she had lost half her strength when the religious Orders were abolished. The conviction grew in his mind, "that the greatest service which could be rendered to Christendom in our time would be to do something for the restoration of the religious Orders." Two years were given to pondering this need, his own vocation, and the Order in which he would fit. Two, chiefly, occupied his attention, the Jesuit and the Dominican. The form of the Jesuit Order seemed to him an absolute monarchy; the Dominican suited better his love of independence. The Jesuit Order was already tolerated in France—the Dominican was not represented. And the Dominican, the Order of Preachers, seemed the place for an eloquent and successful preacher. "If we are asked why we have chosen the Order of Preachers in preference to any other, we reply, because it best suits our nature, our mind, and our aim: our nature, by its government; our mind, by its teaching; and our aim, by its means of action, which are principally preaching and sacred science. . . . We may perhaps be asked, furthermore, why we have preferred reviving an ancient Order to founding a new one. . . . We feel sure that after much reflection we could find nothing newer, nothing better adapted to our own time and our own wants, than the rule of St. Dominic. It has nothing ancient about it but its history, and we do not see any necessity of torturing our minds for the simple pleasure of dating from yesterday."

The sentences just quoted are from a program of 1839 in which Lacordaire set forth his purpose. He had two objects to accomplish by that program. One was to take public opinion by the horns—an outspoken declaration of his intentions in advance of any act; and the second was to draw together a company of postulants. To obtain his first object, public opinion, he appealed to the liberty (license?) loving minds of his countrymen. They would grant an open road, he declared, to a man in any direction, save in that of religious convictions. There, prejudice sat entrenched. He pleaded for religious liberty. His eloquence drew four or five companions to him, and with these he started the novitiate.

Many disappointments were before him. In his enthusiasm, Lacordaire had arranged with the authorities in Rome that the French Postulants should be given a monastery to themselves for the period of probation. Lacordaire thought that this seclusion would fan the flames of their ardor for restoration in France. Afterwards, the authorities

decided that such isolation might cut the new probationers off from the life current of the Order; they were accordingly sent to reside in a large Italian rural monastery. Here, Lacordaire and his first adherent took their vows, in April, 1840; a few months later, that first comrade, Réquédât by name, died. The next year, the second Postulant, an architect, by name Piel, also died. Shortly after taking his vows, Lacordaire made a brief visit to Paris for preaching. He preached at Notre Dame, *in his habit*. It was a spectacular occasion, but his brilliance won the occasion, and he returned to Rome with a new company of candidates. On fire with his one ambition of restoring the Order in France, Lacordaire again arranged a secluded retreat for his associates who now numbered seventeen. Calumny, based upon the old connection with *l'Avenir*, thwarted this plan. The seventeen Frenchmen were separated, and placed in Italian monasteries; Lacordaire remained alone in Rome, under a cloud of suspicion. By accepting, without protest, the will of his superiors, Lacordaire overcame their distrust!

His ambition had its first stage of realization in 1843. He had been preaching for several months at Nancy. He opened his heart to a sympathetic auditor, who purchased for him a house large enough to accommodate five or six men. Lacordaire sent to Italy for one of his brethren. "An altar was put up in one room; and on the Feast of Pentecost, 1843, I took possession. Everything was as poor and modest as possible; but reflecting that for fifty years we had not had so much as a foot of ground in France, nor a roof over our heads to shelter us, I felt an indescribable happiness."

An improvised dwelling house was good enough as a beginning. But it could not satisfy a mind filled with visions of the past which he wished to project as realities into the present—it was only by courtesy that such a house could be called a monastic centre. A year later, however, a great stride was made. Lacordaire found, near Grenoble, a dilapidated and abandoned monastery that could be purchased. Some of the civil authorities made slight protests when the purpose of the prospective purchase became known. But there was no real opposition. This settlement, at Chalais, was the first real centre of the Order in France; it made possible the reunion of all the French members and postulants who were in Italian houses. It won recognition of Lacordaire's successful work from the heads of the Order. He had lived down the distrust and suspicion caused by rash judgment and impetuosity.

In his Memoirs, Lacordaire has described this home of the restored Order and the memorable day of their installation. It is a beautiful passage, in which Lacordaire shows at his best. His wonderful enthusiasm and devotion, his power of kindling others to a cause, shine out, without any of the spectacular elements which often detract.

"About the same time that St. Bruno was raising the great Chartreuse in the midst of savage mountains, separated from the Alps by the course of the Isere, a few monks of the Order of St. Benedict

wished to establish in the same neighborhood a reformed branch of their Order, which had, however, neither great celebrity nor long duration. Instead of concealing themselves in the most inaccessible part of the desert, they chose a level plain looking towards the south, of a sunny aspect, surrounded by rocks, meadows, and forests, whence, through two large hollows, the eye beholds on one side the valley of Graisivaudan, and on the other the broad plain where the waters of the Saône and the Rhône flow round the city of Lyons. In this beautiful solitude they built a convent, to which they gave the name of Chalais, whence they themselves were called Chalaisians. After remaining there about two centuries, they gave it up to the monks of the Great Chartreuse, who made use of it as a warmer residence for some of their old religious who were no longer equal to the austerity of St. Bruno's cloisters. At the time of the Revolution, the lands were separated from the rest of the patrimony of the Great Chartreuse, and sold in the name of the nation. I bought the property after obtaining the consent of the bishop of the diocese, Mgr. Philibert de Bruillard, an old man, (eighty-two) who, in spite of his great age, hesitated not to expose himself on our account to a struggle with the government. The contract was signed with the utmost secrecy. No preparations were made for taking possession, for fear of awakening public attention, and attracting the notice of the Prefect. I still remember the day when, having met some of our young religious, whom I had sent for from Bosco, in a country house outside the gates of Grenoble, we set out together to that dear mountain of Chalais. The carriage set us down at the foot of the mountain, at the side of the high road; and it took us a walk of three hours to climb the rocks and winding paths from thence to the house. We arrived about sunset, exhausted with fatigue, without provisions, or furniture, or utensils of any kind, each one having only his Breviary under his arm. Happily, however, the farmers had not yet gone out of the place, and we had reckoned on their assistance. They made us a great fire, and we sat down gaily to dine off some soup and a dish of potatoes. That night we slept soundly on a little straw and rising next morning at daybreak, were able to admire the magnificent retreat which God had given us. The house was poor enough; the church, with its massive walls of the middle ages, was now nothing better than a hayloft; but what majesty there was in the aspect of those woods! What sublimity in those rocks that rose above our heads! What a magical charm in those plains and meadows which stretched all around us with their verdure and their flowers! Some long alleys, shaded by trees of unequal size, led to all sorts of hidden spots—along the brinks of precipices, by the side of torrents, under thickets of fir and beeches, through younger plantations, and at last to the mountain summits which crowned these enchanted regions. It took some time to repair the house and set it in proper order; but all privations were sweet to us in the midst of that beautiful scenery, which had been marked for seven centuries by the grace of God, and where the

ruins of a few years had not effaced the perfume of religious antiquity. The old bell of the Benedictines and the Carthusians still hung on its beam, covered over with fir planks; and the clock which had chimed the hours of prayer for them, called us, in our turn, to the same duty.

"It soon became known that the desert of Chalais had blossomed again under the hand of God. Guests came to us from all parts; and that which a while before had only been the dwelling of foresters and woodcutters, became a favorite pilgrimage for devout souls. In the evening we sang the *Salve Regina* in the half-restored chapel, according to the custom of the Order; and it was an inexpressible joy to hear on those hills, in the midst of the murmurs of the mountain winds, the psalmody which seems to carry up to the angels the echo of their own voices."

Lacordaire continued active work many years after this establishment at Chalais. Yet the furtherance of the Dominican Order centres from that date, 1845, around another Frenchman, rather than around Lacordaire. Lacordaire was a pioneer. He had the daring and the vigor of a pioneer. He accomplished other noteworthy things for the Dominicans in France. But a man of altogether different mould soon became the guiding spirit of the Order. This man is Jandel. Jandel's work in no sense belittles Lacordaire's—it magnifies it—it is the most convincing testimony to the real value of what Lacordaire had done. What happened is this: The vigor and fervour of the recent French establishment drew the attention of those in Rome. They judged the moment apt for a renovation of the entire Order, which, like others, had become decrepit. For the instrument of renovation they looked into the little French colony, and chose the man into whose hands Lacordaire had made over the direction of the monastery at Chalais. In 1850, the Pope, intervening in the management of the Dominicans, appointed Jandel Vicar of the Order. The Pope's choice was confirmed by subsequent elections and reëlections and Jandel was the Master-General until his death in 1872.

Jandel, a secular priest, had been won by Lacordaire's preaching at Nancy. He was one of the first comrades whom Lacordaire took into Italy for the novitiate. He was the first one Lacordaire brought back for the modest little work at Nancy. When Lacordaire took possession of Chalais, as described above, he asked that Jandel might be the first Prior. What Jandel accomplished was to turn back into the parent stem, the enthusiasm and fervour of the new French offshoot. By that current of new life the venerable but decrepit houses of the Order were roused to new vigor in old observances.

In speaking of Jandel, Lacordaire had said: "He is the man for *inside*—I am for the *outside*." Lacordaire was a pioneer, vigorous, daring, even rash. Jandel consolidated the work of the pioneer, he deepened it. The Dominican Order is proud of a record of seven unbroken centuries. Unlike the Benedictine and other Orders, the Dominican has never been

reformed from the outside. History shows that such reformations have usually ended in a new small Order. The Dominican, on the other hand, has always reformed itself, and has continued unbroken its connection with its Founder. Jandel felt that St. Dominic wished to combine a life of monastic observance with a life of reverent study, the result of the combination being spiritual knowledge that should lead to Union. He found, on assuming the responsibility of Master-General, that the members of the Order were infected with the intellectualism of the world; they were reluctant to adhere to the old rule about monastic observance; they felt that the canonical services hindered the prosecution of studies and that studies were of prime importance. Jandel placed himself immovably against this secular tendency, and, in letter after letter, insisted upon adherence to St. Dominic's rule. It is the soul that understands, he reiterated, not the mind. Moral and spiritual discipline must antedate and underlie intellectual effort. "The necessity of this was well understood by the most serious of the old schools of philosophy, that of Pythagoras; for it enjoined upon those who wished to follow its course long silence and an austere life, in order to re-conquer for the soul its proper dominion, and to favour the acquirement of wisdom." The aim of the Order is Knowledge, but Knowledge that leads to Union. "Our Constitutions", Jandel wrote in one official communication, "have combined observance (i. e. the monastic schedule) and study, because their chief aim is to form *religious* before all things, religious full of the spirit of the interior life, and not dominated by a human desire for knowledge. In spite of this, and even supposing the best intentions, we see many students, a few months after leaving the Simple Novitiate, lose all religious fervour in their unregulated thirst for study. They allow themselves to be carried away by the pleasant excitement of the active life, which swiftly takes possession of them, and seizes for itself that throne which belongs by right to the interior spirit.

"Of the five motives for study given by St. Bernard, namely, curiosity, avarice, vanity, the edification of others, and the sanctification of oneself, the last two alone are justifiable in a religious; and this zeal for one's own soul and the souls of others is always in proportion to the interior spirit and love of holiness, the fruits of strict observance of rule."

The question has often been asked: Why is the apparent field of action of the Theosophical movement so very limited,—England, America, Scandinavia, and scattered branches elsewhere? Why has it effected no entrance into France, for example? The present writer is in no position to answer these questions. But, in view of what might seem a failure on the part of France to respond to the Movement, it is a satisfaction to point out correspondence between a man like Jandel, and so esoteric a writing as *The Voice of the Silence*. In the second Fragment of that book, the difference is pointed out between *Head-learning* and *Soul-wisdom*, the "Eye" and the "Heart" doctrine respectively. "Even ignorance", it is there written, "is better than Head-learning with no

Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it." Jandel writes less pointedly, but with a similar conviction: "Understanding of the things of God and purity of heart become one and the same thing, so that in practice one may say it is the heart which understands God, or rather that the intellect understands Him only in so far as the Heart loves and serves Him. From this truth, that it is the heart which understands, arises the necessity, in order to make fruitful study possible, of subjecting the whole body to the heart, and of perfecting the will. See how the Saints, those men who were heroic in their mortification and purity of heart, have thrown light on theology, and have elucidated more questions than have others even with the keenest intellects. On the other hand, see how the great geniuses of pagan antiquity succeeded in discovering so few truths, especially in the moral order, although many of them had greater knowledge than the Fathers of the Church. See why so many priests and religious do not come to a real understanding of the Holy Scriptures, for to understand them thoroughly it is necessary to relish them. Thus we see that the most brilliant geniuses in theology were conspicuous for purity of heart—for example, St. John, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Thomas. When the last-named found himself faced with some difficulty, he would have recourse to fasting, or would prolong his prayer after the midnight matins. The reason is clear: *God is truth*; and it is by detachment from self, and by drawing near to God in silence, penance, and humility, that truth is to be found."

Jandel survived Lacordaire many years. Two spectacular events in Lacordaire's life should be noted. France changed its form of government again in 1848, forming another republic. Lacordaire had a vague dream of a Christian republic; he wished to apply Christianity to politics. With some friends, he started a journal with a motto "Religion, the Republic and Liberty." It seemed likely that so popular a preacher as Lacordaire might be asked to represent certain constituents. He was urged by friends to put aside his personal unwillingness to mingle in political matters for the sake of the benefits that would come to the Church from an ardent advocacy of its political rights. He presented himself before voters in two sections of Paris. He was proposed also at Toulon and at Marseilles, where he had preached. He was not elected in Paris, but the Marseilles votes were in his favour. In his monastic habit he took his seat in the legislative body of his country, amid an ovation. But the strange combination was of short duration. In a fortnight he resigned. The reason given his constituents was: he had wished to act with impartiality, not with party passions. But the effort to maintain such impartiality could result only in isolation and ineffectiveness. His duty then became to give up his false position and return to his religious life.

In 1854, for a similar reason, (though one must believe that the old desire for the sensational and spectacular was not absent)—namely, the benefit the Church would reap, he accepted a place in the French

Academy. He looked upon this high honour as a tribute to his life-long endeavour to reconcile "his age, his country, science and liberty with the Catholic Faith." But that was almost his last public appearance. The following eight years, until his death in 1861, were spent in a school of the Order. Here Lacordaire instituted a new degree among the Dominicans, namely, what is known as the Teaching Order, or Third Order (degree would be a better word) of Teachers. Lacordaire felt the need for religious schools in France; the effort to supply such schools created a need for teachers. The professed members of the Order were insufficient in number to supply that need; and preaching, not teaching, was the sphere of their activity. But Lacordaire was not willing either to abandon the schools or to equip them with teachers unattached to the Order. He therefore provided this new degree, within the flexible Dominican system, by which men and women, under religious discipline would be able to give to the youth of the land an education less false and unreal than what prevails in secular schools and colleges.

This new degree established within the Order completed Lacordaire's work. He died in 1861, worn out by his strenuous efforts. He was a good man, magnetic and amiable. His ardor and brilliance have made him a model greatly admired by young Dominicans. This is disadvantageous. Lacordaire is an "outside" man; from his life one gets little feeling of an interior. His influence, as the vivifier of the Order in our time, accentuates the tendency of the Dominicans to let secular intellectualism replace the knowledge which is a fruit of devotion.

The Dominicans in the United States date from colonial days, from the Roman Catholic colony of Maryland. A Catholic family, Fenwick by name, wished to give their children a religious education. Carroll, the first Bishop of Baltimore, recommended one of the Belgian colleges, that had become an English centre, after the expulsion of the Order from England. About 1700 the Fenwick's son was sent there, and his sister, at the same time, entered the school of a Dominican Convent in Belgium. Both took the Dominican vows, as did also collaterals of the family. Young Fenwick and his relatives returned to Maryland in 1710 and asked the Bishop's permission to introduce the Order. The Bishop, feeling that the place and time were not fit, sent Fenwick to Kentucky, to get him out of the way. The first shelter of the Order is still a house for novices. A second house was established later, in Ohio, at a spot where Fenwick was given lodging for the night, in a journey from Kentucky back to Maryland. Finally, the Order reached New York City. When the Catholic University was founded in Washington, D. C., the Dominicans, like many of the other Orders in America, wished to take advantage, for its students, of the opportunities offered by a Catholic Faculty and Curriculum that was not dependent for support upon the resources of the Order. The Headquarters of the Order (in America) is quite near the University; it houses about one hundred

members. This House of Studies, as it is called, continues the tradition of its double origin, English and Belgian. The good taste of the Gothic building and Chapel recalls some of the English Chapels. The pleasant manner of the young monks suggests that of English college boys. It is a community of *young* men, and men of a better grade than is usually represented in Catholic priests, cleaner and more intelligent.

The Dominicans labor under the same disadvantages in America as do the other Orders. Bishops are not cordial; the Bishops need secular priests for parish work, and though, in theory, they revere the Orders, in practice they begrudge the young men whom the Orders withdraw. The Dominicans have been able to get a foothold in the various dioceses, only by volunteering for parish work,—and for parish work of a seeming hopeless kind. When a parish has gone to pieces and is deep in debt, rather than abandon it the Bishop will sometimes turn it over to an Order. For the sake of a foothold the Dominicans have courageously undertaken just such hopeless wrecks, and have succeeded. The parish of St. Vincent Ferrer in New York City is one such example—the Dominicans in charge have rescued the Parish, are just completing a new edifice at a cost of a million and half. For the same reason, expediency, the Dominicans are also founding schools and colleges. That is no part of their original work, and is not a task of their choice. But they do it as a necessary step for the gaining of recruits. Youths, left to the influence of secular priests would not discover a vocation, and the Order might be left without adherents.

The future of the Catholic Orders in America, owing to their connection with a German Vatican, and their desire to win the American public, is a matter of conjecture.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

"Patience is concerned in all that we have to resist, in all that we have to deny ourselves, in all that we have to endure, in all that we have to adhere to, in all that we have to do. Wherever patience fails, the act is weak, and the work imperfect."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

ALTARS

WHEN a beautiful thing happens one instinctively turns to tell it to the friend who will understand, and what friend so sure to understand as the QUARTERLY? This is how the beautiful thing was told to me: "Some years ago, when spending the spring in Spain, we were appalled to find, when shown to our sitting room, that the family altar was its most conspicuous piece of furniture. It was not a beautiful altar, except as all altars are beautiful for what they struggle to express. This one was draped in horrid washed *and* starched cheap lace and trimmed with paper flowers and terrible little gew-gaws. Our first thought was one of terror. Did the family expect to file in here at all hours of the day and night? Had either of us the courage to suggest its removal? We soon found that our privacy was not to be invaded. The best room was naturally the place for the altar and there it stayed, but with grave Andalusian courtesy we were made its custodians. As we passed through the halls a few flowers would be given us to place there, while in Holy Week permission to make quite dazzling refurbishing was asked and granted. There was love as well as service. A faded ribbon presented to the little Spanish peasant who waited on us reappeared pinned in a fold of the lace, although we knew full well that it represented to her diamonds set in platinum; and all sorts of queer little treasures were deposited there for a while, as though for some process of purification, and then taken away again; but in a general way it was treated with easy Roman Catholic casualness, not as something wonderful, but as something as familiar as food or warmth. The effect upon *us*, however, was not exactly casual. Day by day we lived with it, our meals were served within a yard of it; callers all gasped and said "for Heaven's sake!" and then, if not closely watched, put their cups and saucers down on it. After our first shudder at its touching ugliness we gradually discovered that it *was* "for Heaven's sake" and grew to love it dearly, and the dream was born that some day—in some less public fashion—we would have an altar of our own.

But dreaming in Spain is one thing and waking in New York another. We found space littered, as space is wont to be, with the accumulations of lifetimes, preempted by chairs and tables, and strewn with the wreckage of dead whims. We said, as we had said so many times before "where on earth did we *get* it all?" and then were quickly reduced to the usual subjection to "stuff." Then we began to make discoveries. The first was that an altar in the material sense of the word is not in the least a matter of necessity. An oratory is "a place of prayer" and every inch of home can be that, down to the kitchen sink, and every time the heart turns to the Master a shrine is built. Then for the special moments set aside for the ritual of prayer, with an open

window and a great sky line you have an altar that might suffice the saints. In this way we were rich. Immediately in front of a large window, but pushed back two blocks by a group of blessed little one-storied tax-payers, that for some inscrutable reason the seething tide of the city northward washes round but never over (I rap on wood) stands a little old stone church, like a brown rock in an advancing ocean. Its small facade (the lower part is hidden by buildings) is made up of one gothic arch with a gilded cross above it, three niches in which stand (or stood) indistinguishable brown figures, and a rose window. It never seems to be lighted, but in the very early morning, even the most fierce and inclement of winter dawns, one may see people—generally women—hurrying to it.

Then, suddenly, the beautiful thing happened! Someone came and cleaned the city grime from the life-sized figure in the central niche, and it was the White Christ! The Master, in His dear familiar attitude of patient waiting, of gentle invitation, of unquestioning readiness to be friends,—looking straight this way (but *we* must turn), gleaming through the moonlight and radiant in the dawns—a shrine in the wilderness. As of old, He stands surrounded by publicans and sinners, —a gaudy invitation to drink a popular beer just above Him,—an admonition not to miss the Revue of the Follies just below,—the electric signs flashing their insistent appeals to the hedonists of the pavement beneath,—“’tis a stranger fair and kingly!”

An oratory is a place where secrets are whispered—it reveals one to oneself. Sometimes one may kneel there caught and bleeding in the barbed wire of one’s own dark building, and know that once more He has been denied thrice, once more He has been betrayed with a kiss; and then again kneel there, and there is no such thing as barbed wire or any other barrier; and the very air between seems filled with the beat of wings and the voices of angels; while through the beat of wings and clearer than the voices, comes the gentle murmur of *His* voice—“thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace”, then “Lovest thou me?” Oh, gentle voice, that never bargains but ever asks love’s old old question—“Do *you* love *Me*?” And then once more, and more wonderful even than His words *to* us, those other words—the incessant murmured prayer *for* us —“that they may be one, even as we are one.”

“Above the roofs I see a cross outlined against the night
And I know that there my Lover dwells in His sacramental night.

Dominions kneel before Him and Powers kiss His feet,
Yet for me He keeps His weary watch in the turmoil of the street:
The King of Kings awaits me, wherever I may go,
O who am I that He should deign to love and serve me so?”
(—Poem by Joyce Kilmer.) S—.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

PART III

SECTION II

THERE is a marked tendency in our modern text-books and popular modern histories, to idealize the ancient Germans, and to over-estimate both their civilization and their contribution to the development of Europe. They are almost without exception pictured as simple, upright, pure, and frank; and though modern standards (at least before the War) shrink from their warrior-spirit and destructiveness, yet they have been lauded even in this respect for their virility and courage. In the political order, most of our splendid democratic institutions and Anglo-Saxon ideals about the freedom and rights of the individual, are traced back in theory to the liberty and independence of these German conquerors of an autocratic, slave-holding Rome. Nor should we forget that the noble code of chivalry was first supposed to have been embodied in feudal German knights, who in their turn were a natural development from their high-minded,—even if forest-roving, ancestors.

So much, also, has been said about the “decay,” the “decline and fall,” of Roman civilization, that by contrast the Germans are generally thought to have been the saviours of Europe in the sense that they infused new, “young,” unadulterated blood into diseased Roman veins. Even though their advent was destructive, therefore, it is conceived as having destroyed chiefly what was itself pernicious and “effete,” rather than as having permanently devastated classical monuments. After all—so runs the general conception—when the Germans had settled down in their new quarters, the Renaissance revived classical antiquity, and Europe survived, doubly enriched.

History read in this way is nothing more nor less than a huge and successful piece of German propaganda. It is comparatively modern, although amongst the most recent scholars of England and America there has been already some ridiculing of obvious German extravagance, and with this, a partial return to the sounder historical theories, which never, as a whole, admitted any such pro-German version. Nor will the present War permit this crude pro-Germanism to survive long. Together with other *chimeras* of German superlativeness, it must inevitably disappear.

The reason is quite simple. The German hordes which over-ran Europe were literally and actually barbarians and savages,—with none of the veneer which contact with their neighbors has given them today. Like all unspoiled savages, they had their crude virtues—manly vigor, physical courage, persistence, and an absence of the excesses which

characterize overripe civilizations. But they were not cultured, they had no form of civilization which could compare with that which they overthrew; and they had certain faults and vices which set them apart from other bodies of people as of a particularly low and uncultured order.

These same vices, which were theirs two thousand years ago, are theirs today. The whole world is learning to recognize them. They are qualities which are incompatible with civilization, culture, and higher evolution. The civilized world is an organized armed force, leagued to exterminate, if possible, the very existence of such excesses from amongst men. Rome, itself possessed of a civilization remarkably like our own in many fundamental respects, was unable so to unite against the common enemy, with the result that after centuries of struggle, she was overthrown. Today the civilized world is again battling against the same peoples, holding avowedly the same ideals, and this time it is to be hoped that the civilized world will have done with them once and for all, and so preserve its culture intact for future generations.

The most recent scholars, who are returning to the French school of historians on this question of the Germans, have done so because they have examined anew the actual facts and historical sources. They have not been completely blinded or prejudiced by German scholarship. Early in the 19th century this process of Germanizing history began. It took its start in the intellectual revival already referred to in connection with Baron von Stein's work. Discoveries of ancient German history, and of hitherto unknown manuscripts, both literary and historic, caused a thrill of pride to surge over Germany; and this, because of its very novelty, received a ready hearing in England, and later in America. Carlyle, Kingsley, Arnold, Freeman, and a host of others, lauded Germany and all things German. As Carlyle noted of the Germans in his essay on *The Niebelungen Lied* (written 1831, in his pristine days), they "now, in looking back, find that they too, as well as the Greeks, have their Heroic Age, and round the old Valhalla, as their Northern Pantheon, a world of demi-gods and wonders. . . . Learned professors lecture on the 'Niebelungen' in public schools, with a praiseworthy view to initiate the German youth in love of their father-land; from many zealous and nowise ignorant critics we hear talk of 'a great Northern Epos,' of a 'German Iliad'; the more saturnine are shamed to silence, or hollow mouth-homage. . . . Of these curious transactions some rumor has not failed to reach us in England, where our minds, from their own antiquarian disposition, were willing enough to receive it." It is noteworthy that whereas Carlyle's occasional myopia compares this lurid, depressing, evil-haunted poem to Tasso's *Gerusalemme*, he nowhere, in the whole essay, even refers to the French *Chanson de Roland*, its literary contemporary,—which, in spirit and content, is characteristically almost its antithesis.

When this new enthusiasm had fairly gotten under way in Germany, the industry and indefatigable zeal of her scholars soon produced an enormous and astonishing mass of material, which for its very bulk alone

held the world's attention.¹ German Biblical criticism, German philosophy, German literature, German music, German theories of art, government, and history, were studied and imbibed almost wholesale by the impressionable minds of our young students, who were unable to distinguish between knowledge and wisdom, between many facts and little insight, between apparently logical conclusions and mature judgment, between sentimental dreams and a cultivated taste. The result was that German canons were accepted, German theories assimilated, and Germany's limitations made our own.

War has brought an awakening, but the changing of trends of thought is no light or easy accomplishment. We no longer revere the modern German; we fail as yet properly to estimate the historic German. We have been educated on German-prepared pabulum, and we have the taste in our mouth.

To make this point clear, it will be well to review a few standard or typical examples of the way the ancient Germans are pictured in the modern German brain, and to parallel these with certain of their English and American reproductions. If these are then set side by side with the actual historic documentary sources, as now known to us, the reader will be in possession of the facts, and will be able to discover the fiction which German vanity has succeeded in imposing on the world.

Here is a résumé, from the sixteenth edition of a German school textbook, widely used, written by the learned Dr. David Müller, reëdited in 1902 by Dr. Rudolf Lange, of the *Friedrichs-Werderschen gymnasium*—on the supernaturally civilizing effect of these ancient German forefathers. "In History, however, it was the Germans who stepped into the places of the decadent races, not merely as destroyers of the Ancients, but as specially called, and enabled to undertake all those things which remain of their eternal inheritance, in accordance with God's own council of perfection [literally, closed-plan]. And this not only now in the region of Mid-History [as distinguished from ancient, *i. e.*, before German invasions], but also as guided forward into the fulness of the future and to the very end of time."²

Wolfgang Menzel, perhaps one of the most successful of the so-called "patriotic" school of popular German historians, who, as Myers' *Konversations-Lexicon* says, wrote for the general public and for school-children, will not admit more than that German faults sprang from notable German virtues, and must therefore be excused. Speaking of, and explaining, the "division of the Germans into separate tribes," he says: "The reason obviously lies in the national character, which, of too expansive a nature

¹ These qualities of zeal, patience, industry, and imitation are admirable and praiseworthy in the abstract. Unfortunately the use which Germany and the Germans have made of them will undoubtedly lower them in the estimation of mankind for long years to come. And contrast French with German scholarship, even under these heads. Few people know the laborious training undergone by French scholars and artists; and what German historian has outdone Fustel de Coulange or Duruy, or even Guizot, in industry and patient exploration of detail?

² *Alte Geschichte: für die Aufgangsstufe des historischen Unterrichts*, p. 157.

ever to be uniform, displays an infinite variety of striking peculiarities, differing according to the natural bias of the individual; hence, in ancient times, the unalterable love of freedom, and the wild chivalric spirit which animated our forefathers, who, equally independent and regardless of their native country, achieved single-handed the most daring exploits; hence, in our times, the extraordinary variety of talented individuals engaged in intellectual warfare as zealously as the German in times of yore in bodily combat. The consciousness of great physical strength produced a spirit of independence and a naïve indifference to danger, which struck the Romans with astonishment, and which, by inducing a blind reliance on their own strength, caused the Teutons to weaken themselves by internal feuds, or with listless apathy to view each other's destruction. None pitied the vanquished. If nine-tenths fell, the tenth was confident of gaining success by the prowess of his single arm. The greater the slaughter of his brethren by the enemy, the fewer the competitors for glory, and so much the greater honour to the victor. Thus, instead of a neighbour being assisted as a friend, he was only regarded as a rival in heroic deeds; so that the action that would now be considered as the vilest perfidy, was deemed by our forefathers the height of chivalric virtue."¹ Thus speaks a German about the noble "chivalry" of his forebears, and in very truth he does not realize how completely he condemns himself and them. The "intellectual warfare" of the Germans has been the cause of even more destruction, if possible, than her ravages of yore; but Menzel throws over both a vague, rosy glow of high purposes and noble sentiments,—incidentally veiling much that would have discredited these forebears, even in the eyes of his compatriots.

The illusions contained in this paragraph are repeated time without number by the popular writers of Germany. The fact that many of their ideas are mutually contradictory does not dampen the supreme German ardour in glorifying all things German. As indicated, school text-books supply a crescendo of similar strains, culminating in pæans about the present mighty Emperor and the present people of Germany. German children are actually taught that they are superior to any children on earth, that the German people are and always have been the superior race, and that everything good in other countries is due to the *urdeutsch* foundation of them all.

To sustain this version of history, other races and peoples are presented as inferior by the alleged ease with which Germans defeat them in battle, and other "well-recognized" marks of mediocrity. So Menzel first speaks depreciatingly of the early Romans, as ruled by "robber kings, on account of the depredations they committed against neighbouring nations."² "Strengthened by petty conquests," they drove out these kings

¹ *Geschichte der Deutschen*, Mrs. Horrock's translation of the 4th German edition, Vol. I, pp. 7-8. This was issued in 1871. The 1st edition appeared in 1826. It was widely and continuously read, no less than three editions being necessary in 1871-73.

² *Op. cit.* Pt. II, p. 61, and 62, 63, 74, etc.

and "founded a republic on the plan of the more ancient ones of Greece"—from whom they imitated all their art and refinements. Coming early into contact with the mighty Germans, Rome was burned and sacked four centuries B. C. by the Senones and Boii. (These people were Celts, not Teutons—but no matter!) The northern warriors degenerated in the luxurious climate (and through access to Italian wines), and one part was exterminated, while the other became "incorporated with the now aggrandized republic." Presently the Cimbri and Teutones "crossed the Alps, and again threatened the Roman power with destruction; but when, in their proud contempt of Rome [note the chivalrous attitude], they again imprudently divided, they fell a prey to the sagacity and prodigious efforts of the Romans, etc. . . ." Thus Rome a *second* time owed the increase of her power to German influence,—that is, piercing the veils of rhetoric, they gained strength by beating the Teutons. Truly the Romans were a happy and a fortunate aggregation of robbers. Incidentally the Cimbri were certainly Celtic-speaking, and most probably a branch of the same Celtic peoples whose descendants were known to Cæsar as the Belgæ.¹ The following account of Marius' "treacherous" defeat of the Teutons leaves the reader quite perplexed as to why the noble warrior Germans were beaten at all. We will quote the closing incident which, in view of subsequent discussion, should receive the reader's attention. The Cimbri, "traversed the narrow passes leading from the Tyrol into Italy, and viewed with delight the snow-capped mountains, which recalled to mind the winters of their northern home. Half naked and seated on their large shields, they slid down the glaciers . . ." [We wonder, did Menzel ever see a glacier!]. A fierce battle ensued, victorious for the Romans. "Bojorix fell sword in hand, with 90,000 of his followers. 60,000 were taken prisoners, and numbers killed themselves in despair. The women, dressed in black, with their golden locks in disarray, long defended the waggons, and slew every Teuton who fled from the enemy. When all was lost, they killed their children, and then destroyed themselves. The Romans even then did not gain possession of the booty without a third battle, with the dogs that guarded the baggage . . . The Cimbri and Teutones may thus be said to have conquered even in death, and although without the participation of the rest of the Germans, and on foreign soil, not to have fallen in vain for their country (*Vaterland*)."

Perhaps the reader does not realize that such disingenuous versions of history are not merely the daily food of German school-children, and of the casual German reader, but that they are specifically taught that all other versions of history are false and actively motived by hatred and envy of Germans. They are of a piece with the deceptions and propaganda with which the whole world has become familiar; but which nevertheless still delude many students just because there is a learned

¹ Cf. among others, M. Grant, *The Passing of the Great Race*, pp. 174, 5, and 6, and Jullian, *op cit.* etc.

and ponderous air about these self-accredited and degree-bespangled tomes. The Germans are childish in their credulity, just as they are childish in their desire to magnify all things German (even German-owned dogs), and to see in ancient, primitive Germans the very same virtues and characteristics which they ascribe to themselves today. That the Alsatian historians and writers have never displayed any such desire is an evidence, and no slight evidence, of their complete unlikeness where this German acquisitiveness and complacency are concerned.

But modern scholarship in America and England has not been emancipated, and times without number German lies and German propaganda under the guise of science have been solemnly received and weightily discussed and approved. Even in these War times, the habits of thought engendered before the War still echo in our minds, as witness so excellent an article by Dr. Louis H. Gray "Prussian Frightfulness and the Savage Mind."¹ He grasps clearly and precisely the essential limitation of the mental caliber and civilization of the German people, finding an exact parallel between their present processes of thought and action and those characteristic of all primitive savages. "Primitive man is wholly unable to conceive of differences of mental type; his very gods are but huge projections of himself, differing only in magnitude, not in kind. Moreover, his tribe are the only human beings who are really 'men'; all other people are far beneath his exalted level, although—according to the savage conception of the foreigner—they may be very dangerous." But before analyzing and condemning modern Teutons, he is careful to distinguish between the modern hybrid Prussian whose dominance has corrupted the whole mass of the German people today—and "the sterling virtues of the true Teuton within the German Empire . . . the real representatives of the ancient Germans, whom a Tacitus could portray as models for the decadent days of Rome. . . . Anglo-Saxon civilization is the heir of the spiritual and moral legacy of the Germany of olden days—liberty and fair play, justice, honor, and purity; German civilization has become Prussian and is no longer German."

Coming from the pen of Dr. Gray, such statements are significant of the extent to which American scholarship has been Germanized. Even whole-hearted patriotism, as in this case, is no protection against traditions which have come to be almost universally accepted. "Liberty and fair play, justice, honor, and purity" indeed! Such things are the possession of gentlemen. When have the Germans ever been gentlemen? Certainly not the primitive barbarians who all but destroyed Greek and Roman civilization; these tribes were not even the gilded savages of today, who, as Dr. Gray says, are "Domineering to inferiors, servile to superiors; cruel to the foe, regardless of truth; contemptuous of honor, boastful of dominion; unscrupulous and crafty, yet stupid and narrow;

¹ *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1918.

ignorant of fair play, whining when beaten; seeking—too often with success—by arrogance and intrigue to debauch the noble and the unsuspecting in their own abyss of moral perversion; allies of the base and enemies of the upright; the vices of master and slave, with the virtues of neither," such are indeed the savages of today, and it is almost as true of the Germans of "olden days."

Dr. Gray is not alone in his *mirage*, in his vision of plenitude where there is but barren desert. No less a man than Charles Kingsley could with a clear conscience deliver a series of lectures at the University of Cambridge in 1864, published under the title of *The Roman And The Teuton*, which reads as if inspired by *Deutschtum* itself. On page twelve he explains the defeat of the already eulogized Bojorix in these terms,—“Because they were boys fighting against cunning men, Boiorich, the young Kemper, riding down to Marius’ camp, to bid him fix the place and time of battle—for the Teuton thought it mean to use surprises and stratagems, or to conquer save in fair and open fight [!]
—is the type of Teuton hero; and one which had no chance in a struggle with the cool, false, politic Roman, grown grey in the experience of the forum and of the camp, and still as physically brave as his young enemy. Because, too, there was no unity among them; no feeling that they were brethren of one blood.” I can find no historic foundation whatever for this rhetorical interpretation of German virtues. Nor is Kingsley quite convincing when he whitewashes Totilas—“free from death”;
“A Teuton of the ancient stamp he was, just and merciful exceedingly”.¹ He simply cannot picture the Hun’s troops as so noble as their leader: —“The Goths, as they go down, murder every Roman they meet”,² and finally, after their defeat by the Roman Narses,—“So perished, by their own sins, a noble nation; and in perishing, *destroyed utterly* the Roman people.”³ Yet they are just and merciful exceedingly! Truly *Kultur* has an insidious virus. “And why did these Goths perish, in spite of their valour and patriotism, at the hands of mercenaries?

“They were enervated, no doubt, as the Vandals had been in Africa, by the luxurious southern climate with its gardens, palaces, and wines. [Was this a sign of virtue?] But I have indicated a stronger reason already:—they perished because they were a slave-holding aristocracy.”

An *aristocracy*! Let us remember the word. One more quotation will suffice to show the pro-German bias of this well-meaning Englishman.

“And if our English law, and our English ideas of justice and mercy, have retained, more than most European codes, the freedom, the truthfulness, the kindliness, of the old Teutonic laws, we owe it to the fact, that England escaped, more than any other land, the taint of effete Roman civilization, that she, therefore, first of the lands, in the 12th century, rebelled against, and first of them, in the 16th century, threw

¹ P. 158.

² P. 167.

³ P. 168, *italics mine*.

off, the Ultramontane yoke.”¹ Yet they were a “slave-holding aristocracy”!

Kingsley was a professor of history at Cambridge when he spoke, and “he was for many years one of the most prominent men of his time, and by his personality and his books he exercised considerable influence on the thought of his generation.”² Yet this biased opinion for the German of “olden days” is nowhere borne out by history. It will come as a surprise and a shock to very many people when the cold, hard facts, unvarnished and unadorned, of German history from start to finish, are written anew. Practically, we know only the glowing German, or Germanized, accounts such as the above; though a far closer approximation to the truth may be found, temperately expressed, in French histories. But as the Germans told us that these were prejudiced, they have never been adopted or recognized appreciatively in this country.

Less biased, however, than the French histories, are the actual sources themselves—documents, chronicles, and literatures. To these we shall now turn, reviewing those of greatest importance, and used most often by the German claimants, in order to ascertain directly the facts which they alone reveal at first hand.

In the face of modern praise for the “good, old German” of ancient days, it is well to recall again that he was most emphatically a barbarian, with all that that word means. To be sure, the degenerate Roman, product of a long and noble tradition and culture which was succumbing to the elements of weakness and rottenness within his own nature, became eventually a more despicable character than even the barbarian German. For the native German—the Goth, the late Swabian, and the Saxon—had, along with his crude vices, also crude virtues. And it was a question, back in the first centuries of his contact with Rome, whether he as a people would become truly civilized and would develop a new consciousness, sloughing off alike the crudities of his own savagery and the taint transmitted by Rome,—or whether he would use the new education, superior culture, and broadening influences of the old-world civilization as a veneer or shield to cover, and as a means to reinforce and extend, the uncontrolled passions and vicious propensities of his untamed nature.

Fifteen hundred years of history have answered this question. The Franks—if they really were Teutonic,—in France, the Saxons in England, to a more limited extent the Swedes of Scandinavia, have succeeded in rising out of the barbarism which their native German inheritance represented. It was a handicap which they overcame. In large measure this was due to three things:—thorough admixture of races, prolonged contact with the culture and refining influences of Rome, and third, Christianity. The Franks in Gaul, being the first to interblend with non-Teuton peoples, the first to become thoroughly amalgamated with Rome,

¹ P. 294.

² *Ency. Brit.*, Vol. XV, p. 817.

and the first to become Christian,—“the eldest daughter of the Church”—naturally took the lead in this civilizing process. England, conquered also by Cæsar, came next. The countries represented today by Germany, Austria, and Prussia, succumbed to the various German onrushes, and their Slav and Celtic populations melted into the more numerous and more powerful German strains.

The France that struggled out of the Capetian period was essentially of a non-German, and distinctly of a Latin, spirit. Hence the rapid rise of the Romance or French language, hence the spread of typically French poetry, hence the galaxy of brilliant French warriors and kings who stand today as the epitome of the French spirit, and whose outer activities were the Crusades and Chivalry.

Throughout all this period Alsace-Lorraine inherited the religious dispositions of France, and leaned towards the royalist traditions of the Mother-country. Neither of the Provinces were ever partial to the Empire-visions of the German Ottos and Fredericks; and conquest or feudal possession by them only succeeded in breeding a passionate desire for complete independence. One of the strongest arguments that blood-ties and popular predilections do actually count lies in the fact that when they did actually and finally face the possibility of independence, they chose to unite once more with France rather than to exist as separate states.

There is nothing unique in this function of Christianity in France at that time. It was merely the first occasion in Western Europe. We see Christianity effecting precisely the same union quite recently in two countries—Russia and Serbia. The many Russias were held together by loyalty to a common religious sentiment, and by the union, in the person of the Tzar, of Church and State. The Holy Orthodox Russian Church was the only effective binding influence between north and south Russia; and a deplorable feature of the disruptive Bolshevik régime has been the overthrow of the Church. When Serbia, in 1831, broke away from Turkish rule, she threw over at the same time the claims of the Greek primate of Constantinople, and created for herself an independent national Church, perhaps the strongest single unitive force in the national spirit of Serbia throughout subsequent decades.

The Germans were the last peoples to be Christianized, even in the nominal and superficial sense of those early days. And it should be added that the Saxons in England and the Franks and Normans in France gained civilization at the price of renouncing their “pure” German blood. It was by their mixing, by their assimilation, that they became civilized. It is because the Germans in Germany have retained a preponderance of the Teuton stock that they are even today, despite their own mixture of blood, a vicious, barbarian people. In history they have always been far behind the other European nations in manners, customs, intellectual attainment, political stability, national consciousness, and even religion, up to a very recent date. The *Kultur* they finally

affected in imitation of their neighbors—chiefly France—gave them intellectual understanding and capacity such as they had not previously had, but it did not succeed in elevating their essentially brutish characters in the slightest. It made them more responsible and more knowing, without making them more moral or more civilized. How truly refined they have become as a people and as a nation may be measured by their conduct of the War. Characteristics essentially theirs in the days of the barbarian invasions of Ancient Rome, are theirs today, intensified and wrought doubly corrupt by their increased understanding and self-consciousness. Morally responsible they are, because they have had every advantage which France, England and Belgium have possessed; but at every step in history they have assumed certain of the outer forms only of civilization, remaining essentially themselves behind the mask of outer seeming.

Despite the glowing impression as to the importance and accomplishments of the Ancient Germans, so popularly held, there has been a tendency since the War to compare, in a general way, the Huns of old and modern Germans. It will be well, however, for the world to realize that this is no mere superficial resemblance, but that the Germans today are not only the lineal descendants of those manifold peoples who broke and devastated Rome,—they are also reproducing today the very same characteristics which distinguished them for their barbarity two thousand years ago. Nor have these marks of their peculiar ferocity ever ceased to exist throughout the Middle Ages, as well as in modern times down to the present War. As a race or type of people, only those of them who have become thoroughly blended with other races and types, and who have thereby come into intimate—let us say hereditary—contact with the ideals and ideas of those other races—only these have become civilized in heart, as against becoming civilized in appearance only.

All the Greek and Roman historians agree in this fact of German brutishness. The essential psychology of this people has not changed. Rosy and glowing accounts of them notwithstanding, they are described by the actual observers of old in terms which find an almost exact echo in the reports of this present War. As an example we might cite Dio Cassius, the Greek historian, writing in 200 to 229 A.D. He tells us of their battle tactics that "Many of them, owing to the closeness of their formation, remained standing even after they were killed."¹ Profoundly revolutionized as is the field of battle tactics, the Germans still fight as they did of old, because fundamentally their fighting psychology has not altered.

If the myth of a *cultured German savage*, of an "aristocrat"—which is in a phrase what Germany would have us believe—if this impossibility is to be finally expunged from our minds, nothing could do it more convincingly than an examination of the very sources which German historians themselves use. Chief of these is Tacitus, the Roman historian; and chief amongst his works is the little book—*On the Customs of the*

¹ *Historia Romanorum*, XXXVIII, 49.

Germans (*De Moribus Germanorum*). This is the German stand-by; and presents a literary and historic problem over which many minds have worked. Suffice it to say in summary, that one and all of the German *savants* take it quite seriously, and labor the text for the utmost limit of ingenious historic rehabilitation. The French, English, Italian, and American scholars are severally inclined to believe that Tacitus was not writing plain history, but that he was on the contrary, writing, if not an indirect satire on his fellow countrymen, then at least a very plain warning that if they did not give over certain of their very marked vices and their indolence, conquest by the German was inevitable.

The reader unfamiliar with this work of Tacitus will not have found it difficult to guess that it praises the Germans. According to Dr. Gray, Tacitus held them up as "models" to the Romans. Non-German opinion has it that Tacitus magnified certain German virtues because he was using the time-honored method—so often practiced by pulpit orators—of extolling pagan virtue to stimulate the flagging virtues of the faithful.¹

Three reasons lead non-German scholarship to form this conclusion. First, Tacitus singles out for praise virtues which were the direct anti-thesis to notorious vices of the Roman patricians. Second, his complete picture does not bear out the standard set by the laudatory passages. Third, Tacitus stands out as almost the only historian who really says a good word for the Germans;—every other account of them, even when not frankly hostile, is so filled with the horror of their beastliness and cruelty, that Tacitus becomes suspect from the very start.

To all of which the Germans are blind, or at least completely unconvinced.

Heine is a possible exception. He said in his *Germany*—speaking of Madame de Staël, "Her book *De l'Allemagne* is in this respect like the *Germania* of Tacitus, who, perhaps, by his eulogy of the Germans meant indirect satire of his Roman fellow-countrymen."²

Tacitus' description has to be read in some such light to be read as history at all, therefore, and to discover his real opinion of the Germans, the laudatory passages of the *Germania* must be carefully compared for discrepancies and incidental admissions, and they may be further checked up with inconsistencies occurring in the less biased statements of his larger works, the *Historiarum* and *Annalium*. This the Germans do not do, even in serious, scientific studies,³—at least we have not seen any. Nor is Tacitus the only historian of the Germans,—there are scores of comparatively reliable authorities; but no other has written such a eulogy, even to point a moral. All which is testimony to the powers of discrimination of pure German science.

¹ E. g., Salvianus, a priest of Marseilles, who wrote in the 5th century *De Gubernatione Dei*. Cf. lib. VII.

² *The Works of Heinrich Heine*, trans. by Hans Breitmann, Vol. V, p. 239.

³ E. g., W. Liebenam's two studies on "Germanicus," in *Neue Jahrbücher für Philologie und Pädagogik*, 1891, Vol. CXLIII, p. 717 ff.

It might assist the reader to bear in mind during the subsequent pages that Bernhardi, amongst others, declares of the Germans:—"Since they were the first heard of in history, they have proved themselves to be a nation practising the highest form of civilization, indeed they are *par excellence* the civilized people."¹ And also Menzel: "The civil institutions, the customs and superstitions, of ancient Germany, arose from the peculiar and warlike form of government necessary for the guidance of a nation of free warriors, who owned no laws save those of chivalry and honour. This chivalric feeling is by no means sufficiently explained by ascribing it to the character common to all the wandering robber hordes, as it never rose in those of Asia to such a degree of sublimity [Did Menzel ever hear of Japanese Bushido? We shall recall this word 'sublime']. The cause must be sought in the traits peculiarly characteristic of our race" . . . etc. and etc. (p. 20).

But for our purpose Tacitus will serve just as well as any other authority we could cite. We must bear in mind that he wrote when Roman civilization was at its highest as far as refinements, genuine culture, and wordly prosperity were concerned. At no period in history has civilization more nearly resembled our own; and Tacitus and his fellow-writers were just as capable of estimating the German invaders at their true worth as we are. If some one points to the Roman vices he deplures, and other signs of decadence, we can point, and with small advantage to ourselves, to our present divorce scandals, white-slave traffic, and problem plays as no more truly indicative, or completely representative, of our own degree of culture. Tacitus, and the Romans, felt themselves just as different, and just as superior, to the Germans, as we do today—and with as good reasons.

But let Tacitus speak for himself. We will take first the passage in *De Moribus Germanorum*, the foremost proof that the ancient Germans were "aristocrats," sublimely chivalrous, "models." Closely and literally translated, it reads: "Nevertheless, they are severe about matrimony, and they deserve the greatest praise for their customs; for they are practically the only Barbarians who are content with one wife,—except indeed a few, who not because of lust, but because of their nobility, surround themselves with many wives. . . . Thus, they live a chaste life, seduced by no spectacles, corrupted by no provocative banquets. Men and women alike are ignorant of clandestine commerce by letters. In such a numerous people adultery is of the rarest; it is punished immediately, and with the permission of the husband. With hair shaved off, and stripped naked in the presence of relatives, she is expelled from the home of the husband, and chased with lashes by all through the countryside. To public loss of honour no favour is shown: neither beauty, nor youth, nor wealth can obtain her a husband. Vice is never treated by them as a joke, nor is profligacy or becoming corrupted considered the fashion of

¹ "Das Kulturvolk *Ka't'ëžoxn'v.*" *Unsere Zukunft*; "Ein Mahnwort an das deutsche Volk," p. 11, 1912.

the age. Some states do even better,—in which they marry only virgins; and with the choice once made her hopes of matrimony are closed for life. Thus they have but one husband, the same as one body and one life; she has no other thought, no other desire; and she loves not only her husband, but the married state.”¹

This passage, as said, has been left thus crudely translated with the deliberate purpose of expressing as directly and accurately as possible the bare phrases of Tacitus’ decidedly unpolished Latin. His half-finished sentences are so condensed and rugged that many translators have worked their own shades of meaning into the text by means of smooth renderings. Needless to say the Germans wax almost poetic in their versions; and it is the mainstay for German eulogies of their “fore-fathers,”—together, perhaps, with the corroborative evidence of one of the *Laws of the Visigoths* (*De Adulteriis*, lex 3).

To anyone familiar with the Latin authors of this period, Tacitus’ obvious intention of preaching against certain deplorable Roman laxities is plainly manifest. He seizes the opportunity to commend the “noble simplicity of the German marriages,” in order to pass a pointed censure on the excessive nuptial ceremonies established at Rome, and particularly the facility with which both sexes violated the marriage vow. The Roman censor had lost all power, and though Cæsar and Augustus passed the so-called Julian Statutes (*Annals*, Bk. iii, sec. 25), the remedy was inadequate. Horace (*Carm.* 3, 24, 9), and Juvenal in his sixth satire, refer directly to the danger to Roman civilization in this prevalent immorality, as also Martial (*Lib.* vi, epig. 7). Tacitus further contrasts the clandestine letterwriting of the Romans, as also their banqueting and passion for the amphitheater, with the primitive simplicity of barbarian life—clearly a direct attack at the Roman customs. Seneca, for his part, in his seventh letter, inveighs against the danger and relaxation induced by another vice—the games,—which Tacitus also singles out. Tacitus is simply adding his voice, therefore, to the many protests; and the Germans were used to point the moral, and to get a hearing from his blasé fellow patricians.

Corroboration of primitive German purity and sense of the value of chastity, is found by *German scholars* in other writers, such as in Cæsar, in Valerius Maximus (*Lib.* vi, cap. 1), Florus (*Epitome Rerum Romanorum*, *Lib.* III, cap. 3), in Procopius (*De Bello Gothico*, *Lib.* ii), and, from a later Christian source, in St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, in a letter to Ethelbald, king of England. There are also others. But on examination, each and all of these passages are either echoes of the earlier sources or at best negative. Valerius tells of the fact that the aforementioned (probably Celtic) Cimbrian women who marched into Italy were all virgins, since they gave that as a reason to Marius when they wished to become Vestal Virgins. He says that they chose to

¹ *De Mor. Germ.*, XVIII, XIX.

strangle themselves rather than be exposed to the Roman soldiery. There can hardly be said to be proof of the first statement; nor does the second event prove chastity, but rather the choice of a lesser evil. Florus, writing in the reign of Trajan, relates the same incident in detail, and with decidedly contradictory evidence. After the victory obtained by Marius over the Cimbri, the conflict was no less fierce and obstinate with the wives of the conquered. "Having drawn up their carts and wagons in line of battle, from these elevated stations, as from so many turrets, they fought the Romans with lances and poles. Their death was as glorious as their fighting. For, when, having sent an embassy to Marius, they did not obtain liberty to become religious (which of course could not be done) they strangled and suffocated their children then and there, and either killed themselves in one mutual slaughter, or with the sashes that bound up their hair, they hung suspended by the neck from the branches of trees or from the wagons."¹ Note that Florus calls them *wives* (*uxoribus*); he says nothing about virgins, implying that in the nature of things they could not become Vestals (*nec fas erat*), and refers to their *children*. He says *nothing* about dogs (*vide* Menzel).

Procopius and St. Boniface both attest the devotion of German wives to their husbands and lovers—as before, a contrast with Roman infidelity. Florus and Valerius are in essence saying the same thing. Among the *Vinedians*, says St. Boniface, the wife dispatched herself that her body might be burned on the same funeral pile with the man she loved. The *Vinedians* were probably Slavs, and not Germans, as we have already seen. Procopius gives a similar account of such practices by the Heruli. Everyone is familiar with this semi-religious rite amongst primitive peoples, equally in ancient Britain, in many parts of India, and in America by the Redskins. All these examples prove a passionate and perhaps religious devotion of wives for husbands, in a manner universally characteristic of many primitive barbarians. But they do not prove chastity, or even a high moral sense. To use such customs as proof of chastity as it is understood today, is a distortion of history and entirely without warrant. The Saxons are said to be superior to the other German tribes in this respect, and are so today from all accounts; but they are only one restricted section of the people, and certainly have failed either to leaven their neighbors or to resist corrupting influences. Roman comments on German chastity were the reaction of cynical, worldly men to the vigorous naturalness of uncivilized, animal men. But to compare naïve animal naturalness with chastity, and to identify the two, is not merely a confusion, it is a distortion. And let nobody think that animal naturalness in a barbarian German, especially when drunk, which he was constantly, would be tolerated by any genuine civilization.

In point of fact, even Tacitus in the *Germania* had to except the "few" leaders, because, as everybody in Rome knew, Cæsar had men-

¹ *Epitome Rerum Romanorum*, Lib. III, cap. iii, esp. sec. 16, 17, and 18.

tioned the "two wives" of Ariovistus,¹ and similar incidents. Nor is the complete picture which Tacitus gives very convincing, either of a high standard of morality, or of any very high ideals of anything at all except physical strength and physical courage and daring. His book as a whole is distinctly a description of barbarians, of savages,—and this even in a eulogy. There was nothing noble, refined, or cultured about them; though there was superabundance of vital material with which to work and with which to upbuild a new, vigorous civilization. The successes and failures of this process are now being clearly revealed by War.

Tacitus, doing his best in a eulogy, remember, and describing "cultured aristocrats," tells us that the Germans wear but one loose mantel of the skins of wild animals, which is *never* taken off or changed;—that is all. The women dress like the men, and habitually leave their arms and chests bare (xvii). The men, when they are not fighting, lounge half naked about the fires, drinking, gambling, and quarrelling. They have only one sort of *public* spectacle, in which the young men dance *entirely naked* between pointed swords and javelins (xxix). In every family the children of both sexes grow up together "in filth," entirely naked; and no distinction in education is made between the master and slave. Both live with the animals, and pass the time on the same ground (xx). Drunkenness is their prevailing vice, and Tacitus says: "If you indulge their drunkenness, by furnishing them as much as they desire, this vice alone will conquer them no less easily than by battle (xxiii). . . . To devote both day and night to deep drinking is a disgrace to no man" (xxii). In chapter xii, he speaks of the punishment for unnatural sexual vice—to be buried alive in mud—; which admits the fact of its existence even amongst the *uncorrupted* Germans. In the *Historiarum*, we find Tacitus putting into the mouth of a Roman General Cerialis, while addressing his troops, these words: "The same motives which induced the Germans to cross the Rhine will ever subsist,—*insatiable lust*, and avarice, and the love of changing their settlements. . . . On your own soil they wish to laud it over you. They come to ravage your lands, and liberty is the pretense."²

This almost verbatim summary of the actual text of Tacitus will dispel, probably, any idea of the Germans "practising the highest form of civilization" even in Tacitus' account of them. But there is more to the picture than this. It is not merely that the Germans had nothing which might be dignified with the word civilization in contrast to that of the Romans,—even though the latter was over-ripe and in many ways rotten. The Germans cannot be blamed for being savages then. But they can be blamed for never having overcome their barbarism, and for having assumed (late in the day) the outer forms of culture as nothing more than a cloak to cover their inflated and debauched vices. For the

¹ *De Bello Gothico*, Lib. I, sec. 53.

² *Op. cit.*, Lib. IV, 73; italics mine.

Germans, instead of rejecting the rottenness which led to the decadence of the Romans, added the peculiar vices of the latter to their own; and, having acquired skill, address, and refinement in debauchery, they have continued to practice bestiality, rapacity, and cruelty from that day to this.

The myth of German superiority must be understood. The German today is a whited sepulchre. He is in all essential characteristics the same as he was in primeval forests; his character is unchanged; and he has only learned through the centuries to direct the forces of his nature in a crescendo of highly-developed and, where convenient, smooth-faced, evil-doing.

That the Germans have not changed, and that the civilized world still has to deal with a people which has been its enemy for centuries history makes abundantly clear. Tacitus in another place reports that the Roman General Germanicus, after several years campaigning against the Germans, exhorted his soldiers "to bend all their energy to slaughter;—they wanted no captives; *the extermination of the people would alone put an end to the war.*"¹ Whether or not these words were ever actually spoken, Tacitus knew the common opinion of how faithless and ruthless the German tribes were, and he spoke his own and popular convictions, if not those of the famous Roman. †

A. G.

¹ *Annalium*, Lib. II, xxi.

(To be continued)

"Our will may be weak, very weak; He asks for that will that He may make it strong. All that God asks of us is our will; when given to Him, in whatever condition, He will make it good."

—Archbishop Ullathorne.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE chief event of the quarter—the advance of the Allies on the Western and Eastern fronts—is too well known and has been too widely commented upon, to need further notice by us. All we need do is to express our undying gratitude to Marshal Foch and the Allied armies for the blows they have dealt Germany,—blows which we hope and believe will never cease until that entire nation, from Emperor to brutal peasant, is brought to its knees, howling (as only devils can howl) for mercy.

It is at that point, however, when it comes, that the civilized world will face a test and a crisis more dangerous than any that the war so far has produced. Will it be misled by tears? Will it be able to discriminate between tears of terror and self-pity on the one hand, and, on the other, tears of genuine repentance? There is no chance whatsoever that Germany will reach the stage of repentance during the life of the present generation. But that she will weep, and will weep copiously, loudly, appealingly, is almost certain.

Rudyard Kipling, speaking recently to some American soldiers in England (*Literary Digest*, August 24th, 1918), declared that:

“When Germany begins to realize that her defeat is certain, we shall be urged, in the name of mercy, toleration, loving-kindness, for the sake of the future of mankind, or by similar appeals to the inextinguishable vanity of man, who delights in thinking himself holy and righteous, when he is really only lazy and tired—I say we shall be urged on those high grounds to make some sort of compromise with, or to extend some recognition to, the Power which has for its one object the destruction of man, body and soul. Yet, if we accept these pleas, we shall betray mankind as effectively as though we had turned our backs on the battle from the first.”

Mr. Kipling concludes that not until “we have evidence—not merely belief, but some proof that her heart has been changed,” can it be right to treat Germany except as an unrepentant criminal.

The same statement has been made by German refugees in Switzerland who have fallen out with their fellow-countrymen. In an article published in the *New York Times* (August 1st, 1918), Mr. Frank Bohn quotes the reply of “a distinguished journalist of Berlin”, Dr. Rösmeier, to the question,—Can’t you write something that would really get hold of people in Germany and bring them to their senses?—the reply being:

“Write something! Nonsense! Haven’t I been writing my fingers off for thirty years. What those fellows need is not ideas for their brains. They need bombs on their skulls” [If the German language were not prohibited in the QUARTERLY, our comment would be, “Echt deutsch!”].

When the questioner suggested that he had expected some help from within Germany herself, Dr. Rösemeier replied:

"Help can come only from one place, from Bethlehem—Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. But you do not realize it fully. They will cheat you yet, those Junkers. *Having won half the world by bloody murder, they are going to win the other half with tears in their eyes, crying for mercy.*"

From time immemorial, this has been one of the favourite tricks of devils, and particularly of the devil which we call a bully and which hides in the nature of some men and of nearly all Germans. When a bully cannot get his own way by force, he always weeps, first tears of rage, and then tears of self-pity. He expects the very people he has outraged, to weep in pity for him. If they do not, he cries aloud to Heaven against their heartlessness.

May those tears, when they come, be understood! Readers of the QUARTERLY can do much to bring about such understanding, particularly if they realize that there are thousands in America today who bide the signal of those tears to urge in the name of brotherhood, of religion, of "internationalism" and even of labour, that we should treat the self-pitying bully as if he knew himself a sinner and had turned from his lusts and wickedness to prayer and penitence and God. There are officers of widespread organizations, both philanthropic and religious, who wait impatiently for the day when, without appearing hostile to the Allies, they can in this way prove to Germany that their friendship is also for her.

Fortunately for the world, the men at the front, who do the actual fighting, and whose experience has made it easier for them to grasp the facts, are by no means inarticulate. Among others, Captain Coningsby Dawson, author of *Carry On* and *The Glory of the Trenches* (the two best books, written in English, on the war), has made it very clear in his latest volume, *Out to Win: The Story of America in France*, that the soldiers simply will not tolerate their betrayal by civilians. In his Preface he writes:—

"In all belligerent countries there are two armies fighting—the military and the civilian; either can let the other down. . . . We execute soldiers for cowardice; it's a pity that the same law does not govern the civilian army. There would be a rapid revision in the tone of more than one English and American newspaper. . . . Only one doubt as to ultimate victory ever assails the Western Front: that it may be attacked in the rear by the premature peace negotiations of the civil populations it defends. Should that ever happen, the Western Front would cease to be a mixture of French, Americans, Canadians, Australians, British and Belgians; it would become a nation by itself, pledged to fight on till the ideals for which it set out to fight are definitely established.

"We get rather tired of reading speeches in which civilians presume that the making of peace is in their hands. The making may be, but the

acceptance is in ours. I do not mean that we love war for war's sake. We love it rather less than the civilian does. . . . We started with a vision—the achieving of justice; we shall not grow weary till that vision has become a reality. When one has faced up to an ultimate self-denial, giving becomes a habit. One becomes eager to be allowed to give all—to keep none of life's small change. The fury of an ideal enfevers us. We become fanatical to outdo our own best record in self-surrender. Many of us, if we are alive when peace is declared, will feel an uneasy reproach that perhaps we did not give enough."

Finally, this splendid passage:

"To men who have gazed for months with the eyes of visionaries on sudden death, it comes as a shock to discover that back there, where life is so sweetly certain, fear still strides unabashed. They had thought that fear was dead—stifled by heroism. They had believed that personal littleness had given way before the magnanimity of martyrdom."

The second most important event of the quarter, in our opinion, was the indifference of the public and of the press when news came that the Czar of Russia had been murdered by the Bolsheviki. It has since been reported that the Czar's only son, a lad of thirteen, was murdered a few weeks later: also that the Czarina and her daughters have met the same fate. This has not been confirmed; but the Bolsheviki themselves have accepted responsibility for the murder of the Czar, so there can be no doubt about that. And there was scarcely a protest! There was none at all in America, so far as we are aware. Even the London *Spectator*, which so often speaks for what is best in England, merely "pities him for the manner of his end, after so many weary months of imprisonment and torture of mind." Instead of arousing a white heat of indignation, and notice from all the Allied and neutral Governments that the individuals who committed, and those who formally approved, this cowardly and monstrous crime, would be treated as outlaws by the civilized world,—not one Government spoke, while public comment was luke-warm and syrupy to the point of being nauseating. So far as the press gave any indication of the attitude of Washington, officialdom continued to coquet with the professional murderers who call themselves Bolsheviki, and who in performance as in spirit have proved themselves, from first to last, of the same spawn as the Germans.

If, after the murder of the Czar, the civilized nations had spoken and had acted as they should, and the Bolsheviki had thus been made to realize that the international conscience cannot be outraged with impunity, Lenine, Trotsky and their accomplices would never have dared to house-break the British Embassy in Petrograd and to have murdered Captain Cromie, its defender. His death was the direct result of the silence of our Governments and of the indifference of our press. Condemnation of "mass terrorism" and of "wholesale executions" raises a different issue,

and in any case has come too late,—September 22nd, 1918. The Czar was murdered on July 16th.

The vast majority of Russians are elementals. They have not reached the human stage. To imagine them fit for self-government is as grotesque as any of the gyrations which their own fancies have led them to perform to the bewilderment and horror of mankind. Yet it is this ridiculous attribution of maturity, which in fact it will take the Russians hundreds of years to attain, which is the cause, fundamentally, of the hesitancy and moral flabbiness which have characterized the dealings of the civilized nations with the Russian Revolutionaries, from the feeble Lvoff and theatric Kerensky, down to the common murderers, Lenine and Trotsky. France appears to have understood the situation better; but France was over-ruled.

In America and in England particularly, there exists a tendency to attribute to other peoples the same faculties and qualities which we attribute to ourselves. Instead of realizing that the only way to govern Russia, if it is to be saved from the anarchy of recent months, is to treat her people as you would treat unruly and destructive children in a nursery, our theorists proceed on the supposition that all children (among nations as among human beings) are not only good but are sensible also. The war and the behaviour of Germany seem to have taught such people nothing. Because a democratic form of government is supposed to suit us, therefore—according to their reasoning—it will suit everybody. Russia, China, India, Japan, Turkey, would all of them live happily for ever after, if only they were governed “democratically.” Washington is full of settlement-workers and fanatics who, with the best of intentions, are working day and night to spread among other nations the same revolutionary virus that caused the undoing of Russia. We suspect that Westminster is only a degree less blind. In the deeper sense, and seeing the war as a terrific struggle between the Powers that make for righteousness and the Powers that make for chaos and evil,—no victory over Germany will be real so long as one of the Allied Governments can say, “Do not offend the Bolsheviki, no matter what they do, because they represent a transition from autocracy to democracy.” Such manifold confusion of thinking as any such statement implies; such hopeless perversion of the truths of life, would mean that, in certain vital respects, the Powers that make for evil had had their way. Righteousness does not spring from murder. Righteousness is based upon order, upon discipline, upon humility, and upon an ability to recognize superior wisdom and superior virtue with gladness.

Condemnation of the Bolsheviki of Russia, and reference to the misguided reformers who unconsciously foster the Bolsheviki spirit, lead naturally to the mention of Mrs. Annie Besant’s pernicious activities in India. There is no need to describe these in detail. Those who desire

further information on the subject can obtain it from an article entitled "Top-Hat or Turban?", in the June, 1918, issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Statements have appeared in the press to the effect that Mrs. Besant "gave up Theosophy" in order to agitate against the British Government in India. The press could not understand, of course, that Mrs. Besant "gave up Theosophy" long before she was adopted by, and became spokesman for, the English-speaking babus. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Besant has not given up, so far as we are aware, the use of the name "Theosophy." We wish greatly that she would. For one reason, if she were to do so, it would relieve us from the necessity of repeating the statement that neither she nor any organization with which she is associated has any connection with The Theosophical Society or with the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

We should like the same thing very clearly understood of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, whose latest known offence is to masquerade as a "Bishop," and who has recently given to the world (though the world does not know it!) what purports to be a conversation on "the astral plane" with Prince Bismarck. Of all the balderdash we have read, we are prepared to give Mr. Leadbeater first prize for vacuous silliness. But what an outrage that he should use the words "Theosophy" and "Theosophical Society" as a cloak for his abnormalities! Fellow-worker with Mrs. Besant he is: and, like her, neither he nor any organization with which he is associated has any connection with The Theosophical Society or with the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

We want to recommend to the readers of the QUARTERLY a little book by Gipsy Smith, entitled *Your Boys*. It is published by Doran at 50 cents. We recommend it, not only because it is a most interesting and moving account of the Gipsy's experience at the Front, but because it is one of the best treatises we know on the art of propaganda. Every student of Theosophy needs to know just how and when to convey to others the truths that are nearest his heart. He can learn a very great deal by reading this book.

T.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

THE PURPOSE OF SELF-EXAMINATION

THE purpose of self-examination is to discover the facts about one's self. The unlearned in such matters, and that means nearly everyone, take for granted that they know themselves. They do not. Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out years ago that every one consists of three persons, the person he thinks himself to be, the person his friends think him, and the person he really is; that is, as the Master sees him.

Self-examination is to reveal, to himself, the person he really is, —as his Master sees him. As a mere experience, a complete revelation is said to be so horrible that it is more than consciousness can bear. It is like having a glimpse of Hell. Naturally this is not a pleasant thought, and as people refuse to credit unpleasant things, they refuse to credit this. They think they are not so bad; that they manage on the whole to live in harmony with their ideals; that their occasional departures from their standard of right conduct, are not very serious breaches of the Law; that God is merciful and forgiving; that even if deserving of punishment, they do not deserve eternal punishment: and anyhow, life itself manages to even things up pretty well. Their accidents, troubles, illnesses, disappointments, unhappinesses and various kinds of miseries, represent quite a credit on the good side of the balance sheet of the Recording Angel.

But they forget, or do not realize or understand, a very important thing, and that is that their standard is not the Master's standard. It is true that they are judged according to their standard, but only in so far as their moral responsibility is concerned. It mitigates the punishment they receive, or, to put it more correctly, it makes their breach of the Law less serious and more easily remedied; the sin does not go so deep. But when it comes to being judged as to their fitness for Eternal Life, they must be judged, not according to their standard, but according to the standards of Eternal Life.

We cannot live in Heaven unless we are fit to live in Heaven, and that means that our habitual conduct must conform to the standards of Heaven. Most people would be miserable in Heaven. They think of Heaven as a place where they will be happy after they are dead. Just how, they do not know, and their priests and clergymen have never been able to explain. What little the Bible says about it is not enticing. The

harp and hymn habit does not appeal to them. An eternity praising God is, if the truth be told, positively awful in its possibilities of boredom. The simple fact is that we do not want to go to any Heaven we have ever heard of, and stay there forever. Forever is a long time.

The real difficulty is that there is a very wide difference between our ideas of what constitutes bliss, and the actual conditions in Heaven. Fortunately this difference is not irreconcilable. The standards of Heaven will not change. Ours can and do. It is the only way out, and we are wise if we recognize the necessities of the case.

Hence self-examination. It has been defined as a method of discovering the facts about ourselves, but we must go further, and add that its fundamental purpose is to discover wherein we depart from and fail to live up to the standards of Eternal Life. It is not enough to know wherein we fail to live up to our own ideals, for our ideals must in themselves be as much a subject for investigation as our conduct. And this not once or twice, but repeatedly, regularly; for our ideals must grow. We are incapable of holding very high ideals at present. We must learn to live into higher and higher ideals, and the way to do this is pointed out in that pregnant and oft-quoted phrase from the Bhagavad Gita;—"he who is perfected in devotion will find knowledge springing up spontaneously within."

Roughly speaking there are three stages on the journey: the first, where we strive to live in accordance with our own best ideals: the second, where we borrow freely from the experience of others as to what we really are, and as to what we ought to strive to be: and the third, where we begin to have some glimmer of the actual standards of Heaven, and earnestly try to conform in all ways to them.

Most people, in so far as they really try to follow any ideal at all, are in the first class. A man's first efforts to be good, consist in sometimes not doing something he is ashamed of. I am referring only to people really trying to follow an ideal. There are all sorts of standards of conduct before this point is reached. Perhaps the majority of people try somewhat to conform their conduct to what they think their neighbors expect of them. Their only practical ideal is other people's opinion. The trouble with this is that they value the opinion of the wrong people. It must not be confused with the second stage of self-examination,—that of taking advantage of the knowledge and experience of others.

We begin to try to be good. Several things follow. We find that we do not know how; we find that we do not know always what we should do; and above all, we find that our impulse is constantly evaporating. It needs incessant encouragement and stimulation. We wander around in this maze a very long time. Many people pass many lives in it, for they are chiefly concerned in other and worldly things. The impulse to be good is only an occasional impulse, and does not last. But the time comes when our conscience never lets up, and when this urge of the soul, this more or less vague feeling of dissatisfaction with ourselves, brings

us back again and again to our problem. So we begin being good all over again. And our renewed desire also gradually disappears, and in due time is renewed, and we go on and on, repeating this oscillation until the very angels must be ready to shriek with nervous exhaustion from watching the process. But we are gradually learning. Among other things we are learning that it pays to be good, for our repeated experiences with periods of effort and the lapses from virtue which separate them, show us that we are happiest during our periods of effort. It is true that it is not all rosy. We have to do things we do not like to do, and we have to stop doing things we still want to do; but in spite of this, we are happier than when frankly following the dictates of our lower nature. Finally we reach the point when we consciously and deliberately try to stimulate this feeble and evanescent desire to be good. We honestly want it to persist and to grow strong. We begin to despise it and ourselves because it is so weak. We begin to lose confidence in ourselves, in our own wisdom, and worse than all, in our ability to be good. Being good is not so simple as we had thought it. We had imagined that anyone could be good who wanted to be and that all you had to do was—to be good.

We are now about ripe for the second stage. We have tried so often to be good in our own way, and have failed, that we begin to realize that there is more to it than we thought. If we are sensible, we seek advice. Most people at this stage go to church, but, save in rare instances, they do not get all they want there, for the churches, as a rule, teach theoretical religion, theology, while what the seeker is after is knowledge of the spiritual life. Such knowledge exists in books, and may be found there, but many persons do not get knowledge easily from books, and most people need to have books interpreted for them, particularly books dealing with the spiritual life. If we wish to learn music, or chemistry, or mechanics, it can be done from books, but it is much easier to get some one else who knows the subject to teach us. So with the things of the inner world. Hence the second stage. We go to others for help of all kinds. We ask for light upon our problems; for information about the Way; for knowledge about ourselves; for advice upon the best methods for us to follow.

Everyone who seeks will find someone who can teach and guide and help him. It often is not done in the way he expected, and the advice is usually not what he wanted; but the guidance is there, none the less. In religious terms, the Master has sent someone to help him, and he will be wise to follow this guide. This, however, is a subject in itself. We must assume, for the purposes of this section, that the would-be disciple surmounts the pitfalls of this stage, and begins to catch some glimpses of the clear, white light that beats around the throne. It is not until he gets there that he sees himself as he really is. It is next to the last experience in self-revelation. It is now, for the first time, that he fully realizes how unqualified he is for residence in Heaven. It is his self-examination

with the aid of this light, that enables him, at last, to search out all the hidden evil in his nature, and to see himself as he really is. It is what teaches him humility. We get our first lessons in humility when we become dissatisfied with ourselves. We advance a stage when we begin to learn what others really think of us. Our growing virtue blossoms into real humility when we see ourselves as the Master sees us.

In the first, nascent stages of effort, we are quite sure being good is easy, and that we can do it all. In the second stage we begin to doubt our ability to do everything necessary; we need some measure of help, bits of advice, occasional encouragement, at least. In the last stage we see ourselves to be so wicked that nothing but the full gift of the Master's grace will suffice to get along at all. Self-examination and humility, of course, go hand in hand: we become humble as we learn to know ourselves.

But the point of this section is that increasing self-knowledge leads to an increasing realization of our unfitness for residence in Heaven, and an increasing knowledge of why. It would be impossible to explain to an ordinary person why he would be unhappy in Heaven. It would not be desirable to try. It would only confuse, discourage, or repel him. He does not know enough about the fundamentals of the spiritual life to be able to understand what you were trying to tell him, and he would carry away a lot of totally wrong impressions. Among other things, you would have to deal with states of consciousness which he never heard of, and which were totally outside his experience, and he would not know what you were talking about. As, for instance, when you speak of the pleasure of praising God, or of the joy of sacrifice, or the happiness of the Cross.

With this explanation of the purpose of self-examination, and the description of methods which was set forth in the last article, everyone should be able to devise a system suited to his special needs, which should be made a part of his Rule of Life.

C. A. G.

"There is no wealth but life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration."—Ruskin.

REVIEWS

Theosophy and the Christian Faith, by the Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie (*The American Church Monthly*, June, 1918). The part played by the Church and Churchmen in carrying the torch of scholarship through those centuries which it once pleased us to call "dark," is now well known to everyone. Few, however, realize how great and continuous has been the contribution of the Clergy to modern science and learning—to mathematics, astronomy, and physics, no less than to history and philosophy. There has been no lack of scholarship in the Church, from its foundation to the present time, and this makes it the more strange and regrettable that there should be no scholarly Church periodical.

We had hoped that *The American Church Monthly*, now in its third volume, might fill this need, and we are, therefore, not a little disappointed at the recent evidence of its inability to maintain its standards, and to exclude from its pages articles that are not only unworthy of the name of scholarship, but are so patently the result of superficial and undigested reading that it is difficult to understand how they could have passed the most cursory editorial inspection. Without close and thorough editorial study and sifting, no journal can maintain a consistent level; and this is particularly true in the case of a religious magazine, where the temptation is constantly present to use as an article what was written as a sermon—addressed primarily to local needs and misunderstandings, and prepared in those few, quick-passing hours that are all the hard-working Rector of an active Parish can command.

A case in point is the article in the June issue of *The American Church Monthly*, "Theosophy and the Christian Faith," by the Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie. That this was originally written as a sermon we cannot, of course, be sure—though there is much to suggest it—and though this hypothesis could scarcely excuse, it would at least tend to mitigate and explain the offense of its ignorance. A scholarly comparison of two great presentations of the laws of the spiritual life would be as impossible within the limitations of a sermon as it would be inappropriate for any ordinary congregation. It would, moreover, be foreign to the purpose for which sermons are preached; for these, aiming to arouse the soul and will to lay firm hold upon some great truth of Christian teaching, can use comparisons only as the artist uses them—to throw into bolder relief the central features he wishes to depict. Every practised speaker knows the danger that if error be presented too vividly, it, and not the truth with which it is contrasted, may be what will remain in the minds of his hearers; and so vagueness and darkness of background may be as much of a merit in a sermon as it often is in a portrait.

It is a wholly different matter, however, when the artist's creation of light and shadow is presented by a responsible Church periodical as a serious essay in comparative religion. To compare two things each must be seen clearly; and the darkness and confusion of thought, the ignorance, superficiality and crass misinterpretations that mark Mr. Mackenzie's treatment of one side of his dual theme, cannot be redeemed by the excellence of his Biblical quotations on the other. It is not only that, as an article, it affronts the intelligence of the reader;

that would be a merely personal consideration. The grave aspect of the matter is that in the editorial sanction accorded it, by its publication in such a magazine, it may be taken as justifying the charges—too often made by laymen—against the intellectual integrity and concept of scholarship that the Church as a whole brings to its interpretation of the great religious systems of other times and peoples.

Consider, for example, what Mr. Mackenzie has to say of Buddhism (p. 325). "In India, its home and fertile ground of growth, it bred and nourished a despicable caste distinction, which ground to the earth the poorer classes; it degraded womankind; it compelled the young widow to throw herself upon the funeral pyre of her dead husband; because Karma had no relief from the agonies of a torturing conscience, frenzied souls cast themselves under the crunching wheels of the Juggernaut car or into the flowing Ghanges, their children, too, sharing their miserable fate at times."

We hold no other brief for Buddhism than that which every thoughtful man must hold for a great system of religious thought and life, but can the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, can the editors of *The American Church Monthly*, be really ignorant of the fact that Buddha came as a reformer, seeking to correct the abuses and perversions that had overgrown the earlier Indian religions? Do they not know that instead of "breeding and nourishing a despicable caste distinction," Buddha sought to overthrow the abuses of the then existing caste system, by substituting a spiritual order, teaching that those of lowest caste might become saints and Buddhas, that true rank and place in the world of the real was a matter of holiness—open to all? Against each and every one of the evils here attributed to Buddhism, Buddha preached. To ascribe them to him, or to his system, is as though we were to gather together all the perversions of the Hebrew sects, the Sadducees and Pharisees and Levites, against which Christ contended, and add to them all the distortions of the pagan faiths that mingled in the Eastern Mediterranean basin, and ascribe them to Christianity. The heartless legalism of "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is not Christianity; and the heartless legalism which "ground to the earth the poorer classes," is not Buddhism, nor the teaching of Buddha, "The Compassionate." Five minutes spent with any encyclopædia would have prevented a school boy from falling into such errors as these. Is it too much time for even a busy clergyman to give before he writes on such a theme?

In his concept of Theosophy Mr. Mackenzie reveals the same confusion of thought and ignorance of facts that mark his references to Buddhism. His reading has been both narrow and superficial, and apparently very hasty; for though he quotes from such a primer as Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*, it is clear that he has been able to view it only through initial prejudices and preconceptions that wholly distort its meaning. A possible explanation of these preconceptions—and, indeed, of the genesis of his entire article—is suggested in his opening paragraph.

"In a recent call upon one of his parishoners, a rector felt led to speak deprecatingly of the numerous religious fads that are commanding attention. With a patronizing wave of her hand, she replied in tones of satisfied conviction, 'O, I see good in them all.' Weighed in the scales of a well-balanced judgment, this equals the oft-repeated slogan of the nineteenth century, 'It does not matter what a man believes, so long as he is sincere.'"

The prototype of Don Marquis's Hermione may be found in the country as in city parishes, and delightful though she be on the printed page—where you can crumple her up and deposit her in the waste basket when you are through with her—she is a very trying person to have to deal with in the flesh, and there is then no such easy way of disposing of her vagaries that a conscientious clergyman can take. The irritation that she causes is persistent and omnipresent. Her

advocacy of the ten commandments would be enough to make one crave to break them all, so that it is the mercy of Providence that she spends her enthusiasms upon what is generally superfluous to those about her. We guess that it is from her that Mr. Mackenzie has learned his Theosophy, and that it was her voice he was hearing as he skimmed the few books he deemed necessary to read for her refuting. To Hermione and her kind—to those exponents of the "Higher Culture" from which the waters of understanding and wisdom drain so freely to more lowly levels—"Swamis" and "Theosophy," Buddhism and the whole vast conglomerate of diverse sects of ancient faiths that crowd the Indian continent, are as one and the same. Therefore let them be one and the same to Mr. Mackenzie also. We can think of no other way to account for his conception of Theosophy, which is as startling to a genuine student as would be the attempt to present Christianity as a composite picture of the Borgian Popes, a negro camp meeting, the Revelation of St. John, and a Suni snake dance, with references to the tortures of the Inquisition and the bigamous activities of the Mormon "prophets," as illustrative of its practical outcome.

And yet, within the limitations of his scanty reading and dominating preconceptions, Mr. Mackenzie would probably consider that he had made a real effort to appear fair. "Our province," he tells us (page 317), "is to ascertain what Theosophy really is. The etymology of the word defines it as the Wisdom of God. Upon us lies the burden of discovering if it, or the Church-acknowledged Word of God shall have that honour."

Had Mr. Mackenzie read the constitution of The Theosophical Society, or even the proclamation, printed for the past fifteen years on the back of this magazine, he would have realized that it is in its strict etymological sense that the Society uses the word "Theosophy." It denotes Divine Truth, the totality of spiritual law and life, which must forever transcend in its infinitude the circumscription of mental formulas, but of which the partial truths, that each man has made his own and that guide him day by day, are rays and parts. Only as a man may say, "The Wisdom of God has ordained," or, "The truth is," and mean thereby that he is giving his own understanding of divine law as it may have been taught him, or his own view of truth as he may have been shown or recognized it (not attempting to define and circumscribe the whole action of Providence, of the content of absolute Truth), so only may a man say, "Theosophy teaches." The Society has "no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose." To each of its members, Theosophy is the Whole, of which their own vision of the truth is a fragment; and they seek to open their minds and souls to wider sectors of this infinite wholeness of the Wisdom of God, by the synthetic study of other fragments that may supplement their own—putting all to the test of experience in the crucible of daily life.

There can be no antagonism between a ray of light and light; between a part and the whole; between the truth in our understanding of Christ's revelation—the truth of what we call Christianity—and the deeper, greater truths that He no less revealed, but which we have not yet learned to grasp. We cannot oppose Christianity and Theosophy, and it is the irony of fate that in seeking to set them one against the other, Mr. Mackenzie should quote the very chapter or the epistle in which St. Paul asserts the personification of Theosophy in Christ: "Christ the Power of God and the Wisdom of God." (*Christos theousophia*, I. Corinthians, 1. 24.)

Can we think that we have grasped, that the Church has formulated, the whole of what Christ revealed? That all of His meaning, all of Theosophy, the Wisdom of God, is contained in our present understanding of the fragments of His teaching that have come down to us? "All that is necessary for salvation," yes; because if we live by what we know, we shall learn more. But all that God has taught the world? All that Christ revealed and lived? We know that it is

not so. We even know how small a part of Christian Theology is drawn directly from Christ's recorded words. To understand Him, even to the small extent that we do, we have had to study the Hebrew scriptures that preceded Him—a portion of the background against which His message was revealed, to which He referred and from which He quoted. We have not deemed that the necessity for this study belied the completeness of His revelation, or that His words were less the words of God because some of them had been spoken first through a Jewish seer. Why, then, should it be deemed, even by the most narrow of minds, that it could be hostile to Christianity to promote the study of those other great streams of religious thought and experience, that, mingling with the Hebraic in the great triangle between Egypt, India and Greece, formed the setting for the Master's life and teaching? Why should it seem strange that He should draw parables of the Kingdom of Heaven from the Upanishads, as well as quote from the Psalms?

Too often churchmen belittle Christ in seeking to exalt the narrowness of their own conception of Him. It is this that has driven many from the Church, and laid upon The Theosophical Society the task of finding them, and leading them once more back to the Christianity they thought that they had lost. For we cannot understand the Master if we are content to look upon Him only through the narrowing lenses of Hebraic tradition. He was the foe of falsehood, but all of Truth was His own—the truth of the Hebrew prophets, the truth of Buddhism, the truth of the Upanishads, of Isis and Osiris and of the pyramid texts of Egypt. What else does the Incarnation mean? And so, if we would grow toward Him, toward an understanding of "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," we might learn to grow into an understanding of "the unity of the faith"; learning to see "Christ, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God," in the truth of all the faiths, and not be blinded by the man-made errors and perversions with which they have been overlaid—amongst ourselves as in the distant ages of the past. "Wisdom is humble." If we would achieve it we must have the humility that knows it does not know, that sets itself patiently to learn, that rejects nothing because it seems foreign to our preconceptions, but which realizes that the soul of all things is from God. To do this is to study Theosophy—and to seek the mind of Christ.

But the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie cannot see that this is what Theosophy means to those who have given themselves to its pursuit. To him it appears only as a separate sect and "ism," one of the innumerable religious fads. The language of other times and races is strange to him, and within the difference of words he cannot recognize the identity of fact. He cannot see the "Communion of Saints" in the "Brotherhood of just men made perfect," nor translate "Mahatmas" as "the great of soul": to him they are "weird gnomes." Reading Mr. Judge's modest pages, in which he strives to tell to his fellow students something of what he himself has learned and tested (for the study of Theosophy is first and foremost an experimental science), Mr. Mackenzie can find only a "disguised Buddhism," a "Heathen Invasion," which he calls upon us to face "with a bravery born of the Holy Spirit of God, and answer its arrogant advance with the confident cry, 'You shall not pass.'" It is a strange phantasy, for those of us who knew and loved that simple gentle-hearted Irishman, to imagine Mr. Judge arrogantly imposing the car of Juggernaut upon the Christian world, and to conceive of The Theosophical Society—whose first object is the establishment of "the nucleus of an universal brotherhood, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour"—breeding and nourishing "despicable caste distinctions" and "degrading womanhood."

Why is it, we wonder, that so many of the reverend gentlemen, who so lightly criticize the faiths that are not their own—the great systems of religious thought and aspiration by which countless millions of men have lived and toiled

upward, and wrought nobly in the world and drawn nearer to the Divine—should never pause to remember what Stevenson has so wisely said. It takes two to tell the truth; one to speak, and one to understand. And yet, when they find only falsity and error, they never seem to suspect. H. B. M.

The Pan-German Plot Unmasked, by André Chéredame, published by Scribners, at \$1.25. Every reader of the QUARTERLY has probably heard of this book. To understand the War, it is absolutely necessary to be familiar with the facts which M. Chéredame sets forth. No other writer has so clearly unmasked the nature of the German conspiracy or its immediate objectives. M. Chéredame has now issued another volume entitled *The United States and Pan-Germania* which is published by Scribners at \$1.00. The author again warns us of the danger of the "peace of the drawn game": in other words of a *status quo ante* peace. He explains that "peace without annexations or indemnities" is really a German formula, probably adopted by the Bolsheviks at the instigation of the German Foreign Office. He insists that the key to the situation lies in Austria-Hungary—the jackal of the Pan-German Alliance. Very few people in this country have the least understanding of the Balkan problem, nor do they realize the iniquities which Austria-Hungary has perpetrated at the expense of races which she and Germany have conquered and which they use for their own nefarious purposes. Every student of Theosophy must necessarily desire to acquaint himself with the inner significance, on every plane, of this great outer struggle. We recommend either of these books as an excellent introduction to the subject. T.

The Ultimate Belief, by A. Clutton-Brock, published by E. P. Dutton and Company, strikes a right note regarding the subject of education. The author begins by recognizing in all mankind,—children and adults, alike,—certain desires which he terms desires of the spirit as distinct from desires of the flesh. They are the desire for right action (the moral quality), the desire for truth, and the desire for beauty, each to be sought for its own sake.

These qualities or faculties, he says, are ignored in the modern system of education. Usually it is thought that the moral activity is the only one that can lay claim to the term spiritual; truth and beauty are regarded as subsidiary, truth being useful, perhaps, and beauty pleasurable. In reality, all three must be exercised equally; no one of them can be rightly used if the others are starved. The Universe itself is to be valued because it has in it truth, beauty, right; the aim of life is to discover and exercise these faculties, and not to do so is not to live at all. The whole purpose of education, then, is to strengthen these spiritual faculties,—not to impart them, for they cannot be so given, being innate in every child,—but to teach a recognition of them and of their value, and to aid in their development. Modern education, on the contrary, tends to suppress them, practically to make the child ashamed of them, this being particularly true of the aesthetic side.

Unfortunately, the writer has an apparent prejudice against the exaction of obedience, and fails to see its full value in the carrying out of his theories. "Obedience, in itself, is not good or bad; the young must learn it only because they have to learn, and you cannot learn without obedience," he writes. And again, "The desire to do what is right is something different from the readiness to obey. If I love truth for its own sake, or righteousness for its own sake, I shall prefer both to obedience, and I may be very inconvenient to a teacher whose aim is to make me obedient." As an illustration of this point, he uses the boy Shelley, with his passion for truth and righteousness and with it his faculty for creating trouble for himself and others. But in that illustration he misses the fundamental point in obedience which is that conduct cannot be allowed to depend on inclination, in view of the continual conflict between the higher and lower self. Take,

for instance, the soldier who really loves his country and his country's cause; in his higher moments, he recognizes his superior officer as the expression of his own higher will; it can scarcely be expected that he do so when his lower self is in the ascendancy. Nothing but an ingrained habit of obedience without regard for inclination can help him then. But it must be remembered that in giving that obedience, he is obeying not merely the superior officer, but his own higher will.

The same thing holds good, whether it be the soldier, or Shelley or you or I: the love of truth and righteousness and beauty is a part of our higher natures, and as such should certainly be exercised. But it cannot be exercised, cannot even be rightly recognized through the medium of a lower self which acts entirely on inclination. And only through obedience—habitual obedience—can the right relationship between higher and lower be established, making possible the true expression of the higher.

J. C.

La France Devant L'Allemagne (France Against Germany), by Georg Clemenceau, 1916. This is a collection of speeches and articles by the famous and intrepid French statesman, beginning in 1908, and including a large selection, since the War, from his two papers—*L'Homme Libre*, and *L'Homme Enchaîné*. Many of them are marked by the fiery eloquence and prophetic insight already known to readers of the "Screen of Time." The Preface gives the key for interpreting the many diverse thoughts and opinions expressed in the book, and is patent example of the true Frenchman's ability to look facts squarely in the face. "What strikes me above all, in the tremendous adventure of these days, is that, misled by words, we have been, and probably still are, the supreme dupes of a verbalism of civilization which has made us live in a phraseology of humanitarianism, but which is in cruel discord with the reality." The test of civilization is in the religious canon—Lovest thou? M. Clemenceau has proved that he, as one leader amongst a host of Frenchman, can and does love the *Patrie*. He not only associates himself with France, he says that in striking at her, Germany "assassinates" him. "They assassinate me, and I defend myself, to the displeasure of certain false neutrals who dissertate on the most congruous method of letting me be assassinated." Germany has no "charity."

The following extract will serve to illustrate in a measure the spirit of the book, which takes us through all the early stages of the War, into the trenches, and ends at Verdun, with the cry "*Il le faut, c'est le Dieu le veut.*" The extract quoted was written in May, 1913, a year before the War, and its prophetic insight can only be compared with that of the Wise Men of Ancient Israel.

"TO WILL OR TO DIE."

" At Reuilly, at Toul, at Belfort acts of mutiny are reported, which should not be exaggerated, because the most turbulent spirits amongst them would be perhaps the most ardent in time of war,—but which are giving abroad (read the comments of the German press), and even in France, the most deplorable impression.

" At Macon, at Nancy, riotous groups of soldiers sang the *Internationale* and cried *Hurrah for Socialism!*

" Who then are these sons of the conquered, who, finding their country dismembered, under the insults of the Pangerman press, and at only two steps from the frontier, add the outrage of their revolt to the wounds of the mutilated *Patrie*, as if better to prepare the way for the execution of the menaces of the enemy? Their fathers, fallen on the field of battle in defence of the land of their forbears, were unable to prevent Frenchmen from being torn from France at the point of the sword. A whole people cried to heaven that France would one day redeem herself. Happy the dead not to see themselves forsworn by those men of all men who, before history, owe them the reparation of this outrage!

"What exactly has happened? You have been told, poor fools, that all men are brothers, and that there are no frontiers in nature. That is true. But since the time of Cain and Abel, evil passions—the common heritage of all!—have armed brother against brother; and when my brother attacks me with a raised knife, I purpose to protect against Cain the soil where mine have lived, and where mine will live after me.

"If there are no frontiers in nature, neither are there cities, monuments, or those products of art and science by which civilization is glorified; nor all that brilliant train of history whose most noble culture has made a miracle of humanity. All these things are, however, and they all have the right and the determination to exist, under all men's skies.

"But cupidity is kindled—sooner or later—at the sight of treasure, and walls are raised, and bastions and battlements are erected to secure a legitimate defence. And sentinels watch on the ramparts to protect the fruit of honest labor. And as thou watchest to-day for thyself and for others, others will watch to-morrow for thee.

"Shame upon thee if thou deliver to irreparable devastation the supreme sanctuary of all grandeur and of all beauty! Thou believest thyself a thinker; unhappy one! Thou art nothing but feeble-mindedness gone astray.

"Someone *must* begin, sayest thou? Not so. There must at least be two to make a beginning. While thou art disarming, dost thou hear the *fracas* of the cannon, on the other side of the Vosges? Take care. Thou wilt weep all thy heart's blood without being able to expiate thy crime. Athens, Rome—the greatest things of the past—were hurled to earth the day when the sentinel failed, as thou art beginning to do. And thou, thy France, thy Paris, thy village, thy field, thy pathway, thy brook,—all this tumult of history out of which thou issuest because it is the work of thy ancestors,—all this,—is it nothing to thee, and goest thou, coldly, to deliver its soul (of which is moulded thy soul) to the fury of a stranger? Yes! Say then that that is what thou wishest,—dare to say it, that thou mayest be cursed by those who have made thee a man, and be dishonored forever.

"Thou pausest, thou didst not understand, thou didst not know. There has been required of thee a heavier sacrifice than thou hadst thought! It is true. It is an increase of effort which is demanded of thee,—and of thee as of many others, who would hold themselves unworthy of France if they had murmured. Very well! remember that even this is not enough for one's country. Someday,—most beautiful at the moment when hope is brightest,—thou wilt quit thy parents, thy wife, thy children, all that thou cherishest, all that holds thy heart and encloses it; and thou wilt go forth, singing as thou didst yesterday, but a different song;—and with thy brothers—real brothers these—forth to face a frightful death which reaps human lives in a terrible hurricane of iron. And it will be at this supreme moment that thou wilt see again in a vision everything which can be included in this one word, so sweet—the *Patrie*;—and thy cause will seem so beautiful to thee, thou wilt be so proud to give all for her, that, wounded or dead, thou wilt fall content.

"And thy name will be honored, and thy son will walk with a proud glance, because, happier than thou, he will understand from childhood the beauty of sacrifice for the sanctity of home,—and his heart will beat faster at thy memory; and thou wilt have conquered, and, dead, thou wilt continue to live in thy posterity.

"Say no more. I see that now thou hast understood. Go redeem thy mistake, and return to us bettered, in order to recover with joy the place amongst us which thou canst hereafter take as thy right."

It is hard to remember in reading this that it was written a year before the War. Some people there are who understand. A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 223.—*How can the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement be reconciled with the law of Karma?*

ANSWER.—Vicarious Atonement is perhaps the greatest of all mysteries, the most difficult religious problem to solve in a way that is satisfactory to the ordinary human mind, blinded as it is by materialism and prejudice. It is only when preconceived opinions are given up that we can attain to that state of mind which makes it possible for us to realize, to some extent, the true nature of man and his relationship with all other human beings and with God, the Father in heaven. Without this no research into the mysteries of human life can be rewarded with success. We have an often quoted passage of Emerson, which expresses this relationship admirably well, "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same". As students of Theosophy we might put the same idea thus: "All human beings are manifestations of the Oversoul and separate beings only so long as they consider themselves to be so".

"*All souls are one in the Oversoul*". Everyone that has attentively studied Theosophy knows this to be the fundamental principle of Universal Brotherhood. The Oversoul is the creator of all, the Sustainer and Protector of all, the Bearer of the burdens of all, the Adjuster, and the compassionate Providence that regulates the operations of the Divine Law in order to bring about the most favorable results for all, and for every individual as well,—since the welfare of one soul reacts upon the welfare of all souls. This doctrine must at first be accepted on faith, and then lived, because only so can it in time be felt, and at last experienced as Eternal Truth. Only then can we understand rightly this saying of John the Baptist: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world",—and the revelation about the Atonement of the Universal Christ, the Son of God, by the prophet Isaiah, who said: "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Both John and Isaiah are here pointing at the Atonement of the Oversoul, the Word that became flesh and dwelt among us.

To indulge in separateness is to indulge in that which is not Truth and therefore more or less sinful. To seek union with all souls in the Oversoul, is to seek the Eternal Truth, beneficial to oneself and to all. As all that tends towards separation is sin, since it is contrary to Truth, such activity cannot atone for the sins of anyone. But by striving for union we are working for the realization of Truth, which means to work for the salvation of all. We are then helping to counterbalance the wrongdoings of others with the beneficial force engendered by working for Truth. In this way we are lifting "a little of the heavy Karma of the world", helping a little to prevent it from crushing poor, suffering mankind.

By working for Truth we are co-workers with Christ, who came to bear witness to the Truth; and in time we shall become one with Him. All His co-workers are helping in taking away the sins of the world. If the sins of the world are not balanced in this way, their daily increasing burden will bring on

such disasters as war, famine, pestilence, or catastrophies similar in their effects to that which happened to Sodom in the history of the Jews, and to Pompeii in a much later period.

Atonement for the sins of all means also Atonement for the sins of any single individual. But this Atonement does not take away the effects of sins and thus leave mankind free to sin again and again without having to suffer for it. This would be contrary to justice and compassion and therefore immoral. Vicarious Atonement is certainly an expiation for the sins of others, but only for the welfare of mankind. It is a readjustment of the disorder in the Divine Harmony brought on by sin. It offers fresh opportunities to every human being for conversion from his evil ways. For this purpose only did Christ atone for the sins of the world; and all co-workers with Christ are adding their little quota to this Atonement. It is in this individual Atonement that individuals, working for Truth, are playing such a prominent part within their race, nation and family, though they may not know what a blessing they are to their surroundings or what an important role they are playing in the evolutionary course of those within the reach of the salutary force which, through them, is poured on all mankind from a higher world.

We ought not to find it difficult to reconcile the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement with the Law of Karma and Divine Justice. The Law of Karma is not like frail human laws. Divine Justice is also Divine Love. The Law never chastens for the sake of punishment or revenge. Its operations always tend to promote the welfare of mankind in the most charitable way. Remembering that there is one mind common to all,—that all mankind is one in the Oversoul, we should be able to understand that the Oversoul is carrying the whole burden of the sins of all, the collective Karma of the world, and that any individual man has to carry just that amount which is allotted to him by the Law of Divine Justice and Compassion, according to his power to serve, and for the promotion of the purpose of his soul and the souls of his fellowmen. Such is the action of the Law of Karma and Divine Justice.

Nor does Vicarious Atonement clash with the evolutionary law. On the contrary, it is an indispensable corollary to this law. As there would be no evolution, no growth in the physical world without the warmth of the physical sun, so there would be no evolution, no spiritual growth in the world of the soul without the power emanating from the Spiritual Sun, the Saviour of the world; without His infinite Compassion and Love for all. As all physical life would die and physical evolution stop, if the warmth of the material sun were lacking, so all spiritual life would cease and the evolution of souls be impossible, if the Compassion and Love of the Saviours of the world, and their co-workers, did not take away the overwhelming guilt of mankind, leaving only such effects to be worked out by man as are absolutely necessary for the promotion of his evolution in the wisest and most charitable way. If it were not for this Vicarious Atonement, the terrible burden of its sins should soon lead to the annihilation of the race in some such way as mentioned above, and the Divine Plan of creation would prove a failure. But is it possible that this plan can fail? Let us not be blasphemers. God has foreseen all difficulties and has provided for all. The daily creating of fresh causes with such effects, though sad in one sense, is yet beneficial in another, since they are the only means by which man can be brought to conversion,—can be forced to learn his lesson and to give up selfishness, self-indulgence, greediness, lust, and all those enjoyments for which his separate lower-self hungers and thirsts so desperately,—can be driven to turn away from the heresy of separateness and begin to seek union. It is through individual pain and the sufferings of our fellow man, during a long series of incarnations, that man is finally brought to understand the fallacy of the doctrine that each soul is a separate creation,—“the heresy of the belief in the separateness of soul or self from the One Universal, Infinite Self”. Then we begin, reluctantly maybe at first, to turn our minds away from

this wrong doctrine and to work for union with all other human souls in the Oversoul. Then we begin to tread the path of salvation, to climb the ladder of immortality, while the gratification of the desires of our lower separate self is suicidal in its nature, since it will, in the end, lead to self-destruction. This will happen when the boundary is past, beyond which conversion is impossible. And there is such a boundary, as all religions are teaching plainly enough.

Are we so foolish as to think that we can stand alone and exhaust all the effects of our sins without the help of the Masters and their co-workers? Verily, if Divine Justice claimed that man should carry the whole burden of his sins alone, and that he himself should atone for it all, evolution would have been impossible, because only that man can do this who is far on the way and has for many lives been seeking the Truth and worked for union.

But the meaning of union must be understood. It is not a sublime and pious striving for saving our own soul, at the same time blotting out all connection with our fellowmen. This course is entirely personal and selfish, and works for separation and not for union. It has its reward, but it is of a temporary nature only. Therefore, our motives must be analyzed. We, and others too, may think that they are based on good intention and love; but this is not enough to make them good. Our intention is not good, unless it is to promote union and the welfare of all other souls. If there is a hidden wish present for some personal benefit, then it is polluted by sin, because this wish is nourishing our longing for separate existence. And if our Love is mingled with the desire of gaining anything for our personal selves, then there is no atoning power in it. But if our lives are pure and thoroughly unselfish, then we are adding to the power of the Vicarious Atonement of the Oversoul; we are then laying up treasures in heaven;—we are acquiring possessions that “belong to the pure soul only” and are “possessed therefore by all pure souls equally and thus . . . the especial property of the whole only when united”. We are then helping to promote the union of all with the Oversoul, which means the liberation of man from the bondage of matter.

If we take the trouble to consider attentively what is going on in the material world, we shall soon perceive that vicarious atonement is a fact even in physical life. Suppose that we are suffering from a gathering in one hand, or from any local illness. It is not only the sick or infected cells that are suffering. The surrounding cells suffer too and are trying to help in overcoming the disturbance. In more serious cases the whole body has also to suffer and to help in the restoration. And the real sufferer is the soul that has to bear all the pain that through the nervous system is transferred to the brain, the organ of the soul-consciousness on the physical plane. All members of a family suffer for the wrongdoings of one of their own kin. If they love their brother, they will try, not to prevent his punishment according to the civil law, but to help him by offering him new opportunities for beginning a new and better life. And they bear with him or ought to do so—as long as there is any hope for his conversion.

In the war now raging the welfare of the European nations is at stake; and the greater part of the whole human race is suffering too. We are not able to trace to their sources all wrong forces set in motion so abundantly that at last the war could not be avoided. But if we are not blinded by prejudice or uncritical sympathy, we cannot stand in doubt as to which of the belligerent nations is responsible for the outbreak of this war. And we can see plainly which of them are fighting on honorable and which on dishonorable principles. The nations that are waging this war in defence of right, freedom and honour, are atoning for the evil-mindedness of their adversaries. And all good and faithful soldiers, those fighting only in order to obey the laws of their country, as well as fully conscious of the noble object aimed at, as they give their lives or return crippled for life,—are not they all atoning in greater or less degree for the sins of all? What a noble and elevating thing it is to be a true soldier and to defend the weak and oppressed against the brutalities of an unprincipled, selfish and

imperious aggressor. Indeed, there is no higher thing to be done on the physical plane than to wage a righteous war. It is suggestive that the warrior caste was the highest caste in old India. Did not Jesus say: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends".

And what about all the innocent civilians who have been outraged or killed during the war? Is it likely that they are suffering aimlessly? Surely, they too are adding their quota to the atoning power generated by a righteous war, and they will in another life have full compensation for what they have now suffered unduly.

The nations that are fighting on right and honorable principles, though they are atoning for their own shortcomings too, are certainly taking upon them a great part of the sins of their adversaries. The souls of these nations may have, of their own free will, resolved to atone vicariously for the enemy, that has begun a rapid course on the descending arc of evolution and soon might reach the turning point below which ascent is impossible. (And that there is such a point, all religions teach.) These noble nations may not be outwardly aware of the fact, because they have not yet developed far enough to be conscious on the soul-plane. But the great Leaders of the Universe and of the evolution of mankind know these things and can utilize them for the welfare of the whole race.

Therefore, Vicarious Atonement, incompletely understood by the theologians, is not incompatible with the Law of Karma or Divine Justice; on the contrary, it is the unavoidable result of this Law guiding the evolution of every man as a unit within the One Unit, the Oversoul. It is a Universal Divine Law, immutable as Divinity itself.

If we are not able to realize this Truth, may it not be for the reason that we are still ensnared, to some extent, in the belief in the separateness of soul or self from the One Universal, Infinite Self?

E. H. L.

ANSWER.—Life is one and transcends the mind. It can only be mirrored in the mind by distortion, like the attempt to portray a sphere by two hemispheres on a plane surface. We look first at one hemisphere and then look from the opposite direction at the other, but neither is the sphere, nor are both together the sphere, which is a thing of a different dimensionality entirely. So with Life. Life is one. Karma is not Justice and it is not Mercy. We must seek the third point of the triangle, the point of Theosophic reconciliation.

Karma is the Divine Will in action. It is not a kind of bookkeeping by heaven. Our trouble is that we misunderstand Karma, misunderstand the Vicarious Atonement and misunderstand Sin. The average man, if asked to give his understanding of the Vicarious Atonement, would say that because Christ died for us, all our sins are in some way or other wiped out and forgiven. This is the common idea, but no Church has ever taught it at any time. The truth is that evil is a fact. There is evil in the world and it has to be fought and checked. If in a battle a regiment runs away, leaving a gap in the line, some other regiment has to atone, to throw itself into the gap and check the intruding enemy. Our tendency is to regard a sin once committed as something that is single and over and done with. The fact is that it is continuing, and it is neither over nor done with until it has been repented of and reparation made. We ought to think of the sin as a flowing force like the enemy pouring through the gap left by the beaten troops until checked by the act of atonement of the other regiment. When we sin the Master may check the evil force for us until we come to do it ourselves and so relieve Him. When our wills have been overpowered by evil it is always His force—given us by Him—that furnishes us with the added power necessary to enable us to win the next time.

E. M.

ANSWER.—A question similar to this was answered most illuminatingly by Cavé in the *QUARTERLY*, January, 1917.

ANSWER.—Love means, among other things, self identification with the object loved. That is one reason why love is practically synonymous with suffering, though that kind of suffering is the opposite of the kind which most people experience, which, if not synonymous with self-pity, is in any case the product of attention to self. True suffering, springing as it does from love, feels the sins of another as its own; the failures of another as its own. And because there is no separateness in nature, those who have won the ability to suffer in that way, have also won the ability—in widely varying degree—to atone for the sins of others. Ask any real mother!

It should not be assumed, of course, that "atonement" means a wiping out of consequences, which is a misunderstanding of the doctrine. Here again, any real mother, and of her own experience, can tell you just how much the atonement of her love and suffering can accomplish. Incidentally we shall be glad when Karma, one of the basic laws of life, ceases to be regarded as a commercial transaction, or as a problem in mechanics. God is the supreme Poet. The universe, and everything that happens in it, is part of a Divine romance. What men call "poetic justice" is the only kind of justice which interests spiritual beings,—is the only justice for which they work. It is the reward of such beings—who have attained through forgetfulness of self—to be able to modify and re-direct the lower forces of nature which tend always to establish an "exact" and "scientific" adjustment of disturbed conditions, including most human actions and all sins.

E. T. H.

QUESTION No. 224.—*Why does not The Theosophical Society co-operate with the other societies of the same name? It does not seem to me that its attitude shows proper Theosophical tolerance toward them. Personally I have the feeling that they are all good in their general purpose but that it is a pity to tie up too closely to any one.*

ANSWER.—Some individuals maintain a broad tolerance toward all Christian churches but feel that they themselves are in a lofty position of impartiality which makes it impossible to identify themselves with any one of these churches. Such a position of lofty impartiality may be maintained with apparent success for many years. But to some individuals, there comes, soon or late, an experience that makes that lofty throne totter. They are then called, not to identify themselves, but to lose themselves, in some organization from which they draw strength and consolation that enables them to meet this new occurrence in their lives. S. M.

ANSWER.—This question can be answered best, perhaps, by another question, namely,—Why do not the Christian Churches of England and America co-operate today with the so-called Christian Churches of Germany? Perhaps the querent would say—Yes, why not? In that case our reply would be,—Live longer and find out. But meanwhile you are quite right not to join any of the organizations to which you refer, especially The Theosophical Society to which contributors to the *QUARTERLY* belong.

E. T. H.

ANSWER.—Why do not the French, English and Americans who are giving their lives gladly in the cause of Christ, co-operate with the Huns who also use the name of God? One of the first things that a student of Theosophy has to do is to learn to see beneath words and forms to the spirit that animates them. He learns that the same forms may be animated by widely divergent spirits and, on the other hand, that widely different forms may be animated by the same spirit. The Theosophical Society co-operates gladly with any organization, by whatever name it may be known, that is moved by the same spirit and seeks the same goal.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—This question is answered fully in *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy* by Prof. H. B. Mitchell, obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department, price 20 cents.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

In the Convention Report (given in the July, 1918 QUARTERLY) there was not sufficient space to include the Letters of Greeting. Two of these letters are so strikingly representative of the spirit in which we shall all hope to initiate the work of the present season that it seems fitting to incorporate them here. Following them, come a few cullings from the excellent reports of last year's work, which were received by the Secretary T. S. from nearly all our Branches; these may be of help to other Branches as they look forward toward the work of the season just opening.

LONDON, APRIL 7TH, 1918

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

A further year has now passed of a stress hitherto unknown to the world, and greater needs have arisen for which the purpose and solace of the Truth are more urgently needed: may it be yours and ours to take such part and give such aid by our purpose and deliberations that humanity may experience the benefit.

Here in England affairs have proceeded very quietly and steadily. We have gained a few members, not more than ten, and three have made the sacrifice of their lives in the great war. It is true that they are some of the best and most energetic, and their influence among those around them was felt all through, while they yet speak in the manner of their passing. In many instances it has not been possible to hold Branch meetings because of the difficulties of access to the place of meeting, because of the lighting regulations, and especially because of the difficulties created by the Air Raids. But it may be said that interest has in no way abated and has even increased by the fact that we are all compelled to contemplate the conditions of life and death in no ordinary fashion.

In this way there has been aroused a very intense interest in the subject of spiritualism and the survival of the personality after death. Such an interest was intensified by the publication of Sir Oliver Lodge's book, *Raymond*. It is not too much to say that few books have been more widely read and few more strongly criticised. To those who live in the present, the survival of those nearest and dearest is of the greatest importance, for they feel that unless some such survival takes place they are apt to lose by death, and never find any of that which they held most dear. They are faced by the problem which lies between the ordinary heaven, whether it be progressive or not, and an abyss of nothingness. And with most there is still an instinctive clinging to the belief that death is not the mark of the final ending. Spiritualism such as that depicted in *Raymond* carries on the ordinary life. The one lost has passed into another room and is just beyond a thin veil which lifts at times and under certain conditions. There is something which gives the evidence of the immortal, they say, and so far they are satisfied.

But have they gone far enough or have they merely gone one step and stayed satisfied? I think the Theosophical philosophy would tell them that they have only just touched on the fringe of immortal life and that the potentialities beyond are boundless. The old Collect directs us to "So pass through things temporal that we finally lose not the things eternal." In the Hindu Trimurti we have the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer or Regenerator. And it is in the latter aspect

that humanity sees the possibility of such regenerating change that life is made no longer subject to change; save that the mortal puts on immortality and wisdom opens out to our understanding the continuity of life. We are stated to have our immortality; but to be real to us we have to know it. In other words, we have to win our immortality and make it a part of ourselves, consciously. Thus the survival of the external personality, as figured in *Raymond*, is only a very short step on the way. The personality has to undergo discipline and enlargement, in order to be of real use in the life immortal: otherwise it would not be of any purpose and would be, so to say, asleep.

Therefore it would seem that Spiritualism has not gone far enough. But perhaps it is not intended to go further. There is this, in addition to the well-known dangers which attend its pursuit,—it is too close to the material side of things. It surely would seem to be applying the psychic forces to material conditions.

It is in this connection that one sees the effect of this war. This very material efficiency which is the basis of the German "Kultur," has become the standard of life and conduct. Everything else is sacrificed to this end. With this comes the domination of self and all that this implies. So that at present the real struggle lies between material efficiency and its children, who are "in their day and generation wiser than the children of light" and those who, by the sacrifice of self and all that they hold most dear, are striving for liberty and principle. They are undergoing the discipline of self-sacrifice: and, great though the sacrifice may be, it is on such a basis that the foundation of the true Religion and freedom of humanity is to be built.

A. KEIGHTLEY,

General Secretary, British National Branch.

KRISTIANIA, NORWAY

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The Annual Convention, being the focus of the thoughts of all true members of The Theosophical Society, is a tremendous centre of force, whose energy asserts itself in all parts of the world where Branches of the Society are in activity. May no member to-day, by his thoughts and feelings, impair the intensity of this force.

Over and over again The Theosophical Society has been tested as to principles, and though its rank and file thereby has been thinned, it has successfully met the trials, and has continued its work with faith and love,—and The Theosophical Society is now established on a firmer foundation than ever before. Meanwhile, there are still trials to come, new tests subtle in their nature and difficult to stand. But, as Cavé says: "With true faith for shield and honesty of purpose for armour well armed thou art, and standest ready for the direst foe."

There is nothing that gives such strength as faith. Faith produces oneness of purpose and loyalty towards it. If faith is lost, strength is also lost, and the result is disloyalty and division of purpose. With nations this leads to inner controversies that may end in revolution and anarchy.

The noble man that has the power of faith, is able to do no end of good. But possessed by a selfish man, or a man of a vicious nature, faith endows him with a fearful force for evil ends. And a nation with an illimitable faith in its own strength and superiority, but imperious and of a demoniacal temperament, is a real danger to mankind. In war it will perform marvels and seem to be unconquerable.

And if two belligerents have such faith in themselves, it is very difficult for one of them to overcome the other. They may continue to fight till they drop their arms from exhaustion. There is only one power that can shorten the contest and bring victory home to the belligerent that has acquired it, viz, *Faith*,—not faith in arms and one's own strength and skill, but Faith in God united with honesty of purpose. This Faith draws strength from the Divine World, not as a favour but according to the Great Law.

Nations that are using their military forces, and their skill and strength, in order to fight against injustice, outrage, and brutishness, giving the lives of their sons for the sake of their fellow-man, will assuredly gain their noble ends, if they have honesty of purpose and an implicit Faith in God as the only Conqueror, the only Giver of victory. It must be so, for this Faith is a Divine Force that no human skill and strength can resist.

This is the history of every human being who is fighting for the liberation of his soul from the bondage of matter. Faith in God and honesty of purpose must indeed bring the final victory, the triumph of the Higher Nature over the lower, because that Faith will create loyalty, one pointed aspiration and continual effort. From such Faith, springs "*Oblation of Self and Love of God.*" And "those two arms of unconquerable strength . . . draw God whithersoever" man will.

May this Faith inspire the future work of The Theosophical Society and of all its members.

With hearty greetings from the Theosophical Branches in Norway,

Fraternally yours,

THOMAS KNOFF.

Several letters from South America tell of active life and interest on the part of members there. From the Venezuela Branch comes the following, after reporting on the successful work of the newly founded "Jehoshua Branch" in San Fernando de Apure:

In Barquisimeto, last month, there occurred an event which we consider of importance, both inner and outer,—the Masonic Lodge gave the name of Blavatsky to its Library and placed Madame Blavatsky's portrait in its salon. A great festival followed, organized by the freemasons for the entertainment of the theosophists; many talks then delivered, afterwards found their way into the press; the meeting was well attended and by the most prominent people. Theosophy is well received by all the social bodies of the city.

The Venezuela Branch, and the other Branches of this country, send fraternal greetings to the Theosophical Convention. United with it in heart, thought, and will, we desire to assist in its deliberations. You will have our best wishes that, at this precious moment liberation may be made assured; that the victory foretold by Krishna may be realized, and that all shadows may be swept before the light of that true Spirit which is to be spread over the world.

The report of the Branch in Altagracia de Orituco contains the following among many interesting items: "In August last, the President of this Branch addressed a letter to its members, reminding them of their obligation to the cause of Brotherhood and the opportunity afforded us by the war—whose real spiritual meaning is recognized by most of the people here—to show our everlasting faith in the Master's Cause, a Cause upheld and fought for by the Allies and which members of the T. S. must also fight for in the place where our duty is to be fulfilled."

The "Pacific Branch," in Los Angeles, gives this account of Branch activities there:

We hold public meetings every Sunday evening, the subject to be discussed having been advertised the day previous in an evening paper among the religious notices. Each meeting is opened by a different member in rotation, each selects his own subject. On the Monday following, a synopsis of what is said by the first speaker is embodied in a short article which is published in a morning newspaper. The public attendance at our meetings has been encouraging. We have a circulating library of all the standard books, and the meeting room is kept open every day in the week, to receive visitors and to loan books. We have the QUARTERLY in the main and circulating libraries in this city and Pasadena, and on sale in book stores. Some few of us have permanent correspondents in Theosophical matters as related to the devotional life. In addition to this some of us are working independently on the outside in a personal way.

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM, the Editor-in-Chief of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, is dead. He died on Monday afternoon, December 30th.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away:
blessed be the name of the Lord."



JANUARY, 1919

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE GREAT WAR AND THE GREAT INITIATION

READERS of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY who are acquainted with the Bhagavad Gita have been struck, again and again, with the likeness between the events portrayed in that most martial of Scriptures and the happenings of the World War: the opposing armies, drawn up in battle array; on the one side, Arjuna and his brothers; on the other side, the forces of the Kurus. The one army, Arjuna and the Pandus, ill-equipped and poorly organized; the other army, the Kuru forces, magnificently ranged in order so strong as to fill even Arjuna with dismay, so that, valiant warrior though he was, he sank down broken-hearted in his chariot, ready to give up the fight; the typical "defeatist" of the Kurukshetra field.

Here are the prototypes of the armies of the Allies and of Germany, as they faced each other on the new Kurukshetra, the battle plains of France and Flanders. And, to complete the parallel, with the armies of the Pandu Allies was Krishna, the Avatar, the plenary Incarnation of the Logos, the visible representative of the Lodge of Masters, Supreme Agent, for that decisive war, of the invincible White Lodge; inspiring, dominating, leading, as the White Lodge, through its present Agents, has dominated the present war.

It would be of high value to push the comparison in detail, for this comparison would bring into relief the spiritual forces in the present war; while, on the other hand, since the details of recent fighting are fresh and living in our minds, it would give to the doings at Kurukshetra a new reality and significance. But there is another aspect of the matter that is still more vital. The Bhagavad Gita has, without doubt, as its first nucleus, a cycle of war-ballads, dating, in all likelihood, from the days of the contest itself, and thus presenting an authentic record of that momentous struggle. But the Bhagavad Gita is something more than a

“war book” of Ancient India ; it is a “war book” also of another sort, a Scripture of the eternal spiritual warfare, the conflict of the Soul with the Powers of Evil. The original nucleus of war-ballads has been taken and worked over by those who were masters of these high themes. It has been so remodelled and dramatized, in the light of the authentic experiences of those who had passed through the eternal conflict and won the victory, that it represents, not only a history of the battle of Kurukshetra, but a history also of the supreme mystery, which has been called the Great Initiation.

The best explicit account of that mysterious ceremony, which is, at the same time, something far more than a ceremony, is, perhaps, that which is contained in the closing dramatic chapters of *The Idyl of the White Lotus*. That account, tradition says, was dictated to an Initiate, by a still higher Initiate, a Master. *The Idyl of the White Lotus*, so far as the writing of it is concerned, was begun by a candidate for discipleship, who, later, strayed far from the true path into the dangerous by-ways of psychism. But this candidate-disciple was unable to complete the task of writing down what the Master, who inspired the story, dictated ; the work, therefore, was taken up by H. P. Blavatsky, who wrote the concluding chapters under the direct guidance of the Master who later inspired the golden sentences of *Light on the Path*.

Those who know *The Idyl of the White Lotus* will remember—and those who do not would be well-advised to ascertain—that the candidate for the Great Initiation passed, as a preparation for it, through great trials, great temptations, through grave moral failure and valiant spiritual recovery ; until the point was reached for the final and decisive struggle between that disciple’s Soul and the mighty and arrogant Forces of Evil. When the disciple, having passed through the earlier trials, with many failures and many brave recoveries, saw clearly the impending contest and determined to enter it—to overcome or die—the hour for the Great Initiation struck. The scene that follows is one of great splendor and solemnity, a high water mark in theosophical literature, containing sentences that every student of Theosophy should know by heart ; should, indeed, inscribe upon the tablets of his heart, against the trials of the Great Day.

There appear to the candidate for Initiation the Souls of those who have already passed through the gates of the death of self into the world of the Eternal, and the candidate enters into reverent communion with them. This scene, it is said, represents the central fact of the Great Mystery, in which the Soul of the candidate is united with, and shares the full consciousness of, not only his own immediate Guru or Master, but also of that Guru’s Guru, of the greater Guru above both, of all the Masters on that ray, in ascending series, up to, and beyond, the holy

portals of Nirvana ; sharing, thus, during the ceremony of Initiation, the full consciousness of the Logos, the host of the Dhyān Chohans. During the ceremony, it is said that full sunlight of splendor irradiates the disciple's consciousness, so that he perceives even his final goal, the highest conceivable attainment in the life of the Eternal. But, when the ceremony is ended, there is a sudden narrowing of the horizon: the disciple now sees only that part of the path which is immediately before him ; his consciousness is limited to a clear vision only of his proximate goal—with the terrible toil, the hard trials which must be overcome, before that proximate goal is reached. When that new victory is won, after prolonged and courageous fighting, there will dawn the holy day of a new Initiation, a new and plenary revelation of the splendid vision of the Eternal. And thus, by arduous step after step, the mountain of the Eternal will be climbed.

This same vision of the Eternal is the theme of the central episode of the Bhagavad Gita, when Arjuna, after many heart-breaking trials, is vouchsafed the revelation of Krishnu's everlasting Being ; is caught up into the vast and splendid spiritual life of his Master, and, through that Master, becomes one, for the time being, with the full consciousness of Avalokita-Ishvara, the august life of the Logos manifested, which, in the mystical language of the Himalayan Schools, is called the Host of the Dhyān Chohans. It would be profitable, perhaps, to study these great and mystical chapters of the Bhagavad Gita precisely in this light: as an unveiling of the mystery of the Great Initiation, and of its central event, the blending of the consciousness of the disciple with the full consciousness of that disciple's Master, and, through the Master's consciousness, with the plenary consciousness of the Logos, the manifested Eternal. And it would be well, perhaps, clearly to understand that this blending is possible solely because the Soul of the disciple is, in the ultimate analysis, one with the Logos ; the Great Initiation rests on that supreme dogma: "the identity of all souls with the Oversoul." The Great Initiation is simply the revelation of that already existent reality, bringing into the consciousness of the disciple that supreme and ultimate oneness, which has been from all eternity ; the fundamental reality, through which alone that Soul, that disciple, has real and spiritual Being. Therefore the Great Initiation, while it is a ceremony, is also far more than a ceremony. It is the revelation of the final spiritual reality, the great and everlasting rock on which the Universe rests.

But if the Bhagavad Gita, and the conflict which it depicts, be a representation of the Great Initiation ; and if there be a deep and fundamental likeness between the war at Kurukshetra and the great World War, through which all the more vital nations of the world have passed ; then it would seem to follow that there must be certain deep and close

relations between the World War and the mystery depicted in the Bhagavad Gita, the mystery of the Great Initiation.

And, as we look closer into the World War, we shall see the analogies multiply; the fundamental likeness stands out clear. There were the preliminary temptations, humiliating failures, valorous recoveries. There was the supreme vision of the Eternal, of the Logos, the Lord, as the true combatant. And it would seem that not so much the individual leaders, or even disciples in the Allied armies, were the candidates in this Initiation; but rather the collective soul, the *logos*, of each of the allied nations. It is quite true that there were individuals—such a one, perhaps, was Marshal Foch—who quite clearly recognized, each his own Master, as Protagonist in the conflict, and with full consciousness united his will to the will of his Master, throughout the struggle. So, perhaps, we may think that, if, among the large contingents sent from India, there were disciples, these men may have consciously and quite rightly recognized the leadership of Masters of the Indian Lodge; so also with forces from Egypt, or from territories within the sphere of influence of the Far Eastern Lodges.

Yet it would appear to be true that, if these possible exceptions be excepted, the real candidates in the Great Initiation of the World War were the *logoi* of the Allied nations, their collective souls. And if this be true, and it is well worth considering, as a good hypothesis, then we shall have a new clue, and one of the highest value and interest, to the purpose of the Lodge of Masters, in allowing the World War to take place, and in guiding it as they did. We may in this way gain a most valuable insight into the further elements of that purpose, as it affects the time to come.

There is one prospect which it is of the utmost importance clearly to see and understand. In what was said of the tradition of the Great Initiation, it appeared that, after the solemn ceremony is ended, there remains in the consciousness of the candidate, no longer the clear vision of the Eternities, the immensity of the Supreme Soul, but rather a strictly limited view of the proximate goal, the next immediate objective of that disciple's effort, the task immediately in hand; yet with the haunting presence of the greater vision, as a well-spring of perennial inspiration. But, in the concrete, there is a clear view only of difficult problems, of serious dangers, of grave trials and temptations. And tradition affirms that these temptations must be immediately faced and fought. And here lies the gravity of the danger: of our own danger, as members of the Allied nations, the *logoi* of which took part in this Great Initiation.

Perhaps the most formidable danger, as it is the most subtle temptation, is—vanity. Let each of us look well to this, seeking to clothe ourselves in the armour of humility. But there will be also abundant

temptation to the latent materialism in each one of us, and to all the persuasive passions and appetites in us, by which that materialism expresses itself. Temptations, also, of cowardice, suspicion, unfaith; all the batteries of the lower self and the Powers of Evil. Let us not, because of this, suffer the least discouragement; nor for a moment lose the haunting memory of our vision; for the instant incidence of these temptations shows this and this alone: that we have already begun the inevitable contest, the necessary advance, toward our proximate goal. The trials on the way are our best guide-posts. And, if we fight our way valiantly forward, and win that goal, this will mean victory and a still more splendid regaining of our vision of splendor, a new and higher Initiation into the Eternal Good.

*A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.*

—George Herbert.

FRAGMENTS

MEN said the War was over. And I wondered!

The end had come so swiftly; I was confused, bewildered,—it did not seem to have ended.

Instead of the roar of guns there was silence. No shells were screaming. The birds flew overhead undisturbed.

There was nothing but that silence apparently,—a dreadful pall of silence that covered one knew not what. I was confused, bewildered. I waited, anxious, suspicious.

Across the waste of desolate country I saw two angels passing. Brothers, I cried, men say the War has ended.

They looked at me and at one another; their eyes were red with weeping. Then, seeing my trouble, with tender compassion one said: Men live in a world of shadows; they see a dream for a fact, and a truth for a fancy. They soared to heights of valour, but they did not perceive the issues. Now their hearts are weary. Have patience with them and take courage. Christ and His hosts are still fighting; the battle wages fiercely. We go to join them; and all the dead are fighting. Help with your prayers and your strivings. The end is yet far off. CAVÉ.

VANITY

THE dictionaries define vanity, pride and conceit in substantially the same words. Stormonth says vanity is "empty pride inspired by an overweening opinion of one's own importance"; pride is having "an unreasonably high opinion of one's own superiority"; conceit is "having too high an opinion of one's self." Webster's definitions are so nearly identical that it is obvious that Stormonth must have copied them. Webster says vanity is "empty pride inspired by an overweening conceit of one's personal attainments."

There must be a difference between these faults, and perhaps an effort to analyse them may be useful in self-examination.

The devotional books have much to say about pride, which they use to cover what is usually called vanity as well as the objectionable characteristics which are more properly classified under pride. There are some fine qualities which are called pride, and are quite properly so called. We are describing desirable possessions when we speak of a man's pride of birth, his pride in his country or race, his pride in his family traditions; all those feelings which compel him to live in accordance with a high standard of integrity and honour. The saint must have this kind of pride; the pride that makes it impossible for him to do anything that is mean, or trivial, or useless, or vulgar, or ignoble; the pride that is content with nothing less than the highest possible achievement; the pride that insists upon perfection of detail in every performance; or the pride that scorns love of comfort, or self-indulgence, or any kind of weakness, emotion, or sentimentality.

Let us, however, try to analyse the wrong kind of pride, and let us distinguish if we can between pride, vanity and conceit. There is something big about even the wrong kind of pride. The reason why we have an unduly high opinion of our own accomplishments, is not because we do not have the accomplishments, but because we give a false value to them. It would be vanity if the illusion consisted in attributing accomplishments to ourselves which we did not possess.

Pride is to value unduly a quality or attainment which we really do possess.

Vanity is to be under the delusion that we possess a quality or attainment that we really do not possess. A beautiful woman may be proud of her beauty. A vain woman thinks she is beautiful when she is not. Conceit is fatuous self-praise which we give ourselves, either for the things we are proud of, or vain about. There is something contemptible and unclean about it. Another distinction is this. A beautiful woman may be proud of her beauty without over valuing it. If she over values

it, she is conceited. If she isn't beautiful, but thinks she is, she is vain. Vanity includes conceit, but does not include pride. A really proud person would scorn to be vain.

Still another distinction is this. Pride is a matter of what we feel about ourselves. Conceit is the evidence we give others of having too high an opinion of ourselves. Vanity is a question of what we want others to think of us. There is an element of self in all three; inflated self in pride, distorted self in conceit, and deluded self in vanity. We can be proud of our cleverness and be clever enough not to show it. Or we can be conceited about it, which means that we do show it. Or we can think ourselves clever while really we are not, in which case we are vain. A vain person cannot hide his vanity, for he is pretending to something he does not possess. Very stupid observers might call him conceited, because they thought he really had what he pretended to have, but he would be vain in fact.

Self-deception and self-delusion are carried so far by all of us that sometimes we are conceited when we ought to be called and really are vain; that is, we pretend so hard that we are something we really are not, and have done it so long, that we finally plume ourselves upon an attainment which we really do not possess, and we become conceited about it. People are proud of being proud, while really they are only vain and do not know it. That sounds subtle, but is rather common.

Pride is the defective operation of a virtue, which perhaps may be defined as Humility. Vanity is its polar opposite. Every spiritual quality has its defective operation or negative aspect, and its polar opposite. A defective operation or negative aspect of a virtue is a fault. Its polar opposite is a sin.

VIRTUE	FAULT	SIN
Love	Indifference	Self-love
Loyalty	Partiality	Treachery
Courage	Timidity	Cowardice
Bravery	Recklessness	Fear
Patience	Insensibility	Irritability
Sympathy	Coldness	Cruelty

Sin is undiluted lower nature. A fault is some impulse or force of higher nature which has been distorted by lower nature. Vanity is composed wholly of lower nature. There is nothing in it anywhere that can redeem it. It is of the devil and must be killed out. Pride can be purified, for it is based on a fact; vanity cannot, for it is based on delusion.

Strictly speaking, love is not a quality or virtue; it is a combination or synthesis of virtues, and is the essence of spirituality. Self-love likewise is not a single fault, but is the essence of lower nature—the personality. It is the essential quality of the devil, of the Black Lodge. Love makes a saint, self-love, if carried too far, makes a devil.

Vanity, then, is not only despicable, but is dangerous, for it partakes of the nature of the devil; it is essentially evil. Furthermore, it is extraordinarily subtle, far reaching and deep seated. It is the sin which most often undermines and weakens all our efforts to be good, and it operates in countless different ways. If a proud person is scolded, the scolding does him no good, for it pours off his mind like water off a duck's back. His pride makes him impermeable, or, if the conditions are different, it may make him angry; it "hurts his pride." But when a vain person is scolded, he is either grieved, or resentful, or sullen. A person may be too proud to make excuses, but a vain person always excuses himself, at least to himself, if not outwardly. His mind will keep busy for hours after a scolding, justifying, excusing, denying, explaining, resenting, and often making counter accusations. Vanity is at the root of all disloyalty, of thought or deed.

Vanity is the antithesis of humility, "that underlying virtue without which all other virtues are spurious"; and just because humility must underlie all other virtues, so vanity must underlie all other faults. Of course, no one would ever commit a sin if he were not vain enough to think he knew better than God what was good for him.

We sometimes hear the expression, "harmless vanity," by which we seem to mean that in a world where most people are objectionably vain, we occasionally come across some evidence of vanity which we look upon good naturedly.

While this article was being written, the writer's son came into the room in a new suit of clothes. After he had gone out, a friend remarked that he looked very well. The writer instantly and automatically said, "Yes, I took him to the tailor, selected the cloth and supervised the measurements." The friend, who knew the writer was working on an article on "vanity," looked amused and mildly suggested that the writer analyse his last remark. It was sheer vanity. It had, and could have no other purpose in the world than self-glorification. The writer wanted the credit for the nice clothes, for the good taste, for any praise of any kind that was passing around. The friend was good enough to add that it was quite a characteristic remark. It was appalling to realize that that was true. The writer acknowledged that the remark was prompted by vanity, he called it harmless vanity, and added that every one did and said things like that all the time. The friend pointed out that there was no such thing as harmless vanity, and that the final refuge of the vain man, detected in a fault, was to comfort himself with the reflection that all the world had the same fault! It certainly is an insidious sin.

The Zoroastrians have a suggestive legend about the contest between the principle of good, Ahura Mazda, and the principle of evil, Angra Mainyu, which is here condensed from March, 1891, number of *Lucifer*. The first made all good and beautiful things, the second systematically spoiled the work. He gave roses thorns, gave fire smell and smoke, and introduced death into the world. The one made useful and clean animals,

the other wild and bloodthirsty beasts. "It is thine envy," said the Holy One to the evil-hearted fiend, "thou art incapable of producing a beautiful and harmless being, O cruel Angra Mainyu."

The arch fiend laughed and said he could, and forthwith he created the loveliest bird the world had ever seen. It was a majestic peacock, the emblem of vanity and selfishness, which is self-adulation indeed.

"Let it be the King of Birds," quoth the Dark One, "and let man worship him and act after his fashion."

From that day the peacock became the messenger through which the arch fiend is invoked by some and propitiated by all men.

"How often does one see strong-hearted men and determined women moved by a strong aspiration toward an ideal they know to be a true one, battling successfully, to all appearance, with Angra Mainyu and conquering him. The external *selves* have been the battleground of a most terrible, deadly strife between the two opposing Principles; but they have stood firmly and won. The dark enemy seems conquered; it is crushed in fact, so far as the animal instincts are concerned. Personal selfishness, that greed for self only, the begetter of most of the evils, has vanished; and every lower instinct, melting like soiled icicles under the beneficent ray of Ahura Mazda, has disappeared, making room for better and holier aspirations. Yet, there lurks in them their old and but partially destroyed vanity, that spark of personal pride, which is the last to die in man. Dormant it is, latent and invisible, to all, including their own consciousness, but there it is still. Let it awake but for an instant, and the seemingly crushed out personality comes back to life at the sound of its voice, arising from its grave like an unclean ghoul at the command of the midnight incantator. Five hours—nay, five minutes even—of life under its fatal sway may destroy the work of years of self-control and training, and of laborious work in the service of Ahura Mazda, to open wide the door anew to Angra Mainyu." (H. P. B.'s comment, not verbally quoted.)

How may we best attack the sin of vanity? What practices can we follow to eradicate this insidious and corrupting evil from our hearts? The immediate answer is simple. We have been told repeatedly that when we want to conquer a fault the best method is not to make a direct attack upon it, but to cultivate the opposite virtue. Humility, as we have seen, is the opposite of vanity, therefore our real task is to acquire humility.

A valuable analysis of the subject by another student is as follows:

The truth seems to be, that all life, and, above all, all spiritual life, comes to us from above, as a gift from our Master, as, indeed, an undivided part of the Master's life and substance.

So long as we aspire, reverently sending the current of our aspiration upward, the Master can give us life (both natural and spiritual) from above, as a return current.

But, when we turn the current of aspiration, not toward the Master, but toward self, the personal self, then we check the Master's power to give us life. If our self-worship were complete, this would mean, and cause, inevitable death, since no more life could be given to us from above. But we appear to mix self-worship with worship of the Master, thereby making our aspiration impure, and degrading the gift of life the Master has given us, and is giving us.

Our remnant of aspiration (itself a gift of the Master, because it is the reaction toward the Master of that part of his life with which he originally endowed us, thereby giving us life) continues to draw down on us the Master's gifts, of the substance of his life; which our impurity, our self-worship, continues to degrade.

Speaking truly, I can perceive no power of insight or energy in myself (and this includes, besides thought and will directed toward spiritual things, also all insight and energy directed to temporal and secular work, and all physical energy also) which is not the direct gift, imparted from himself by the Master; and I can see no power, of insight or energy, which I have not degraded, by taking it to myself, by self-worship. The first step in Vanity seems to concern oneself: to be the pleasure one takes in saying to oneself: "*I have these powers; I am clever, able, keen, strong, eloquent, handsome, and so on.*" The second step concerns others. I get my pleasure in having other people think (or in persuading myself that they think) that I am clever, able, eloquent, handsome. And at this point, dishonesty becomes more manifest, for I am quite willing to trick people into believing me even cleverer, abler, than I believe myself to be. In reality, however, this willingness to deceive others does not in fact deceive them; for they say to each other (and, if they have a sincere regard for me, they say also to me) that I am conceited, insufferably vain.

But Vanity probably never stops at Vanity. Its central principle, self-worship, is, in fact, the fundamental principle of evil, and can, and probably will, lead to any and all evil, to dishonesty, treachery, uncleanness.

I think that this fashion in which Vanity steals the Master's gifts and life-force is what is meant by the words: "*All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers.*" (John, 10, 8.)

Perhaps the Master, looking down on us with compassion, has been watching this evil process of degradation taking place within us; yet has seen that there is still some small part of the life he has given us, still uncorrupted in us, acting as aspiration, though impure aspiration; and, by virtue of this remnant of his original gift, he sees that there is still the possibility of helping us. Or perhaps he can help us in virtue of his goodness and grace alone.

At any rate, seeing us wrapped in our evil delusion, he will try, at first (and this is my own experience), to awaken some spark of humility,

acting both directly, through his own radiant light, and indirectly, through his servants, who may have affection and regard for us; he will first, therefore, try, with passionate longing, to make us see for ourselves the evil and shame of Vanity, and how miserably we are its slaves; to show us the beauty of Humanity, and how completely we lack it.

If he succeeds in kindling even the smallest spark of Humility, then I think he will cherish it with loving care, until it grows to a fire, able to burn up Vanity. But if all his efforts, immediate and mediate, fail to awaken in us any shame or Humility, then he is powerless, and can only wait until we bring ourselves into disaster and disgrace, through the inevitable action of the dishonesty and uncleanness of that self-worship, of which Vanity is the mental expression.

So we come, through disaster and disgrace, to a burning sense of shame, to extreme humiliation, which is, in truth, the Master's most precious gift, and the one which costs him the bitterest sacrifice, because he can only kindle it in us by imparting it from himself; by tasting a far deeper shame and humiliation in our sin, than we ourselves are as yet able to feel. He must simply take the whole of our sin to himself and feel its full horror and hideousness as it stands contrasted with his own radiant purity. So we make a path of mire for our Master's feet.

Yet I am persuaded that if, through humiliation, we at last gain even a grain of Humility, the Master will count his suffering and ours as so much pure gain; such is his self-forgetting love.

There seems to me to be a grave danger in this extreme of humiliation, a danger that is one reason why the Master tries so hard and so patiently to lead us to Humility by the gentler way of our own self-understanding. This danger is, that we may either obstinately set ourselves against confession and contrition (for full and free confession is a true sacrament, and the royal road to contrition), and by our obstinacy become obdurate; or we may, through the bitter realization of our shame, be driven to despair, as Saint Catherine of Siena says.

So, just at this point, I think, the Master lavishes all the riches of his tenderness to save us from despair—and thereby begins to work the miracle which transforms humiliation into Humility. For I think that, while humiliation is the overwhelming sense of our own shame, Humility is something infinitely greater and more precious, namely, something of the Master himself, a touch, by our souls, of the Master's own nature and life, with its beauty, its splendour, its tender love, its self-obliterating sacrifice. I think that true Humility only comes when one's entire thought and attention (formerly concentrated in self-worship on one's own personality) are concentrated on, and held in, the Master, with the sense of his infinite, ceaseless sacrifice for us—for me, personally; with the sense of what my sins have cost him, in shame, in pain, in fear for my destruction, in keenly solicitous anxiety for my salvation.

Therefore I think that, following after such humiliation as has brought heart-breaking shame, the best way to seek Humility is, to seek

the Master, as he is in his sacrifice ; by study, meditation, prayer based on the Passion, on the Stations of the Cross, the devotion which led to the foundation of the Order of the Passion.

And it will be made abundantly clear to one, by direct experience, that the bent, the mental habit, of Vanity, of self-worship, is very strongly entrenched both in heart and mind ; that there are two tendencies in one's heart at the same time : the desire to seem humble, to be thought humble, side by side with some small element of real love of Humility ; and that the former is just as alert, as tricky, as dangerous as ever. The war against Vanity is, indeed, so difficult and dangerous, that the only possible hope of victory, of gaining real Humility, lies in the gifts of the Master's grace, so generously imparted from hour to hour, and still, after so much experience, so often abused.

St. Bernard says that "There are two kinds of humility, that of the mind or understanding, by which, reflecting on his own misery and baseness, a man comes to despise himself, and esteem himself worthy of being despised ; and that of the will, by virtue of which he desires to be despised and humbled by every one." "Without humility of the understanding, that of the will cannot be acquired," comments Father Lasance. He further says, "Humility of the understanding consists in esteeming one's self as sinful as one really is." "A true self-knowledge begets humility." All the good in us comes from the Master, and we owe it to Him. The humble man keeps this truth ever before his eyes, and therefore does not praise or glorify himself. He remembers that he is responsible for his sins, for having distorted and soiled the powers given him by his Master, and that all that is good in him is not himself, but the Master. Love of God and contempt of self are the foundations of a holy life.

Powers and graces are not causes of pride, if we remember their source. We pervert them the moment we consider them our own. At that instant self, and therefore evil, enters in. If I have a good memory, my attitude should be that the Master was very good to share His memory with me to the extent that he has, and that I have been a faithless and unprofitable servant to have trained His gift so badly, and to have used it so much for my own gratification, instead of for His work and as He would have had me use it.

The second practice of Humility is to remember that without the Master's constant help we can do nothing, literally nothing. We are but helpless puppets in the grasp of the titanic forces of nature. Not one of us could survive in the simple struggle for bare existence if it were not for the help we receive. We could not obtain food, or shelter, or clothing for ourselves and our families. Everything, even the air we breathe, the water we drink, the ground we walk on, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, we owe to a higher Power than any we can wield. True, we plant corn and cotton, and we speak of "raising" cattle, but could we make them grow? Do we make them grow? We can make an egg hatch out a chicken, but can we make an egg? Always at the basis of everything,

even our elementary physical necessities, there is a free gift from the gods without which we should perish off the face of the earth, and probably out of existence altogether.

And in higher things it is equally true. How soon did Peter stultify his proud boast when left to himself? "Even though I should die, I will not deny thee." Just on the fringe of each one's life is a vast realm of possibilities, all beyond our knowledge and beyond our control, and any one of which would engulf us.

Thirdly, if you fall, get up and go on bravely and uncomplainingly. Impatience with yourself indicates want of humility. It is in a time of temptation and sin that you must trust and rely more than ever upon the help of the Master. Sin should lead to contrition and humility, therefore we may make our very sins rungs in the ladder up which we climb to Heaven. And remember never to treat another sinner with disdain or contempt. "Instruct such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

Another excellent practice of humility is never to prefer one's self to another. Let us think of our own sins, our own weaknesses. We know them. We do not know another's. We do not know how many hidden virtues he may have. We know that if we had made good use of ours, we should be saints. We know how much help we have received and that we sin in spite of it. We do not know what help any other does receive. In our shoes he might be a model of holiness. In his shoes we might go straight to hell.

Father Humphrey says, "Humility is not self-depreciation, or a making one's self out to be less than one is, or worse than one is. Humility is simply the clear conscious knowledge, the abiding and vivid recollection, the practical recognition and confession that one . . . has a Creator," from whom comes, not only all that one has, but also all that one is.

All this includes humility of the understanding. Humility of the will is greater and more meritorious. It is also more difficult, for it involves practice instead of precept. St. Bernard says that humility of the will consists of three degrees: first, that one has no desire to be placed over others; second, that he desires to be subject to others; third, that in a state of subjection he bears in tranquil manner every offence that may be heaped upon him. The fruit of humility is obedience.

The biographies of the saints are full of illustrations of the manner in which they carried out these precepts. They made humility a living power in their lives. It was the root of their virtues, just as love was the sap which nourished their powers. Holiness does not flourish in an atmosphere of worldly honour and wealth, but in an atmosphere of subjection, contumely and abuse. "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you." "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

The circumstances of our lives give us endless opportunities to practise humility, but we should be wise to seek deliberately for humiliations if we wish to make rapid progress in the acquirement of the virtue. Adventitious opportunities are too often met with resistance, instead of quiet acceptance. Our automatic reaction to events is not humble. We return a blow with a blow before we remember that it should have been the other cheek. Therefore, he who would learn humility of the will, must deliberately will to be humble, and the will must be followed by the deed.

C. A. G.

We ought to be perfectly convinced that we never have more than one thing to do; that is, to keep our entire presence of mind at each moment, never permitting our reasonable will vain preoccupations about the future.—Father Surin, S.J.

When our Lord strove to convert, it was always by kind looks, by loving words, by indulgence, which appeared to border upon laxity.

—Father Faber.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR

THERE is a tendency in people to regard their opinion upon any subject they consider, no matter how briefly, as a last judgment—the subject is settled and disposed of forever. This is the error of progressive finality. A few days or weeks or months expose the error of the unwise judge. But no wisdom accrues to such a judge with the years. He is as final in the matter he summarily disposes of to-day as he was ten years ago—as unjust, as lacking in discrimination. The subjects of his consideration change, but not his error—that progresses through his whole life.

The widespread acceptance of the theory of evolution would seem a natural corrective of this human error. For evolution, presupposing a practically endless past, forecasts also, a practically endless future; it sets no store by Last Judgments, it sees all conditions as fluid, not static. Yet this error of finality manifests itself nowhere more conspicuously than in its interpretation of the theory of evolution; for it limits evolution within the meanest and narrowest of economic fields, bringing all the effort of an endless past to the despicable anti-climax of material conveniences—the elimination of what economists call the “poverty line.”

In considering anything connected with the Great War, we should wish at least to be on guard against the prevalent error. We should wish to see contemporary French Literature, if it were possible, against some background, in some long vista of perspective that would make our task not one of judging but of perceiving—of recognizing the literature as part of a vast supermundane plan that extends through ages and worlds. There is a volume published before the war, in 1912, that may aid one in finding such a perspective. It is by an English scholar, Professor Flinders-Petrie, and its title is: *The Revolutions of Civilization*. Professor Flinders-Petrie tabulates eight distinct epochs of civilization that are more or less preserved in records. These extend backward to Egypt, ten thousand years before the Incarnation. That stretch of civilization we may call our middle ground; and, making a fresh start there, in ancient Egypt, we may further extend our perspective, and reach a true background in what we may call précontinental civilization—the civilizations of those early continents which had sunk beneath the ocean long before the present world system had emerged—the traditions of which the Greek sage, Solon, learned from priests in the Egyptian temples. According to Professor Flinders-Petrie's tabulation, the time in which we are now living belongs to a period of civilization that began about 450 A. D.—with the collapse of Graeco-Roman life. The word “Chris-

tian" would perhaps rise to most lips as the natural name for the period. But it is not so named by Professor Flinders-Petrie. Those who would urge the adoption of the name "Christian" for our period, ought to be very sure of their reasons. "Christian" describes the highest civilization attainable by man. While our period is, in some respects, superior to civilizations of the past, yet, just as truly, they, in some respects, are superior to ours. Any one, therefore, who purposed distinguishing the present period by the high title "Christian," ought to be sure that the traits he might name as characteristic and differentiating are truly so. For example, would such a person name our form of government, or rather our method of obtaining a government, as a mark of superiority? If so, he would have to face the Egyptian traditions about Divine persons who became Rulers of Egypt in order to teach men how to live. Fortunately, the day has passed when such traditions could be set aside as "superstition." The effort to discredit such traditions was only part of cunning and malignant German propaganda. The purpose of this particular propaganda was to eliminate from men's minds and lives all faith in the Divine, which Germany meant to replace by fear and dread of German might. The Germans taught that the Divine is equivalent to the Supernatural, and that the Supernatural is Superstition—therefore, the Divine is a superstition. At first, such manifestations of the Divine as is contained in these far off Egyptian traditions would be discarded. Gradually men would be accustomed to this discrediting process, and would toss aside the supreme manifestation of Divinity in Christianity.*

Wide-spread humanitarianism might be named by some as a distinguishing trait that merits the appellation "Christian" for our era. But such individuals should recall the gall and vinegar offered to our Lord on the Cross. That drink was provided by an association of Roman ladies to mitigate the agony of dying criminals. It is evidence of tender hearts in pagan Rome, as well as bloody arenas. The extension of that philanthropy from Rome to the obscure province of Judea would indicate also a wide-spread feeling for humanity.

One conclusion to which Professor Flinders-Petrie's book inevitably leads is this: civilization is intermittent, not continuous. Civilization is not the sacrosanct thing implied by the words of many who, though undoubtedly patriots, deplore the overthrow and ruination to-day of everything man has so far accomplished. Civilization flourishes, decays, and gives way to barbarism.

* The Rev. Joseph H. Odell, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1918, writes of German scholarship (so-called): "Ordinary laymen, who have not been accustomed to the limpid simplicity of German Biblical criticism, theology and philosophy, may be pardoned for failing to divine the temper and trend of Teutonic thought. But every minister knows that from the days of Ferdinand Christian Baur . . . down to the latest word from P. W. Schmiedel, there has been a patient, indefatigable, and relentless effort to squeeze every possible trace of the supernatural from the Old and New Testaments. By the time an American scholar had followed his course of training . . . he had not enough of the supernatural left to run a tin toy, let alone a universe."

That general conclusion leads to a particular alternative that is somewhat startling. The average length of the civilizations that have preceded our own is fifteen hundred years. They have been overthrown by barbarian forces from the outside, or by disintegrating forces within, or by both. As our present epoch dates from the year 450 A. D., it would reach its normal limit about the year 2000 A. D. A question forces itself upon us. Is the present terrific attack of Germany the recurrent barbarism that has put an end to civilization in other periods? Is the good and the evil alike of our accomplishment doomed? Or (second alternative), are there seeds of immortality in the present epoch that enable one to interpret differently this attack Germany is making? Instead of proving a destructive whirlwind, may the present conflict be likened to garden cultivation—**pulverizing of the soil, removal of solid things, stones and rock**, that are really worthless, in order that the seed may germinate and flourish? Will our epoch transform itself by virtue of its latent seed? Instead of barbarism, will there come, through this world-conflict, a new and higher civilization that will at last be truly Christian? If this be our glorious future, our own epoch in the course of milleniums may come to stand in the second place of honour, winning for itself, though not the name *Christian*, yet, at least, the designation *pre-Christian*.

One hundred years ago Wordsworth was mentioning the opportunities and vast possibilities which the French Revolution seemed to be opening up to men. At that time Wordsworth wrote, "to be alive was bliss, but to be young was very Heaven." How paltry those opportunities of a century ago seem, compared with the promises of our future. The common soldiers in the trenches are teaching us what the difference is. Men like Dawson and Belmont would change the older poet's words to read—to be alive is very Heaven.

The possibility of such a future, through the self-transformation of this epoch, lies with France, and with those nations that, seconding the effort of France, make her goal, in greater or less degree, their own.

The past and the present history of France show her as a fit instrument for such a spiritual mission—to usher in a period of Christian civilization. France has a sense of a certain goal to life—of the convergence toward that goal of efforts that, at their start, seem wide apart; by reason of that convergence she sees a parity in those efforts. Religion will serve for illustration. The common attitude toward religion regards it as rich and exquisite embroidery, particularly suitable for ecclesiastical vestments. There are other stuffs, upon which good taste will use this rich embroidery sparingly. There are still other fabrics, for which the embroidery of religion is quite unsuited—such as chain mail and khaki. People who appreciate the loveliness of the embroidery deplore its unsuitability for all stuffs whatever—but what can they do? The world must wag on; and in the course of its wagging, chain mail and khaki become sometimes necessary, alas! In the centre of that embroid-

ered design of religion is a precious pearl. That pearl is fragile. It must be guarded, at all costs, from the pulverizing shock of battle. The French do not thus regard religion. It is a pearl, they would say, and therefore must not be laid away in a casket. Its lustre is vital. Whatever the occasion and surroundings, fair linen, or horizon blue cloth, it must be worn—worn constantly. In their judgment religion is not something added to, or superimposed upon life. It is rather the spirit and attitude with which life is lived. It is the plain honesty and sense of duty that weaves solidly and substantially, silk or linen or mail, making each serviceable for its special end. Each of those special ends is one surface of the myriad-sided pyramid of life. The lines of that pyramid converge all toward one goal; and upon all its sides equally is inscribed: "Holy unto the Lord."

Let us take an example from the most difficult sphere—the relation of things military and religious, an example from the national epic, the *Chanson de Roland*. You know the story. A treacherous foe made a compact (which he did not intend to keep) with the French, because this lying foe knew the French would hold themselves bound by their word—and could thus be entrapped. There are twenty thousand Frenchmen facing many times their own number—three or four hundred thousand of the enemy. A dozen or more great chiefs lead the French. One of these leaders is an Archbishop; but he is present with the band, to fight as well as to bless. It is a fight from which they cannot expect to come out alive. The Archbishop speaks briefly before the onset is made: "Lords, barons, Charles left us here, and it is a man's *devoir* to die for his King. Now help ye to uphold Christianity. Certes, ye shall have a battle, for here before you are the Saracens. Confess your sins and pray God's mercy, and that your souls may be saved I will absolve you. If ye are slain ye will be holy martyrs, and ye shall have seats in the higher Paradise.' The Franks light off their horses and kneel down, and the Archbishop blesses them, and for a penance bids them that they lay on with their swords." Mark well that last statement: "for a penance," the Archbishop bids them "that they lay on with their swords." There is an example for modern ecclesiastics to emulate. This old French archbishop was intelligent and discriminating—not "confused and hesitant" as so many of the clergy are to-day. The Archbishop had shown zeal in having taught through his province the Divine Command: "Thou shalt not kill"—he had pictured vividly the hell that awaits infraction of that law. On the battlefield he displays similar zeal in bidding his countrymen "lay on with the sword." There is not a maudlin, sentimental word in the passage—no thought of forgiving enemies whose presence is a threat against God and His plans. "*Chrétienté est en péril.*"* The Saracens were trampling under foot those things which men hold sacred—honour and justice—unconscious for the most part that their reverence for these

* The force of the original line is lost in the translation.

things is a groping recognition of God's nature. The Archbishop was pointing out to his companions their duty to kill completely, if possible, God's enemies. He tells the French they will be "holy martyrs." That was not a band of Saints—they were just ordinary men, of faults, sins, and vices. But the opportunity to strike a blow in God's defence (a blow in behalf of justice and righteousness *is* in behalf of God) offered the chance, by one great effort, to make amends for years of indifference and of actual sin—the chance to place themselves at last on God's side. They will prove the sincerity of their confession and repentance by their deeds, by disregard of danger and suffering as they "lay on with the sword" against a conscienceless foe.

This old epic, the Chanson, embodies French feeling of a thousand years ago. There has been time, however, for feeling to change and degenerate. But it has not done so. That stirring address of the Pre-late is paralleled to-day in France—closely paralleled by a letter quoted by Monsieur Maurice Barrès in one of his essays. A *poilu*, Joseph Cloupeau, is writing to his parents. Presumably he had heard some of the futile academic talk as to whether war is reconcilable with religion. This *poilu* is not academic and vague. He *knows*. "Je ne suis pas deux," he writes, "un chrétien et un soldat; je suis un soldat chrétien." That letter more than parallels the Chanson passage. A thousand years ago it required the experience and insight of a high born archbishop to perceive the unity of aim in religion and warfare. His noble companions, while they were resolved to perform their full duty, could not see for themselves all that was involved in that duty. To-day a simple *poilu* understands.

The most commonplace material objects in France are reminders of the mission that is hers—to lead in a Christian civilization. How many of those who have travelled over the French railways know why a station in Paris is fittingly named Gare St. Lazare—Holy Lazarus Station? That is one of many names that commemorate a great event preserved also in holy places. St. Matthew relates in his 21st chapter how the Jews sought excuses for not heeding the Master's teaching, and His reply: "The chief priests and the elders of the people came unto Him as He was teaching, and said, 'By what authority doest thou these things? And who gave thee this authority?'" The Master said in disdain: "'The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.'" A legend makes it that France is the country so chosen. This legend, which the peasants believe, despite the efforts of scholars to prove it foundationless, is as follows: The Crucifixion was precipitated by the raising of Lazarus—the Jews feared the influence of this restored man, and wished to give the lie to his evidence. But after the Crucifixion and Resurrection, Lazarus was still in the way. To get rid of his living testimony, he was put into an open boat, with his two sisters, with the Holy Mother, and with other friends, and was sent out to sea. The boat was guided (or, if one prefers, drifted) to the southern

shore of France. The islet of the Trois Maries, at the mouth of the Rhone, the cave where St. Mary Magdalene spent the remainder of her days in prayer, these and other spots are sanctuaries of the new Holy Land.

La Gare St. Lazare! What a symbol it is. Our great English poet refers to

The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.

People read and, silently, acquiesce. But the French, intelligently, humorously, religiously (the three adverbs are synonymous), construct a railway station, the Gare St. Lazare, as a concrete demonstration that trains for Heaven start right there in the Paris streets, and return there again.

So far, good. The history and literary traditions are worthy. But we require more than these if our hopes for the future are to be upheld. If France is to lead in a higher cycle of culture, there must be evidence, on her part, of new perceptions of Truth, of the discovery of higher powers, of new planes of being which hitherto have not been attained. Such evidence does abound.

Consider the national epic again, and such a justly celebrated passage in it as the Death of Roland, one of the great world classics. "Now Roland feels that death is near him, and his brains flow out at his ears; he prays to the Lord God for his peers that He will receive them, and he prays to the Angel Gabriel for himself. That he may be free from all reproach, he takes his horn of ivory in the one hand, and Durendal, his sword, in the other, and farther than a cross-bow can cast an arrow, through a cornfield he goeth on towards Spain. At the crest of a hill, beneath two fair trees, are four stairs of marble; there he falls down on the green grass in a swoon, for death is close upon him. . . . Count Roland lay under the pine tree; he has turned his face towards Spain, and he begins to call many things to remembrance—all the lands he had won by his valour, and sweet France, and the men of his lineage, and Charles, his liege lord, who had brought him up in his household; . . . he confesses his sins and begs forgiveness of God: 'Our Father, who art truth, who raised up Lazarus from the dead, and who defended Daniel from the lions, save thou my soul from the perils to which it is brought through the sins I wrought in my life days.' With his right hand he offers his glove to God, and Saint Gabriel has taken it from his hand. Then his head sinks on his arm, and with clasped hands he hath gone to his end. And God sent him his cherubim, and Saint Michael of the Seas, and with them Saint Gabriel, and they carried the soul of the Count into Paradise." It is great by its beauty. But is it satisfactory? Has the poet treated his theme as you would wish him to treat it? After such self-sacrificing deeds do you not regret that Roland is so lonely and so desolate? Such a poet as Verhaeren is far more satisfactory. You

remember Verhaeren's courageous effort to overcome the drink habit which had brought him to the verge of insanity. That valiant effort brought to Verhaeren knowledge of other heroes (what we, with inadequate speech, call usually, "celestial" heroes), certainty of their sympathy with him and comradeship.

Ouverte en large éclair, parmi les brumes,
 Une avenue ;
 Et St. Georges, cuirassé d'or,
 Avec des plumes et des écumes,
 Au poitrail blanc de son cheval, sans mors,
 Descend.
 Le St. Georges du haut devoir
 Beau de son coeur, et par lui-même.

Roland's heroism was far less self-interested than Verhaeren's. If Verhaeren's effort brought him knowledge of St. George, why should Roland be denied the sympathy and comradeship of those heroes who crowded around him with fraternal admiration, St. Michael, leader of the hosts of Heaven, and others? Why should Roland have to wait until he died to become aware of those individuals? Verhaeren did not. The old poem is marred by the prevalent, unChristian misunderstanding that one reaches Heaven only after death.

That misunderstanding begins to clear away in the War literature of France. For example, Captain Belmont writes home: "We love life, because, in spite of all, being of this world, we see with worldly eyes. If we knew the other life—the true one—which is hidden behind what we call death, we should desire it to the extent of detesting that which is lent to us for a few years."

Then there is the incident of which Barrès gives an account. It is familiar from sketches and accounts in the illustrated papers. A Lieutenant Péricard had been ordered to hold a trench. The attack was fierce. At last the Germans entered the trench as his men lay around, seeming dead. In desperation, he shouted: "Stand up, ye dead!" (*Debout les morts!*) The men rose, continued the fight, and the trench was held. Barrès obtained an account of the matter from Péricard himself. These are Péricard's words: "Throughout the evening and for several days following I remained under the influence of the spiritual emotion by which I had been carried away at the time of the summons to the dead. I had something of the same feeling that one has after partaking fervently of the communion. I recognized that I had just been living through such hours as I should never see again, during which my head, having by violent exertion broken an opening through the ceiling, had risen into the region of the supernatural, into the invisible world peopled by gods and heroes." *The invisible world peopled by gods and heroes!* Is not that an attractive description of Heaven? Péricard did

indeed enter that new plane of life *after death*, but it was not the death of his body. It was the Christian death of which St. Paul writes, the daily, hourly death to self. That death to self is the burial in baptism by which one becomes a Christian, and enters a new life. It is the only entrance to that life. Péricard says further: "As for myself, it seems as if I had been given a body which had grown and expanded inordinately—the body of a giant, with superabundant, limitless energy, extraordinary facility of thought which enabled me to have my eye in ten places at a time—to call out an order to one man while indicating an order to another by gesture—to fire a gun and protect myself at the same time from a threatening grenade." What is this "superabundant, limitless energy" of Péricard's new state, but the "abundance of life" that the Master incarnated to give us?

Evidence of this kind comes from all classes and grades of men. One might expect that a Catholic priest would require an expression of faith in formal and dogmatic terms. But here is a chaplain who quite simply recognizes the validity of the baptismal burial of self: "*Qui s'oublie pour ses frères, pour le service de la patrie, est bien près du royaume de Dieu.*" Consider this passage from a diary: "Mercredi 12 mai—Les régiments qui ont été engagés depuis dimanche rentrent au repos. Les pertes sont considérables. Au passage, des soldats demandent des nouvelles de ceux que je connais. 'Un tel? . . . il est tué. Un tel? . . . il est tué.' . . . On n'a pas pu les ramasser. . . . On les voit; ils sont alignés les uns à côté des autres, devant les tranchées de l'ennemi. Que de gestes héroïques à raconter! 'Ah! que c'était beau! que c'était beau! Jamais on ne verra rien de si beau!' me dit un jeune ami de la classe 14, et d'autres avec lui. On dirait pour eux, les survivants, que les autres ne sont pas morts!" "*On dirait pour eux, les survivants, que les autres ne sont pas morts.*" The survivors had entered, with the dead, into the new realm of the invisible, and had learned that there, life does not end with the death of the body, that the others, truly, are not dead.

What is the conclusion Barrès comes to, after a study of the war's effect upon his people?—it is that through their sacrifice (death to self) they have been lifted (a resurrection) to the consciousness of a Great Presence that companions them. "Acceptation du sacrifice, sentiment d'une haute présence à côté d'eux, les voilà le plus souvent, et s'il fallait une image pour les symboliser, je n'en vois pas de plus vraie que celle qui sort d'une phrase que Bernard Lavergne, le treizième enfant du peintre verrier Claudius Lavergne, écrit à sa famille: '. . . Ce soir, départ pour la tranchée. Cette nuit, je veillerai sur vous, l'arme à la main; vous savez qui veille sur moi.'" Barrès continues: "Ils vivront, mais fussent-ils morts, la France va se reconstruire avec leurs âmes comme pierres vivantes. Tout ce soleil de jeunes gens qui descend dans la mer, c'est une aube qui va se lever." Barrès is not indulging in eloquence. The season is not favorable for forcing flowers of rhetoric. He means what

he says. The souls of the French warriors are real. Their bodies are the shadow. They are the dawn "qui va se lever," the new Christian cycle. It is that conviction which makes possible the words with which M. Stéphane Lauzanne ended a recent address: "France will continue the struggle until the men are all killed. When the men are all killed, the women will fight; when the women are all killed, the children will fight; when the children are all killed, the dead will fight." If France has to go to that extreme, the grave of her humanity will be also the grave of her resurrection. It is those dead, *qui ne sont pas morts*, with "the superabundant, limitless energy" of the spiritual plane, who will obtain final victory.

That is the new and valuable note in French literature—a deeper and clearer perception of truth, the discovery of Heaven near at hand, which one can enter before the death of the body, provided one will die to selfish interests. This new experience is a debt owed to the war. It is noteworthy that this is the experience of so many who are not professionally religious, men from all the rounds of life. If a saint in a monastery were to record such experiences (as they have done, case after case, in our present century as well as in the past) many would be hindered by their prejudices from believing and experimenting for themselves. It means, among many things, a great widening of horizons—a clearer recognition of the many-angled pyramid of life whose sides rise equally toward God. Even so truly spiritual a person as Madame Barat who in the 19th century gathered to a point the old revelations, and founded the Order of the Sacred Heart, even she, and spiritual men and women like her, suffer from the delusion that their entrance into the Master's Presence is limited to the Sacrament reserved on the altar. The new literature corrects that delusion, it shows the invisible world at hand, in life or death, the battlefield or the streets of Paris, open wherever, through death to self, men will cross its threshold.

The objection must be considered that our argument is based entirely upon letters and records of obscure individuals, which can be regarded as nothing more than informal literature. Such records and letters, however, are what is prized most by the foremost literary men of France, such as Barrès, Bourget, Bordeaux. One could say, in passing, that Belmont's letters have been likened to the Journals of the Guérins. There are stronger arguments than that however.

In the closing quarter of Graeco-Roman civilization there was a formal and an informal literature. One can say, without risk of incurring the charge of Puritanism, that the letters and records of the New Testament are immeasurably more important than Vergil's work. Vergil is one of the great world poets—no small thing. But he is negative. His mind was saddened by the evanescence of beauty. He delighted in the loveliness of things, only to see that beauty slip away, like winter's melted snow, leaving him "the heart-brake over fallen things."

Sunt lachrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

A great artist does not introduce a new period. He crystallizes and summarizes the life that has preceded. It was not at the heart of the great Empire that the future civilization was constructed. The constructive writers who worked for the future were the fishermen of Galilee. Their spirit was not heart-break and tears. They were passing on to the world the fabric of imperishable beauty—"that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life."

So it is, to-day, in France. The noteworthy literature is not such productions as Paul Girardey's, but the records of those whose death to self has broken through into the world that is always near at hand—the invisible world that to them has become visible, the world peopled by heroes and gods, the world of the Living Christ. C. C. CLARK.

"Only the power of God can bear us up to God."

—Archbishop Ullathorne.

MARTIN LUTHER

IT is seldom that there are found more radically conflicting opinions about one and the same person than are held by historians, and by the general public as well, regarding Martin Luther. This is relative not to matters of doctrine,—concerning which there is bound to be more or less controversy,—but with regard to his personal character and conduct. There is a passage in Heinrich Böhmer's *Luther in the Light of Recent Research*, which is significant in this connection because of the extremes of attitude which it represents. The author speaks of the fact that not only in other countries but in Germany as well, opinion is divided; everywhere people have had difficulty in deciding what Luther really was, whether "a prophet of God or a son of the devil, a father of the church or a gospelless heretic, a prototype of a true evangelical teacher and man of prayer or a great criminal, an enlightener and mighty liberator of the spirit or a destroyer of the last cultural harvest of Europe, a 'genius of the first rank' or an intellectually inferior degenerate, even a poor maniac, the greatest child of the German people or the Catiline of Germany . . . 'an affectionate husband, honest father, faithful friend, a scholar useful to the community, a good citizen' or 'a frantic beast, filthy hog, a vacillating turncoat, frivolous liar, shameless sensualist, wrathful brawler, hyperbolic Thrason (braggart), insolent Goliath, Markolfian ribald, public seducer of nuns.'"

Whether it be as Germany's greatest child or as her Catiline, Luther and his work have taken on a renewed and special interest of late, partly owing to the recent anniversary of the Reformation, and still more because of the past four years of war. While it may be difficult or even impossible to determine his exact status, we can without doubt come somewhat nearer the truth by going into each of the opposing camps, and considering his work first from the point of view of the Roman Catholic Church and then, as nearly as possible, from that of the Lutherans themselves.

Luther was born at Eisleben, on November 10, 1483, of poor parents, his father being a miner. His home life and early years were full of the sternness and inflexible severity which are said to be characteristic of Germany today. He received a good education and entered the University at Erfurt in accordance with his father's intention that he study jurisprudence. Before long, however, he entered, quite unexpectedly, the Augustinian monastery in his University town, the reason for his sudden decision being little more than a matter of surmise. In 1507, he was ordained to the priesthood, and two years later, was sent

to the recently founded University of Wittenberg, where he both taught and continued to study. The next few years saw his recall to Erfurt and his journeying to Rome—a visit which, while it is open to some question, apparently had little effect in determining his subsequent career. The year 1512 saw him again in Wittenberg, where he was rapidly promoted from one office to another; he was made licentiate, then doctor, then member of the theological faculty in rapid succession, followed in a short time by his appointment as district vicar. He had the management of the monastery with its forty-one inmates, in addition to his work as lecturer on the Bible. According to his own account he “needed two secretaries or chancellors, wrote letters all day, preached at table, also in the monastery and parochial churches, was superintendent of studies, and as vicar of the Order had as much to do as eleven priors.” He is said to have remained manfully at his post when the city was stricken with plague, at all times helped and consoled those with whom he came in contact and in all ways lived the life of a good priest.

But his over-activity in outer affairs soon led to inner difficulties. Luther suffered from the disease familiar to many as “scruples,” and after neglecting certain portions of his rule, notably the recitation of the daily Office, in order to make time for his outer work, he would remain for days in his cell, subjecting himself to excessive fasting and mortifications, all self-devised and quite independent of his confessor and of the rules of the Order. This led to insomnia, and even to threatened insanity, together with morbidness, melancholy and extremes of physical and mental depression. He became obsessed with the fear of the wrath of God. His “conviction of sin,” which was a strong one, left him hopeless, sullen and despondent. He could see no way out. There was no help for man’s sinfulness, since it was inherent in human nature as a result of original sin; neither was there any escape from the awful judgment; and he finally reached a state in which he declared he hated God. The outcome of this long spiritual struggle was his doctrine of justification by faith,—man has no free will, and as a result of original sin, he and all his works are wholly sinful and depraved, but by faith he can be saved and by faith alone. The extreme of this doctrine is contained in his own words, “To you it ought to be sufficient that you acknowledge the Lamb that takes away the sins of the world, the sin cannot tear you away from him, even though you commit adultery a hundred times a day and commit as many murders.” The doctrine in its later modified form became a foundation stone of the Lutheran faith and one of its chief points of difference from Catholicism.

It was during the time of this mental and spiritual struggle that Luther was stirred by the abuses connected with the sale of indulgences. This evil, according to some accounts, at least, had its beginning during

the Crusades, when the Pope offered as a reward to those who took the Cross, the remission of all sins of whatever kind, and in the event of death, immediate entrance into Paradise. It was only a step from this to the sale of indulgences for the souls of those already dead, and then came the similar sale of indulgences for the sins of the living, as well. A particularly flagrant instance of the custom occurred in connection with the raising of funds for the new church of St. Peter in Rome; and it was ostensibly this situation, but in reality a revolt against a number of other church institutions, which led Luther to draw up his famous ninety-five theses, challenging his fellows in the University town to one of the disputations so common in the Middle Ages.

What followed is well known: the charge of heresy, the summons to Rome, and finally the trial before the Diet of Augsburg. During the beginning of this difficult period, Luther experienced several oscillations of feeling, expressing first his entire submission to the Pope, "Most holy father, I declare in the presence of God I have never sought to weaken the Romish Church. I confess there is nothing in heaven or earth that should be preferred above that Church, save only Jesus Christ, the Lord of all"—and immediately after, denouncing in the boldest terms the Pope and the Papacy. By some this is regarded as shameless hypocrisy, but when we consider Luther's position, that of a simple friar opposed to the power of the Mediæval Church, a certain amount of wavering is only natural. Luther was writing continually at this time in defence of his position. His writings and, more important still, his disputation at Leipzig with John Eck, one of the leading theologians of the day, helped him greatly in evolving his theological views. Furthermore, the trial at Augsburg and the incidents connected with it, showed him that he had the strong support of many of the German princes. Accordingly he became greatly emboldened, and, repudiating entirely his submission to the Pope, he denounced him as Antichrist.

According to the Roman account, he joined forces about this time with Hutten and Sickingen, two German knights, apparently villainous malcontents, who, with a large following as unscrupulous as themselves, were plotting from their mountain fastnesses, the overthrow of the rich ecclesiastical princes. The whole of Germany was in a state of unrest. Not only was there the plotting of the lesser nobility against the domination of the territorial lords, but in addition, there was wide-spread class unrest among the peasants in the country districts and the burghers and laborers in the towns. The fact that the new Emperor, Charles V, was a Spaniard, which meant in a sense the rule of a foreign power, was a further cause of discontent to some, and everywhere there was strong national feeling against the domination of Germany and the Germans by Italy and the Papacy.

In such a state of affairs, Luther, ablaze himself, had no difficulty in starting a conflagration. He broke once and for all from the

Catholic Church, denounced its whole system—the priesthood, the sacraments (except baptism and the Eucharist), penance, and all ecclesiastical forms and ceremonial worship. The Bible, being inspired by God, he recognized as supreme authority; justification by faith was his main tenet, this insuring not only forgiveness of sins but release from all punishment; the priesthood he declared to be universal, every Christian being a priest of God if he so willed. Both in written and in spoken appeals he called on the people to attack the Papacy, “with every sort of weapon and wash our hands in its blood.” “The word of God is a sword, a war, a destruction, a scandal, a ruin, a poison.” To the masses he spoke eloquently, dazzlingly, in their own vernacular, to the princes he sent written addresses, urging them to overthrow the Pope, abolish the existing ecclesiastical forms and seize all Church property.

In 1520 the Bull of excommunication was issued by Rome, only to be met with strong opposition in Germany and published with the utmost difficulty, owing to the rapidity with which Luther's cause had gained ground. This was quickly followed by the summons before the Diet of Worms, his refusal to recant, and his departure from the town under the ban of the Empire. The “abduction” by his partisans, and his friendly detention in the safety of the Wartburg are too familiar to need mention. According to the Roman account, the year of outer quiet which he spent in the Wartburg was one of renewed inner difficulties. He was attacked by an almost ungovernable sensuality; his old scrupulosity returned, and he was filled with doubt as to the wisdom and right of his recent action toward the Church; he believed himself beset by Satan, who appeared and wrestled with him in most vivid reality; and finally, his hatred and animosity toward Rome increased till it surpassed all previous bounds. “I will curse and scold the scoundrels until I go to my grave. . . . I am unable to pray without at the same time cursing. If I am prompted to say: ‘hallowed be Thy name,’ I must add: ‘cursed, damned, outraged be the name of Papists.’ If I am prompted to say: ‘Thy Kingdom come,’ I must perforce add: ‘cursed, damned, destroyed must be the papacy.’ Indeed I pray thus orally every day and in my heart without intermission.”

This year was for him a year of great literary activity. During his stay at the Wartburg he made his translation of the New Testament into the German tongue, a work hailed by many as a masterpiece because of its importance in actually creating a German literary language out of a hodge-podge of dialects, and by others condemned as a bad, because too free, translation. During this year, also, he wrote his “Opinion on Monastic Orders” which practically overturned the moral code. “It was a trumpet call to priest, monk, and nun to break their vows of chastity and enter matrimony. The ‘impossibility’ of successful resistance to our natural sensual passions was drawn with

such dazzling rhetorical fascination that the salvation of the soul, the health of the body, demanded an instant abrogation of the laws of celibacy. Vows were made to Satan, not to God; the devil's law was absolutely renounced by taking a wife or husband."

During his absence, the reforms inaugurated by Luther were furthered at Wittenberg by leaders even more radical than he, though the Roman accounts claim that everything was done with his full knowledge and approval. Many of the Augustinians renounced their vows, and left the monastery, some marrying; in certain of the Churches, pictures and altars were destroyed and Communion was given in both kinds, the Elevation of the Host being omitted, Mass being read in German and no vestments being worn. There was considerable disturbance, shared in by clergy and students alike; the rulers were in duty bound to take action regardless of where their sympathies might lie, and a crisis threatened. Into the midst of this, Luther came,—according to friendly accounts, because he realized that the extreme to which the movement had swung boded ill for its success; according to hostile accounts because he could not tolerate the rival leadership which had grown up in his absence. Whatever the reason for his risking a public appearance, he took hold of the situation with a firm hand and modified the principal innovations, though some of them became before long permanently a part of the Lutheran worship.

The revolutionary tone of Luther's writings, expressing as they did the feeling in the hearts of the nation, and with it the fact that the Reformer was the son of a peasant, led the peasants to feel that in him they had a leader and that the time was ripe for an assertion of their rights. There began, accordingly, the terrible Peasants' War in which thousands of people were practically massacred and miles of German lands laid waste. Luther, quite contrary to expectation, in no wise favored such action; he first wrote his "Exhortation to Peace" and when this proved of no avail, he wrote (as he claims by God's command) his "Against the murderous and robbing rabble of peasants," urging the rulers to "slaughter the offending peasants like mad dogs, to stab, strangle and slay as best one can." One is reminded forcibly of certain German counterparts of this attitude at the present time. With this doctrine of suppression, he preached the absolute submission of individual to ruler, the effect of which is so noticeable in the Germany of today. The prince was to have unlimited power; the people were to be "forced and driven, as we force and drive pigs or wild cattle."

In the midst of this national upheaval, he celebrated his marriage with Catharine von Bora, a young Bernardine nun, who with numerous others had recently renounced her vows and left her convent. Their domestic life, in the Wittenberg monastery which was later presented to them as their home, was apparently a happy one. In this connection there becomes noticeable Luther's innate coarseness and vulgarity, for

his conversation concerning the most intimate details of life is such as could not be reproduced. His coarseness had already been painfully evident in many of his writings,—more especially those against the Papacy, but, as a matter of fact, those against practically anyone who opposed him and his views. Perhaps the most startling illustrations of it are his poem "Emancipation," ridiculing transubstantiation and penance, and his "Interpretation of Two Horrible Monsters, an Ass Pope, and a Calf Monk." These were published with a number of drawings by his friend, Lucas Cranach, which have been pronounced the most vulgar in the history of caricature. The two pamphlets, wholly aside from partisan feeling as to Church or creed, must impress even the most religiously-indifferent as not only gross vulgarity but as the most shocking sacrilege and desecration.

It was some years later that there occurred the affair of the double marriage of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse. The latter, a notorious libertine, had wearied of his wife, the Landgravine, and wished to marry, as well, Margaret von der Saal, one of his sister's ladies in waiting. He was able to secure the sanction of Margaret's mother only on condition that certain high personages be present at the marriage, among them, Christina, Philip's wife, and Luther and Melancthon, or at least two noted theologians. Luther, when approached on the subject, declared that there was nothing in the Bible expressly forbidding such a marriage. He doubtless realized, too, that to lose the support of the influential Landgrave would be a serious blow to Protestantism. Accordingly he gave his consent, though on condition that the marriage be kept an inviolable secret and, if need be, denied. The marriage took place, rumour of it leaked out, a widespread scandal resulted, and Luther met it with a lie. "What harm would there be," was his justification, "if a man, to accomplish better things and for the sake of the Christian Church does tell a good thumping lie?" The whole affair is an unsavory one and little can be said, even by the most partisan spirit, in its justification.

For the rest, Luther's history is eventful chiefly in the way of doctrinal disputes and difficulties, notably those centering about the Augsburg Confession of Faith. And in these disputes there became apparent in greater and greater degree, qualities and characteristics which had also been manifest in many of the incidents of his earlier days: an ungovernable temper, bristling aggressiveness, bitterness, brutality and coarseness, all of which vented themselves on his opponents in scurrilous vituperation. His attitude toward the people at the time of the Peasants' War had resulted in the estrangement of large portions of Germany from his cause. Later, his controversy with Erasmus, in which he conducted himself in his usual abusive and contentious manner, estranged the latter from the Protestant movement and consequently lost, as well, many of the leading thinkers of the day. Eras-

mus, like Luther, had seen the urgent need for ecclesiastical reform; indeed, he is known as the intellectual father of the Reformation, so strong was the influence of his writings in that direction. But unlike Luther, he felt that it should be brought about without any violent rupture—a correction of existing abuses to be accomplished within the Church, through the princes and scholars and in entire accord with Rome. Favoring many of Luther's views and opposing his extremes, Erasmus was unwilling to take a stand publicly either for or against him. Instead he persisted in an attitude of aloofness, until, in danger of losing ground with both Protestants and Catholics alike, he was forced to take issue, the actual point on which he finally took up Luther's challenge, being the doctrine of free will. Similarly, Luther's treatment of Zwingli and his followers, in their effort to come to an agreement with him regarding the Eucharist, lost him the support of additional thousands, putting an end, as it did, to what some writers consider the probability of Lutheran leadership of Protestantism. As he grew older, nervous disorders and general ill health led to more and more violent attacks of temper, greater and greater unreasonableness, until according to one account, "the Luther who, from a distance was still honoured as the hero and leader of the new church, was only tolerated at its centre in consideration of his past services." At Eisleben, in February, 1546, he suffered a stroke of paralysis and died in a very brief time, in the presence of a number of his friends.

So much for the Roman account of Luther's life. The opposite version is not opposed so far as actual fact is concerned; the difference lies in the reasons given for his conduct and in the interpretation of events. It has been said that there is no essentially Lutheran interpretation of Luther, that his followers are willing to accept the verdict of history; but there are certain historians who are obviously more in sympathy with the Reformer than others and of these perhaps his fellow countryman, Professor Böhmer, in the book already mentioned, shows the fairest and at the same time the most sympathetic judgment. Therefore we are drawing largely from his work, together with one or two others of a more partisan trend.

These writers who may be considered Lutheran for the time being, claim that Roman accounts, notably that of Denifle, the greatest Catholic authority on the subject, show an entirely unfair discrimination, consulting only those sources that favor their point of view, choosing facts which best suit their purposes, ignoring others of an extenuating nature, quoting, in the same way, sentences and parts of sentences torn from their context and twisted from their right meaning. By way of illustration they cite Luther's statement made in early monastic days, "Seldom do I get the requisite time to pray the hours and celebrate the mass." It is wrong, they claim, to infer from this that Luther neglected the rule of his Order. Indeed, is there not abundant proof to the

contrary in the fact of his remaining in his cell for days on end, without food or drink, thus making up at one time for all he had missed?

His enemies misunderstand his work from the start, say they. In the first place Luther was a conservative; he himself wrote, "Rebellion is always a work of the devil, it always merely aggravates the evil which it means to curb." His conservatism, however, was not such as leads to stagnation and blind submission, but conservatism of a sane, orderly, progressive kind, which recognizes progress as the law of life. And quite in keeping with this idea were his attacks on the Church; indeed, his work was a work of love. His own impressions of Rome, coupled with the reports of pilgrims returning from the Eternal City, convinced him that it was a center of complete atheism, of organized robbery, and of all the criminal vices. Loving the Church as he did, what more natural than that he flamed against the wrongs done in its name. In this light one must view his titanic anger and his ceaseless invectives against the Papacy; otherwise they are bound to be misunderstood.

The early theological difficulties regarding the wrath of God and the day of judgment are attributed to a particularly delicate and sensitive conscience, amounting to a psychic abnormality. Except for this sensitiveness, the Catholic teaching would have affected him no more than his more "coarse-grained" comrades in the monastery, who experienced small uneasiness concerning sin and the need for forgiveness. This same sensitive conscience too, was the driving force which urged him on, causing him to leave the beaten path and give to the religious problem a new and altogether personal formulation.

Certain of his admirers see in him a mystic. Did he not read Tauler and Eckhardt and Suso, and did he not have his golden moments in which he himself said he was surrounded by choirs of angels? To be sure his mysticism was a "guarded, measured and safe" one, never approaching the extremes and fanaticism of which the mystic is ordinarily in danger. Böhmer writes that Luther's mysticism requires a passionate tension of all the forces of the soul; is an active and joyous feeling of trust and faith; a live, busy, active, mighty thing, and a continual impulse to do what is good. Arguing from this he concludes that Luther's mysticism is not the product of anything that has gone before, but "something new and original, something that had never existed before, for the explanation of which one must always again point to a wholly incommensurable quantity: the personal peculiarity of the Reformer." Such a claim could not be entertained for a moment, were it not that the author has a complete misunderstanding of mysticism as represented by the mystics of the Roman Church. His discussion of the subject suggests that the mystic, until Luther came, lived in a state of passive suffering, a state of apathy, with his will paralyzed or "switched off." Luther's mysticism may indeed have

been of an entirely new variety, but certainly not for the reasons here given.

As for his personal characteristics, friendly accounts picture a bluff, jovial, big-hearted man, who "wears his heart on his sleeve," that is, expresses in the most outspoken manner to his friends and table companions, his views on any and all subjects. His overconfidence in his friends and his genial lack of reserve, they claim, is the reason why so many unfortunate stories about him have been preserved. His every act and thought were open to view, and he was watched so closely by friends and enemies that the world knew it if even the mosquitoes bothered him. His coarseness and vulgarity of speech are characteristic of the age in which he lived and will be found equally, during that period, in Germany and in all other European countries. "From a generation so rude and coarse Luther had sprung, to such a generation he spoke, and against it he was continually forced to do battle." His figurative references to hogs, pigsties, asses and so on are naturally a violation of present day taste, but are quite in keeping with sixteenth century humour.

His violent temper and his increasing tendency to heap all who opposed him with invective and vituperation are attributed partly to ill health from which he suffered more and more as time passed, and partly to the hostility by which he was surrounded. "The Reformer stood in the midst of one of the most bitter, spiteful and personal conflicts known to the history of the world, a controversy in which the honour of his wife, his children, his parents, his friends and his ruler were as little spared as his own person. Such ceaseless warfare to the knife makes the tenderest soul hard, irritable, rude and even coarse." As for the reports of his excessive eating and drinking, substantiated by his constant digestive ailments, they declare him to have been both frugal and temperate, fond of his glass of wine but not given to excess. To be sure there are letters from Luther himself which his enemies use to controvert this statement; sentences like the following, "I am guttling like a Bohemian and toping like a German, thanks be to God, Amen," and "Thank God we are here cheerful and well, glutting like Bohemians, though not very—and guzzling like Germans, though not much, but we are happy." (Though the spirit is a different one, there is an unfortunate suggestion here of the sinister, "We live like God in Belgium.") These phrases, however, declare his friends, are no proof at all, but are merely playful exaggerations of the good doctor. And too, his was not an external but an internal asceticism.

His marriage, in violation of his early vows, and to a nun who had likewise broken her vows, one writer goes so far as to claim as a mark of special nobility. Luther did it, he declares, only after a struggle; he "took upon him this cross of his own free will"; his firm

belief was that celibacy was contrary to the will of God and His laws; he felt bound to testify to the truth of his teaching by his own example; and by so doing he elevated the position of women and the status of the home, nobly ignoring the "muddy tide of base and disgusting insinuations."

With regard to Luther's connection with Hutten and Sickingen, Böhmer simply denies it, declares it to be a legend. According to him Hutten sought to establish connections with Luther, offered him Sickingen's protection and wrote four letters proposing an alliance, but these "manifestly made no deep impression" on Luther. And instead of Luther's being influenced by Hutten's incendiary writings against Rome and being led to write in imitation of them, in his "Address to the German nobility," Böhmer pictures Hutten, through Luther's agency, as turning from his frivolous poesy and suddenly placing his wild passion and extraordinary talent at the service of the national movement against Rome.

The facts of the double marriage of Philip of Hesse are given with the following explanation: Luther had always been strongly opposed to divorce, and considered a double marriage, where such a thing was desired, the preferable solution of matrimonial difficulties. He did not in the least favor the legalizing of polygamy, but thought it should be permitted by special dispensation in cases of serious emergency—if the wife contracted leprosy, for example. He considered that the Bible, his supreme authority, gave instance of such procedure in the story of Abraham, and that nothing in the Gospels forbade polygamy, except one passage in Timothy. But this passage refers expressly to the clergy, therefore for the laity it is not contrary to Divine law. In his earlier years, he considered that such a marriage should be entered into openly and publicly, this being his view in regard to the proposed marriage of Henry VIII of England and Anne Boleyn. Later in life, however, he favored a union of this kind only if the strictest secrecy were observed. This as we have seen, was his attitude at the time of the Landgrave's marriage. It is said in his favor that before his death, he emphatically declared monogamy for laity and clergy alike to be the state that is alone "fully and completely in accordance with the divine order of the universe."

There is much further explanation and justification of this incident: it is claimed that Philip deceived Luther, making him think that his desire to take a second wife was due to a longing to live a better life, "to occupy a better position before God and his conscience"; that he concealed certain events of his unsavory past, which, when later revealed to Luther, caused him to repent in positive rage, the granting of the dispensation; that he received Luther's approval, not as a public testimony but as a private memorandum and, as it were, under the confessional seal. As for the denial of the marriage when

rumour of it spread,—there has long been a distinction between lies and white lies. The latter term Luther used for those which are told in the interest and for the love of one's fellow man; and while it is not a matter of emulation for later Protestants, Luther was nevertheless justified according to his own reasoning, in regarding the denial of the Hessian marriage as a white lie.

His apparent desertion of the peasants at the time of the Peasants' War is, it would seem, in no need of explanation for he was obviously never with them. His views on government are proof of this. The paternal government which he advocated, should demand from all subjects "honour, taxes, tolls, all manner of services, and obedience even to the point of sacrificing life itself." Furthermore, he taught—and abundant fruit the teaching is bringing forth today—that the secular power is wholly free from Church interference, any intrusion of the Church in political and social life as a giver of moral standards and laws, being irreligious. Others, say his admirers, had held this theory either wholly or in part, in earlier centuries, but "no one before Luther conceived and portrayed the 'paternal vocation' of the state so broadly and definitely." The Church, says Luther, has no other call than that of preaching Christ. It is, therefore, neither its right nor its duty to interfere in the physical life of man or to bind him by laws and prescriptions "as though man were not able to attend to this himself with the aid of reason." "Further," quoting from Professor Böhmer's book, ". . . the Church is in substance nothing more than a missionary institution, a school for those who are not yet true Christians. Therefore, it is neither competent nor authorized to permanently lead, rule, or hold in tutelage the true Christians, or those who believe in Christ and who earnestly desire to be Christians." (A Christianity then, divorced from physical life, from social, political—indeed from any kind of life,—and relegated to the position of a "missionary institution"; what an indictment of Protestantism!) "Honest worldly activity," says another writer, "did not receive any moral justification until the Church's activities were entirely limited to spiritual matters." It scarcely needs to be added that Luther thus paved the way for a "new concept of the state and of political life, which though it is not identical with the modern view of the state, nevertheless prepared the path for the modern 'Kulturstaat.'"

So much for the effort to present the Lutheran point of view; the choice between the two is doubtless best left to the individual. One conclusion, however, seems most obvious after thus reviewing the events of his life,—namely, that Luther is a German of the Germans, expressing the national spirit of his people in thought, word and deed. And this was true not only in the sixteenth century but is equally true today, whether he be loved or hated, revered or reviled by the people whom he tried to serve. In substantiation of this view,

there are several passages from a lecture by Heinrich von Treitschke given at Darmstadt some years ago, which certainly leave no doubt as to one German's ideas on the subject. "None among the other modern nations," he says, "can boast of a man who was the mouthpiece of his countrymen in quite the same way, and who succeeded as fully in giving expression to the innermost character of his nation." Striking contrasts of character are exhibited in his life work, but "we Germans are not puzzled by these apparent contradictions; all we say is, 'Here speaks our own blood.'" The lecturer continues with an enumeration of the German virtues as exhibited by Luther, which, in the light of present day events, are, to say the least, difficult to accept: a meditative seriousness that is painfully conscious of the transitory nature of earthly things; joy of life; undaunted courage; deep longing for deliverance from the curse of sin; a bellicose and practical turn of mind (the phrase is employed with laudatory intent) that is bewildered by the old Church teachings; the native energy and unquenchable fire of German defiance; a deep sense of historical piety; all of which virtues, exemplified by Luther, led him to present to the Germans "a form of Christian belief which satisfied their craving for truth, and was in harmony with the untamable independence of the German character." One more passage links Luther beyond a doubt with Germany, and emphatically with the Germany of today. It is explained that, acting on Luther's advice, Albert of Brandenburg repudiated his vows and changed his dominions from an ecclesiastical to a secular state. "Thus it was that Prussia, a land belonging to the [Teutonic] Order, a colony of Germany as a whole, was turned into a secular duchy. . . . Luther wrote with gratitude: 'Behold a miracle! With all sails spread, the Gospel speeds through Prussia.' He did not dream what other great miracles our nation should behold in his outlying Eastern province. It was from this district, which was snatched from the old Church and stood or fell with Protestantism, that the military greatness of our modern history emerged to reveal itself in world-famed battles, and it was also out of Prussia that grew up, in the fullness of time, the new State of Germany, which refuses to be either holy or Roman [the lecture was given before August, 1914, when there may still have been need for assurance as to this fact] but desires, in the words of the Reformer, to be a secular kingdom, a German kingdom, without tinsel or false appellations." Truly, Luther has had laid at his door many and great things—and the responsibility for modern Prussia is not the least of them!

But the contrary statement has also been made with great frequency—that Luther is not essentially German, that his teaching contains nothing peculiar to the German spirit, and that, his message and his leadership being universal, he belongs to the whole world. One exponent of this theory,—a Lutheran clergyman in one of our own

large cities,—urges that to this world-leader all countries are indebted, and none more than America. “We illustrate in practice,” he writes, “the thoughts he (Luther) originated as does no other people. America’s debt to Luther is one that every man, woman and child of her teeming millions should acknowledge” and for which they should never cease to be grateful. Making due allowance for the laudation of everything German, to which the world has been subjected during the last decade, let us ask ourselves if this statement is true. Are we indebted to Germany, either wholly or in part for the very institutions we have been brought up most to revere? Does America owe to her, as this man claims, her peerless prize of civil liberty, her separation of Church and state, her government by the people and for the people? If the war had not unmasked the German state for what it actually is, might our own national institutions have evolved to just such hideous conclusions? And if the answer be that in its source our national, social and religious life contains elements, identical or even similar to those of the German state, let us take the clergyman’s thought, and, quite contrary to its original intention, use it as a timely warning.

JULIA CHICKERING.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

PART III

SECTION II (*Continued*)

A SKETCH of what the Germans have been throughout the centuries, unpleasant reading though it is, must be given and fully understood before the preposterous nature of German claims about such people as the Alsatians can be realized. It is not sufficient to read the Bryce report, and a few shocking newspaper articles, and then to turn back once more to the complacent and detached study of history and literature. German atrocities, German lies, the revelation of Germany, must be put side by side with one's reading of history, before that history is more than an interesting fiction,—as it stands today in large part manufactured by Germans or by German methods. No one thinks that the acts and thoughts of the Allied nations for the past two thousand years have been perfect, have been what they should be many times and on many occasions. But no one who knows will confuse the wrongdoings of England or of France with the wrongdoing, the hypocrisy, the perversion which Germany itself is. No one today would confuse England or France with Germany;—"By their fruits ye shall know them." But the fruits of Germany today are the product of the Germany of yesterday,—just as England and France today are the outgrowth of their respective pasts. Therefore, those several pasts should reveal the achievements of today, whether good or bad; and it should no more be impossible to distinguish between the historic Englishman, Frenchman and German, than it is at present. Moreover, if our reading of past history has failed to discern the causes underlying effects which today the War has made manifest, then our reading of history has been inadequate, and must be done anew. To say that sixty years of Prussian dominance produced "frightfulness" in the Bavarian and even the Saxon, is to beg the question. Why did the Bavarian and Saxon submit? Why does he even applaud? How was it possible that Saxon, Bavarian and Würtemberger should have united with Prussian in such a base and unholy alliance?

Expediency is the substance of almost all the answers put forward. But honorable men *never* find it even *expedient* to associate with avowed villains. There is no "honour" among thieves of the Prussian type. If they erect a code which they dub chivalry in imitation of their betters, it is *only* a game at which they play, and throw aside instantly when it is inconvenient. The essence of the thing escapes them because it is beyond them. South-eastern Germany has become Prussianized because it has never become civilized, despite its counterfeit veneer and intellectual development modelled upon that of France and England.

To understand Germany today, we must look not merely to her more recent political history, but to her character as it has developed from earliest days until now. And if today we see the German type turn to Prussian frightfulness—casting off all restraint or moral codes—while the Alsatian type turns, and has consistently for nearly three centuries turned, towards French standards, then we pronounce the Alsatian French and not German. There is no evidence at all, at any time, of Prussian frightfulness lying latent in the Alsatian breast. There has been an unbroken sequence of brutality, savagery, indecency and cruelty on the part of *all* native German peoples from the dawn of history until the hour in which I write. The *furor tutonicus* was a byword amongst Greeks, Romans, and throughout the Middle Ages. The evidence is overwhelming. The detail is so awful that it has instinctively been hushed up by writers both friendly and hostile. But in the days when our newspapers contain accounts of atrocities, which, though written, are rightly called unspeakable, it is no excuse to plead for a consideration of weak susceptibilities, to belittle facts, and to gild the base and vile. Smooth hypocracies must give place to plain speaking; delusions to hard facts.

We must look again to our history, and learn that despite the exalted claims of a Bernhardi,—indeed, of a whole people,—the Greek and Roman historians, and the writers and chroniclers of the Middle Ages, do not bear them out. There were no such things as “liberty and fair play, justice, honour, and purity” in the German forests; and certain honorable exceptions in specific cases in given individuals (as when Attila fed the starving Romans by stages so that they should not die of sudden repletion)—such praiseworthy exceptions are the raw material for future civilization, but they are not more than indications of genuine human attainment. Such is particularly true of Attila, whose occasional good impulses, most outrageously over-estimated in Germany, were consistently and fiercely resisted by his tribesmen.

The Greek and Roman accounts show striking similarities to the descriptions written today of these enemies of mankind. Says Nazarius (c. A. D. 321): “What shall I say of the Bructeri? What of the Chemavi? What of the Cherusci, the Vangiones, the Alamanni, the Tubantes? The very names cry out of war, and their pronunciation itself fills us with horror at the immensity of their barbarism.”¹ Tacitus tells us that the ancestors of these tribes sacrificed living men. The Sennones met together in a sacred forest, and “after publicly offering up a human life, they celebrate the grim initiation of their barbarian rites.”² Procopius, two centuries later (550-560) discovers, in this connection, one noticeable characteristic of the Germans,—religious hypocrisy. He says: “For these Barbarians, though they are Christians, yet they perform most

¹ *Panegyricus*, Migne. *Pat. Lat.*, Vol. VIII, col. 595, xviii.

² *Germania*, XXXIX. We confess to a special keenness in quoting Tacitus, just because the Germans have distorted him so “ruthlessly.”

of their ancient superstitious rites, immolating human victims, and performing other impious sacrifices by which they predict the future. Whoever catch sight of the army of the Goths, betake themselves in flight to the cities."¹

Germans have altered Christianity to suit themselves, Christianity has not succeeded in changing them. Calling themselves Christian, they know nothing of the Christ Spirit, which they claim to be synonymous with the German Spirit (*Geist*).

Pomponius Mela, writing about the time of Caligula, speaks of the "innate savagery" of the Germans of his day, and of their lust for war and plunder. "With them might is right, so much so that they are not even ashamed to rob and murder. They are, however, kind to their guests [who successfully eluded murder], and gentle with suppliants [!]: they are so coarse and uncultured in their way of eating, that they even devour raw meat."²

A contemporary of Cæsar, Velleius Paterculus (c. 19 B. C. to A. D. 31) writes in his *History of Rome*, "But this people are savage to a degree almost inconceivable to anyone who has not had actual experience of them, and are, withal, a race born to deceit."³ This characteristic of deceit is mentioned by nearly every Roman writer. Procopius says that the Goths knew their blood-relations too well to trust them; they "thought of obtaining assistance from some of the other barbarians [against the Roman General Belisarius], but they were careful not to call in the Germans, having already had experience of the craft and treachery of that race."⁴ He elsewhere speaks of the east Franks (not the Romanized West-Franks) as "of all men the most prone to break faith," and he quotes a letter from Belisarius to Theudibert, reminding him that to break an oath embodied in writing was "disgraceful, even in the most dishonourable of men."

But let us examine some extended passages, to get a still more accurate and complete picture of the proceedings of these ancestors of modern Germans.

Florus and Tacitus describe in detail the defeat of the Roman Varus by Arminius (Hermann), and the atrocities committed by the German soldiers. Says Florus: "Never was slaughter more bloody than that which was made of the Romans among the marshes and woods. . . . Of some they gouged out the eyes; of others they cut off the hands; of one the mouth was sewed up after his tongue had been cut out, which one of the savages holding in his hand, cried out: 'At last, viper, cease to hiss!'"⁵

¹ *De Bello Gothico*, Lib. II, 25. Cf. Bouquet, tom II, p. 38.

² *De Situ Orbis*, Lib. III. cap. iii, pp. 261-2 in the edition of Nunnesei and Perizoni, pub. in Bavaria, 1748. We see that "Jus in viribus habent"—might is right—antedates Bismarck by 1700 years. Note that German "aristocrats" eat raw meat. Even Roman plebeians like Mela did not.

³ *Natum mendacio genus*, II, 118.

⁴ *The Gothic Wars*, ii. 22; second quote. 25. Cf. Bouquet, tom II, p. 39.

⁵ *Epit. Rer. Rom.*, IV, 12. Vol. I, p. 471 of F. G. Stursius' edition.

Tacitus describes the visit of Germanicus six years later to the same spot. "In the middle of the battle-field were bleached bones, scattered or in heaps, as the men fell in flight, or in a body, resisted to the last. Fragments of javelins and limbs of horses were lying about; and *there were human heads fixed to the trunks of trees* [chivalry again]. In groves close by were the barbarian altars on which the Tribunes and Centurions of the first rank had been slaughtered. And survivors of the disaster, who had escaped the fight or their chains, showed that here the legates fell, here the eagles were captured; here was where Varus received his first wound; this the place where he gave himself the mortal stab and died by his own hand. There was the tribunal where Arminius harangued his countrymen; here he fixed the gibbets; and there dug pits for the captives."¹

This Arminius was a fine type, indeed, of the pure and noble German. Residing several years in Rome, he was invested by the Senate with the title "Amicus," on account of the friendship he professed for the Romans, and he had also been invested with the dignity of Roman knight. He studied the tactics and organization of his future adversaries, and though simulating friendship, had long been secretly stirring up some of the German tribes to rebellion. When the Roman General Varus decided to march against these tribes, Arminius promised to meet him at the Teutoberger Forest and support the attack. But the moment Varus arrived, Arminius led a furious assault against the three Roman legions, and cut them to pieces in the civilized way above described. Some time later one of Arminius' followers, Adgandestrius, offered to procure his death if poison were sent for the purpose of the murder, writing a letter to this effect to the Roman Senate. They, however, replied that the Roman people took vengeance on their enemies not by treachery or by any other secret measure, but openly by force of arms. This Germanicus accomplished. Arminius later betrayed and ravished the daughter of his fellow-countryman Segestes (compare with passage on purity above). He himself fell a victim to the treachery of his kinsmen. Despite his brutality and deceitfulness, Tacitus praises his patriotism. He is Germany's great hero today; they see only virtue in him; and a colossal statue now stands on the spot where his treachery against the Roman legions was consummated.² Tacitus incidentally mentions the fact that it was greed for plunder which saved the army of Germanicus from destruction at one point in the campaign, the Germans quite forgetting to fight in their eagerness to seek out the choicest booty.³

These people and Bernhardt's vision of them do not seem to agree. "They are such barbarians, that they do not understand peace,"⁴ says Florus; while in the phrase quoted by Zeller—"the eternal hatred, the

¹ *Annalium*, I, 61, ff.

² *Annalium*, I, 58, and II, 88, etc.

³ *Op. cit.*, I, 65. What fault which they had of old have they not got today?

⁴ *Op. cit.*, IV, cap. xii, 20-21.

inexpiable fury of this race"¹—there is perhaps an epitome of their fundamental nature then as now.

Cæsar, first biographer of the Germans, praises little more than their hardihood and bravery. His text is thoroughly well-worked by the Germans. But at the very best his picture gives a striking contrast between the standards and civilization of his Roman legionaries (surely no very high criterion of Roman culture) and the barbarians they overcame. He met the best that Germany's forests had to offer. As to their religion and customs, much that he tells us is, on his own say-so, merely second-hand information, and must be estimated in that light. Of their morality he writes: "Sexual intercourse below the age of twenty is considered a disgrace to manhood; though, on the other hand, they are singularly free from all false modesty on this subject, and not only bathe together in their rivers, but even wear nothing more upon their bodies than a thin covering of deer or other skin, which necessarily leaves the greater portion bare."² This is again the picture of a primitive, animal virtue, nor is it exactly a *standard* of modesty; and be it noted that the Germans lost their simplicity and native virtue after contact with Roman vices, and retained, as they retain to this day, their lack of modesty.

Their lust for war and plunder was a source of bewonderment to most of the Roman writers, and has been a characteristic of them throughout the Middle Ages and up to the present day. Says Tacitus (and the Germans openly consider this as praise): "You will not so readily persuade them to till the land and to wait for the year's harvests as to challenge an enemy and earn themselves wounds. It seems to them to show a want of energy to get with the sweating of your brow what you can obtain by the shedding of your blood."³ Cæsar relates: "Their whole life is spent in hunting and the pursuit of the art of war," and, "Among the tribes there is no more coveted distinction than to live in the center of a vast wilderness, that has been carved out with their own swords, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider it a distinctive mark of their prowess that their neighbors should be expelled from their lands, and they do not permit anyone to establish themselves near by. . . . Open brigandage, which is carried on beyond the boundaries of the state, carries with it no disgrace; rather it is held up to admiration as a natural outlet for the activities of youth, and to prevent sloth." These passages speak for themselves.

Let us conclude this recital of the early authorities on German manners and customs by quoting from one of the most reliable of the Roman historians, Ammianus Marcellinus. Of the Huns, he says, "They wear linen clothes, or else garments made of the skins of field-mice: nor do they wear a different dress out of doors from that which they wear at

¹ *Origines de l'Allemagne*, p. 221—*illius gentis odia perpetua et inexpiabiles irae*. This book, pub. in 1872, is an admirable study.

² *De Bello Gothico*, VI, 21. The following quotation is from cap. 23.

³ *Germania*, XIV; cf. *Annalium*, XIII, 57.

home, but after a tunic is once put round their necks, however it becomes worn, it is never taken off or changed till, from long decay, it becomes actually so ragged as to fall to pieces." However corrupt Roman baths may have become, they were more "civilized" than this. "In truces they are treacherous, and inconstant, being liable to change their minds at every breeze of every hope which presents itself, giving themselves up wholly to the impulse and inclination of the moment; and, like brute beasts, they are utterly ignorant of the distinction between right and wrong. They express themselves with great ambiguity and obscurity; have no respect for any religion or superstition whatever; are immoderately covetous of gold; and are so fickle and irascible, that they very often on the same day that they quarrel with their companions without any provocation, again become reconciled to them without any mediator. This active and indomitable race, being excited by an unrestrainable desire of plundering the possessions of others, went on ravaging and slaughtering all the nations in their neighborhood till they reached the Alani . . . etc."¹ Ammianus writes towards the end of the fourth century, not the twentieth.

He characterizes the Budini and Geloni as "a race of exceeding ferocity, who flay the enemies they have slain in battle, and make of their skins clothes for themselves and trappings for their horses." (13) Others—"live on human flesh" (15). The Alani are "in every respect equal to the Huns, only more civilized in their food and manner of life." . . . "Nor is there anything of which they boast with more pride than of having killed a man" (21, 23).

The conduct of Fritigern and the Goths with him in Thrace, seems to have been an ancestral rehearsal for recent events in Belgium, France, Serbia, Armenia, Italy and Russia. Having failed to take Adrianople by siege, they turned to ravage Thrace—"greatly encouraged by this circumstance, that a multitude of their nation came in daily who had formerly been sold as slaves by the merchants, together with many others, who, at the first passage of the river, when they were suffering from severe want, had been bartered for a little wine or a few morsels of bread. To these were added no small number of men skilled in tracing out veins of gold, but who were unable to endure the heavy burden of their taxes; and who, having been received with the cheerful consent of all, were of great use to them in traversing strange districts,—showing them the secret stores of grain, the retreats of men, and other hiding places of various kinds. Under their guidance nothing remained untouched except what was inaccessible or wholly out of the way; for without any distinction of age or sex they went forward destroying everything in one vast slaughter and conflagration: tearing infants even from their mothers' breasts, and butchering them; ravishing the mothers; slaughtering women's husbands before the eyes of those whom they thus

¹ *Rerum Gestarum Libri*, XXXI, Cap. ii, 5, 11, 12.

made widows; while boys, both young and adult, were dragged over the corpses of their parents. And finally, numbers of old men, crying out that they had lived long enough, having lost all their riches, together with beautiful women, had their hands bound behind their backs, and were driven into banishment, bewailing the ashes of their native homes."¹

And the Germans call themselves the most highly civilized race throughout history!

St. Jerome writes in 395:—"Swarms of Huns burst forth, and flying hither and thither scatter slaughter and terror everywhere, . . . May Jesus protect the Roman world in future from such beasts! They were everywhere when they were least expected, and their speed outstripped the rumor of their approach; they spared neither religion nor dignity nor age; nor did they show pity to the cry of infancy. Babies, who had not yet begun to live, were forced to die; and, ignorant of the evils that were upon them, there was a smile upon their lips as they were held in the hands and threatened by the swords of the enemy."² To quote one more ecclesiastical writer, Salvianus, who followed Jerome by about a decade, wrote a moralizing treatise *On the Government of God*. He considers that the Germans were instruments of God's vengeance against the sins of the Romans; and while disparaging the Romans, and exalting the Germans, he is yet compelled to admit that "The Saxon race is cruel, the Franks are faithless, the Gepidæ are inhuman, and the Huns impure—in short there is viciousness in the life of all the barbarian peoples."—But, to point the moral of his sermon, he asks—"But are their offenses as serious as ours? Is the unchastity of the Hun so criminal as ours? Is the faithlessness of the Frank so blameworthy as ours? Is the intemperance of the Alamanni so base as the intemperance of the Christians? Does the greed of the Alani so merit condemnation as the greed of the Christians? If the Hun or the Gepid cheat, what is there to wonder at, since he does not know that cheating is a crime? If a Frank perjure himself, does he do anything strange, he who regards perjury as a way of speaking, not as a crime?"³

"The nation of the Goths is perfidious but modest, that of the Alani immodest but less perfidious; the Franks are liars but hospitable, the Saxons wild with cruelty, but to be admired for their chastity. All these nations, in short, have their especial good qualities as well as their peculiar vices."⁴

What are we to think today of a people who are now, and for a thousand years past, professing Christians, and yet the indictment of a priestly writer fifteen hundred years ago applies to them as much today as then? His apology for them is no longer valid, the sins they com-

¹ *Op. cit.*, XXXI, vi, 5, 6, and 7. V. Gardthausen edition, pp. 247-8.

² Epistle LXXVII, 8; p. 45 of Isidore Hilberg's ed. in *Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum*, Vol. 55:—"Sancti Eusebii Hieronymi Epistolæ," Pars II.

³ *De Gubernatione Dei*, IV, cap. xiv, par. 67-8. *Mon. Germ. Auc. Ant.*, I, p. 40.

⁴ vii, 15.

mitted then are with them today, and with the exception of the Franks—if they were German—they have lost even the virtues which he, at least, attributes to them. Truly, once a German always a German seems to be an indisputable historic fact.

No better summary of the Roman view of the Germans could be cited than that of Zeller in the first volume of his *Histoire D'Allemagne*. "There is no such thing as a sure treaty with these barbarians. They dethrone the kings which are given them, and set up others in their places; they receive money or lands from their enemies or even their own allies as the price of peace, and immediately afterwards break that peace; Marcus Aurelius had not time to have a medal struck announcing to the world the conclusion of a permanent peace with the Germans before it was violated by them.

"The Germans never take service in the Roman armies except for the purpose of learning how to fight them; they never go to carry on trade in the Roman provinces except for the purpose of spying; they never swear an oath to the Romans without the intention of breaking it; they never sign a peace except with the object of preparing for war; they make no use of money paid them except to procure arms with it; they accept a footing in the Empire only that they may be in a better position to lay it waste. For them there is no promise given to the enemy outside the frontier that binds, no engagement, no moral or international law. The nations of classical antiquity, even in time of war, respected law, and the rights of men. Against his neighbor, who is also his enemy, the German considers everything to be lawful: *jus in viribus habet*, said Pomponius Mela; for them, might is right."¹

* * * * *

The picture given above is in the nature of things incomplete, but it is in all essential particulars exact. It is far more accurate than that of the honorable and chivalrous aristocrats, who slid down Italian glaciers on their shields, pictured by Menzel. The Prussian programme of 1902 for higher schools lays down the absolute instruction to all teachers that "the history of nations outside Germany is to be considered only as it is of importance for German history."² This is reiterated in 1912. In case Menzel be considered an antiquated and discredited historian, we recommend the perusal of the above *Lehrpläne*, as also that of any, even the most recent German school text-books.³ The German public are fed on such pabulum, and German "science" has countenanced and furthered their efforts systematically. They have had an amazing audacity, because the sources and texts above quoted are in every library, accessible

¹ *Origines de l'Allemagne*, p. 194. Published in 1891, 4th edition.

² Quoted in J. F. Scott, Ph.D.—*Patriots in the Making*, an exceedingly painstaking and rather modern study of the contrasting methods of France and Germany,—p. 182. Official *Lehrpläne*, etc., p. 215, *passim*. Scott is nothing if not impartial.

³ As, for example, the series of David Müller, Neubauer, *Lehrbuch*; Schenk-Koch, *Lehrbuch der Geschichte*, and also Lange, *Leitfaden*; Lauer, *Weltgeschichte*; Daniel, *Lehrbuch*; Andrä, *Erzählungen*, etc.

to all. No wonder they have despised the colossal stupidity of some other people! But the need is for awakening, revision, reconstruction. It is no longer possible to live on the surface, and when Germany claims Alsace-Lorraine as German, let us realize who it is that makes the claim, and what the full significance of the claim is.

Was the *urdeutsch* ancestor of the Alsatian one of "*tales bestias*"? We have already indicated that for *centuries* the Alsatian was a Roman citizen, with all the refining influences which that implied. Hansi's delightfully overdrawn pictures illustrative of the history of his native land convey a truth which the German neglects to verify. Celt or Romanized-Frank, the Alsatian was a Roman, fought in the Roman legions, went to the Roman schools, frequented his own famous Roman baths, and dressed, acted, lived, like the Roman. Certainly throughout the *urdeutsch* period the only crass barbarism he knew was an unwelcome importation from Germany. Nor, in any scale of comparison whatsoever, can the Alsace of the Roman Empire and, even before, of Celtic days, be set beneath the savagery of Teutonic forests.

When it comes to the Middle Age period, another test, and other standards, must be used. The Germans became more restrained in certain respects; life in cities altered the expression of their racial characteristics; intermarriage led to modifications of type. The earlier period is one of sharp contrasts and violent oscillations. But out of the *maëlstrom* emerged groups of peoples, all various intermixtures of differing elements,—and no two groups alike,—which had been attracted by some common ground of interest or action, by contiguity, by the chance isolation of geographic boundaries, or by some even stronger religious or idealistic principle. These groups, for years more or less independent, were in their turn regrouped in larger units, dominated by some one of their number more virile than the rest, and able to give its less favored neighbours not merely material protection, but the intellectual and spiritual leadership which liberated and developed them.

The same process of aggregation and regrouping took place throughout Europe. The larger resulting units we call nations. France was the first of such nations to emerge; and Alsace-Lorraine were fertile and influential members of this larger group. Germany, as said, was the last such aggregation to arrive at a common consciousness, and that only completely in 1870, under the heel of Bismark.

The elements of French national consciousness were therefore in existence long before that of Germany; and it is our task to analyse certain essential features of that consciousness, with their relation to that of the Alsatian group consciousness; and then, further, to trace the German characteristics, which, through centuries of unsuccessful effort, finally achieved a national unity under the Iron Chancellor.

A. G.

(To be continued)



THE TIDE OF LIFE.*

(ANNOTATED BY H. P. BLAVATSKY)

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

THAT the book of Genesis is not a homogeneous work, but is composed of several distinct and widely different books, becomes evident from a slight examination. The first thirty-four verses form the first and apparently the most ancient of these. This treatise contains a system of cosmogony closely resembling that of the Puranas and Upanishads. The origin of this ancient tract, and the causes which led to its incorporation with the Hebrew scriptures, we can only guess at. Its source may have been some venerable hieratic manuscript brought by Moses from the temple-libraries of Egypt, where it had lain for thousands of years, from the time when the colonists of Egypt left their early home in ancient India. Or it came, perhaps, from the Chaldean Magians, the inheritors of the sacred Iranian lore, the younger sister of the wisdom-religion of the motherland of the Aryas. This much we know, that it contains a Divine Cosmogony, of evident Oriental character, and almost identical with the Archaic Sacred theories of the East.

This tract splits off like a flake from the story of Adam and Eve which, from its more vivid colour, has almost cast it into the shade, and a mere preface or pendant to which it has erroneously been considered to be. To make this separation more clearly apparent, a few of the lines of cleavage may be shewn.¹ To begin with, we find two quite different and distinct accounts of the "Creation."

* Reprinted from *The Path*, April and May, 1888.

¹ The esoteric teaching accounts for it. The first chapter of Genesis, or the Elohist version, does not treat of the creation of man at all. It is what the Hindu Puranas call the *Primal* creation, while the second chapter is the *Secondary* creation or that of our globe of man. Adam Kadmon is no *man*, but the *protologos*, the collective Sephirothal Tree—the "Heavenly Man," the *vehicle* (or *Vahan*) used by En-Soph to manifest in the phenomenal world (see *Zohar*): and as the "male and female" Adam is the "Archetypal man," so the *animals* mentioned in the first chapter are the *sacred* animals, or the Zodiacal signs, while "Light" refers to the angels so called.—H. P. B.

(1) In the more ancient cosmogony, contained in the first thirty-four verses, the account of the formation of man is similar to, and parallel with, that of the animals.¹

"The Elohim created man, male and female."

While the second and later account introduces the distinct and peculiar story of the creation of Adam from dust, and of Eve from Adam's rib. Besides this, earlier in the second account, we find that the formation of man as detailed in the first tract is entirely ignored by the words—

"There was not a man to till the ground."²

and this nine verses after it had been chronicled that "God created man."

(2) In the more ancient tract, man and woman are created together, and over them is pronounced the blessing—

"Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth,"

yet in the subsequent story of Adam and Eve, the absence of woman is marked by the words—

"It is not good that the man should be alone:"

and further on, in the story of Eden, the children of Eve are foretold with a curse and not with a blessing,

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception,"

for, in this story, while Adam and Eve remained unfallen they remained childless.

(3) We read in the first account that—

"The Earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed, and fruit tree."

¹ *Vide supra*—"The great whale" (v21) is the *Makara* of the Hindu Zodiac—translated very queerly as "Capricorn," whereas it is not even a "Crocodile," as "Makara" is translated, but a nondescript aquatic monster, the "Leviathan" in Hebrew symbolism, and the vehicle of Vishnu. Whoever may be right in the recent polemical quarrel on *Genesis* between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Huxley, it is not *Genesis* that is guilty of the error imputed. The Elohist portion of it is charged with the great zoological blunder of placing the evolution of the birds before the reptiles (*Vide*—"Modern Science and Modern Thought," by Mr. S. Laing), and Mr. Gladstone is twitted with supporting it. But one has but to read the Hebrew text to find that Verse 20 (Chap. 1) does speak of reptiles before the birds. And God said let the waters bring forth abundantly the (*swimming and creeping*, not) moving creatures that hath life, and fowl that may fly," etc. This ought to settle the quarrel and justify *Genesis*, for here we find it in a perfect zoological order—first the evolution of grass, then of larger vegetation, then of fish (or mollusks), reptiles, birds, etc., etc. *Genesis* is a purely symbolical and kabalistic volume. It can neither be understood nor appreciated, if judged on the mistranslations and misinterpretations of its Christian remodellers.—H. P. B.

² Because Adam is the Symbol of the first *terrestrial* Man or Humanity—H. P. B.

This is ignored in the second account, when we read twenty-four verses later,

"No plant of the field was yet in the earth,"

Similarly, we have a second and distinct account of the formation of the animal kingdom; which, moreover, comes after the Seventh day "on which God rested from all his work which he had created and made."¹

(4) In the first account the order of creation is as follows:—

"Birds; beasts; man; woman";

In the second, we find the order changed,

"Man; beasts; fowls; woman."

In the one case man is created to rule the beasts; in the other the beasts are created as companions for man.

(5) In the first account all herbs and fruits are given to man unreservedly—

"I have given you *every* tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed,"

In the second we read—

"Of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it."

(6) All through the earlier cosmogony the Divine Creative Energy is called "Elohim"; thus in the first verse we read—

"*Berashit bara Elohim.*"

In the story of Adam and Eve this title is replaced by another, "Jehovah" or "Yava." In the English the difference is veiled by translating the former "God," though it is a plural form, while the latter becomes "the Lord God." In other parts of the Bible several other titles of Deity are introduced, "El," "Adon-ai," "El Shaddai."

(7) The early cosmogony gives to man a Divine dignity from the first:—

"The Elohim created man in their own image; in the image of the Elohim created they him,"

In the story of Adam and Eve this likeness to the Divine comes only after the forbidden fruit is eaten, when man has fallen; then it was that

"Jehovah said, The man is become as one of us."

¹ *Genesis* being an eastern work, it has to be read in its own language. It is in full agreement, when understood, with the universal cosmogony and evolution of life as given in the Secret Doctrine of the Archaic Ages. The last word of Science is far from being uttered yet. Esoteric philosophy teaches that man was the first living being to appear on earth, all the animal world coming *after* him. This will be proclaimed absurdly *unscientific*. But see in *Lucifer*—"The Latest Romance of Science."—H. P. B.

These facts warrant us in considering this Divine cosmogony, contained in the first thirty-four verses of Genesis, separate and distinct from the less orderly and scientific, though more popular, story of Adam and Eve.

At the present time when the apparent antagonism between modern evolutionary doctrines and the doctrine of the Adamic Creation is perplexing many, it may not be out of place to draw attention to this earlier and more scientific cosmogony, and to point out that not only is it perfectly in accordance with the latest ascertained facts, but that it is probably "more scientific than the scientists," in that it recognized clearly the dual character of evolution, while modern thought manifests too great a tendency to onesidedness.

The doctrine of this first cosmogony of Genesis is that of the formation of the phenomenal universe by the expansive or emanative power of the great unmanifested Reality, or underlying Divine Vigor in virtue of which existence is possible. This unmanifested Reality has no name in the West, but it may be called with the Hindu Vedantins, *Parabrahm*. After a period of Cosmic rest called in the East a *Night of Brahma*, the Unmanifested, by its inherent expansive power, sends forth from itself a series of emanations.

The first emanation, the only Divine and eternal one, which is conceived as lasting even through the *Night of Brahma*, is the Logos. The second emanation is what was called by the cabalistic philosophers the "fifth essence," counting "fire," "air," "water," and "earth" as the other four. It may be termed "Spiritual Ether." From Ether proceeded the element called by the cabalists "fire"; from fire proceeded "air"; from air proceeded the element "water"; from water, "earth."

These five—ether, fire, air, water, earth, are the five emanations which, in their various phases and combinations, make up the phenomenal universe, the Logos being considered Divine and subjective, or noumenal. From Earth sprang, in order, the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and finally Man.

The "elements," as understood in the above classification, are by no means to be confounded with the elements of modern chemistry; they are arrived at by an entirely different though equally scientific course of reasoning.

In the cosmogony of Genesis the Divine Underlying Reality is called God. The expansive power by which, after the period of cosmic rest, the phenomenal universe was formed is thus described:—

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

This "in the beginning," marks off from eternity the point at which the present period of cosmic activity, or *Day of Brahma*, began; when the Universe proceeded from "the everlasting bosom of God" to which it must return when this period comes to an end. Modern scientists are not without some dim perception of this process of emanation and

absorption, as may be seen from the speculations in the "Unseen Universe,"¹ though the authors of this work confine themselves chiefly to the last emanation, that of physical matter from the emanation which preceded it. Whence the universe emerged, thither also must it return; a truth clear to the pure insight of Shakespeare—

". . . Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

God, the eternal Parabrahm, remains unchanged; with God remains the Logos, the first and eternal emanation—

"The spirit of God . . .
which, dove-like, sat brooding on the vast abyss."

This "vast abyss," or, as it is styled in the cosmogony of Genesis—
"The face of the waters,"

is what we called the elemental Ether, the "Akâsa" of the Upanishads. It is of ethereal nature, and is the plane of sound, answering to the sense of hearing; that it is the plane of sound has been taught by the Brahmans and the cabalists, and may be inferred from various considerations, amongst others from the difficulty of locating sounds in their immediate material sources (they having, as it were, an immaterial character), and from their spiritual, ethereal nature.

This element of ether has within it the possibility of innumerable sounds and changes of sound; according to the cabalists the sound becomes apparent to our senses only when it strikes against a material object, such as a vibrating violin-string, which becomes merely a point of reflection for the all-pervading element of sound; just as a beam of sunlight becomes apparent only by reflection from particles of dust floating in the air.²

Next in order after the emanation of ether, the matrix of sound, comes the elemental Light, the "fire-element" of the cabalists. It corresponds to the plane of colour and the sense of sight, which should rightly be called the "colour-sense." For colour is really the only quality perceived by the eye. "All objects," says Ruskin, "appear to the human eye simply as masses of colour. Take a crocus, and put it on a green cloth. You will see it detach itself as a mere space of yellow from the

¹"The Unseen Universe," by Professors Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait.—(C. J.)

²While taking this view of sound, we are, of course, perfectly acquainted with modern researches and speculations on the subject. Our standpoint, however, is so widely different from that of modern science that no comparison with its teachings is possible.

green behind it, as it does from the grass. Hold it up against the window, you will see it detach itself as a dark space against the white or blue behind it. In either case its outline is the limit of the space of colour by which it expresses itself to your sight. The fact is that all nature is seen as a mosaic composed of graduated portions of different colours."¹ This light, or colour-element, is a pure element containing within itself the possibility of all varieties of colour. After its formation, we find the words—

"The evening and the morning were the first day,"

introducing the element of time first with this emanation. The Logos is, as we have seen, eternal; and the immaterial, semi-physical element of Ether is, as it were, the borderland between the subjective eternal Logos and the objective elements of *fire, air, water, and earth*.

After this light-emanation comes the element called by the cabalists "Air." Its formation in the cosmogony of Genesis is marked by the words—

"The Elohim said, Let there be an Expanse."

This word, for a long time wrongly translated "firmament," is chosen to express the air element, because from this element we derive the idea of the extension or expansiveness of a body—its ability to fill a certain quantity of space. The air-element corresponds to the sense of touch, so far as this sense conveys the idea of "expansiveness" or "extension." The sense of touch differs from the senses of sound and sight, in that it is distributed all over the surface of the skin, while they are confined to definite sense-organs, or spaces of localized sensitiveness, and, in proportion as the eye and ear have gained in sensitiveness to light and sound, the rest of the skin has lost its power of responding to these sensations. The whole surface of the body is, on the contrary, still sensitive to touch, as also to the sensation of heat.² There is reason to believe that at one time the body's whole surface could respond equally to all sensations;³ the special organs of sense not being then developed, just as the whole surface of the jelly fish still responds to the stimulus of light. An analogy to this condition of unspecialized sensitiveness is furnished by modern experiments in thought transference, from which it appears that the sensations of sound, colour, taste, touch, and smell are all transferred from one mind to another with equal ease. There are some grounds for the belief that when an organ is specialized for some particular sensation it loses the power of responding to other sensations; that the retina,

¹ Ruskin, "Lectures on Art," p. 125.

² For speculations on a specialized heat sense we may refer to Mr. R. A. Proctor's ideal visit to Saturn's Satellites.

³ Readers will remember the translations which appeared in *The Path* some time ago giving the German Mystic Kernning's teachings hereupon.—(W. Q. J.)

for instance, will be insensible to heat.¹ The sensations of heat and touch are, as we have seen, distributed over the whole surface of the skin; and from this fact, among others, we are led to consider heat as well as touch an attribute of the element "air." Another reason for this conclusion is the fact that we find heat always associated with expansiveness, or extension. As elucidating this point we may quote the researches in the solidification of gases, and speculations on "absolute zero" in temperature, though want of space precludes us from more than merely referring to them. After air comes the element of water, marked in the Genesis cosmogony by the words:—

"The Elohim said, Let the waters be gathered together."

This elemental water corresponds to the sense of taste, and in part to the idea of molecular motion; the motion of masses being one of the ideas attached to the Air-element. It might be thought that the sensation of taste might also be derived from solid bodies; but that this is not so may be inferred from recent scientific researches, which have demonstrated that all bodies, even the metals, and ice far below zero, are covered with a thin layer of liquid, and it is from this liquid layer that we get the sensation of taste from solids. In this element of water are the potentialities of innumerable tastes, every organic body, and even minerals and metals, having a distinctive taste; zinc and steel among the metals for instance, and sugar, vinegar, and wine in the organic world.

This element is followed by the last emanation, the Earth-element of the cabalists, marked in the cosmogony of Genesis by the words,

"The Elohim said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so, and the Elohim called the dry land Earth."

This emanation corresponds to the extreme of materiality, solidity, and, amongst the senses, to smell. A piece of camphor, for example, throws off small solid particles in every direction, and these, coming in contact with the nerves specialized to this sense, produce the sensation of smell. This Earth-element is the last emanation strictly so-called. To this point the outer expansion of *Parabrahm* has been tending, and from this point the wave of spirit must again recede.

It must be here stated that these elements, fire, air, water, and earth, are not what we ordinarily mean by these terms, but are, so to speak, the pure elemental or spiritual counterparts of these. Down to this point, Form has been gradually developing, being destined to combine with each of the elements in turn, in the ascending scale.

"Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not."

¹ *Vide* some experiments with thermal rays in Tyndall's "Heat a Mode of Motion."

Form exists on an ideal plane, as a purely abstract conception; into this region, and the similar one of Number, pure mathematics have penetrated.¹

Modern speculations,² as well as the ancient cabalists, have asserted that every geometrical form, as well as every number, has a definite, innate relation to some particular entity on the other planes, to some colour or tone for instance; and there is good reason to believe that this holds true of all the planes, that the entities on each of them are bound to the entities on all the others by certain spiritual relations which run like threads of gold through the different planes, binding them all together in one Divine Unity.³

From the standpoint of the terrestrial Globe, the first modification of the last emanation, Primordial Earth, is the mineral kingdom, in which the primal earthy matter is modified by the element of Form. There is every reason to believe that, if any existing mineral or metal could be reduced to the condition of "primordial earth," it could be reformed into any other mineral or metal. The specialization of the minerals, or "formation of the mineral kingdom," is perhaps marked in the Genesis-Cosmogony by the words,—

"The Elohim called the dry land Earth,"

Name and Form being cognate attributes of a specialized entity. As we have seen the gradual evolution of form in the descent from spirit to matter, so the gradual dissipation of form will be seen in the ascent from matter to spirit. The crystal, for example, retains its form always unchanged, and the form of the tree is more lasting than that of the bird or animal. The second modification of the Earth element, still

¹ It is through the power to see and use these "abstract" forms that the Adept is able to evolve before our eyes any object desired—a miracle to the Christian, a fraud for the materialist. Countless myriads of forms are in that ideal sphere, and matter exists in the astral light, or even in the atmosphere, that has passed through all forms possible for us to conceive of. All that the Adept has to do is to select the "abstract form" desired, then to hold it before him with a force and intensity unknown to the men of this hurried age, while he draws into its boundaries the matter required to make it visible. How easy this to state, how difficult to believe; yet quite true, as many a theosophist very well knows. The oftener this is done with any one form, the easier it becomes. And so it is with Nature: her ease of production grows like a habit.—(H. P. B.)

² "Geometrical Psychology," Miss Louisa Cook.

³ Here is the key so much desired by enterprising—indeed all—students. It is by means of these correlations of color, sound, form, number, and substance that the trained will of the Initiate rules and uses the denizens of the elemental world. Many theosophists have had slight conscious relations with elementals, but always without their will acting, and, upon trying to make elementals see, hear, or act for them, a total indifference on the part of the nature spirit is all they have got in return. These failures are due to the fact that the elemental cannot understand the thought of the person; it can only be reached when the exact scale of being to which it belongs is vibrated, whether it be that of colour, form, sound, or whatever else.—(H. P. B.)

from the standpoint of the world, is the vegetable kingdom, in which to form and substance is added molecular motion, or vitality, called in Brahman cosmologies *Jiva*.

This vitality, or capacity for molecular change, corresponds, as we have seen, to the water element; one of the elements, in ascending order of spirituality, being picked up by each of the successive kingdoms of ascending evolution. The formation of the vegetable kingdom is marked in the Genesis cosmogony by the words—

“The earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed, and tree bearing fruit,”

words which point to a perfectly natural evolutionary process under the energizing power of spirit—the physical aspect of which is the “Tendency to Evolution” of the Scientists,—and not that violent and unnatural process termed a “creative act.”

We may remark, by the way, that the three divisions of the vegetable kingdom in this cosmogony correspond to three perfectly well defined geological epochs, that of the Cryptogams, of the Phaenogams, and of the Fruit-trees, examples of which are respectively ferns, pines, and orange-trees.¹

These two changes of matter are looked at, as we have said, from the standpoint of the Earth. The cosmogony now pauses, and, in order to make its account of Evolution complete, inserts here the first change of the same element from a different point of view, that of astronomy. This first change is the congregation of the primal nebulous matter into suns and planets, marked by the words—

“The Elohim said, Let there be Lights in the firmament,”

the sun, moon, and stars being subsequently particularized. From our previous views of the Elemental Light we shall be fully prepared to infer that, just as what we call sonant bodies seem not to be real sound-creators, but merely sound-reflectors, so these “Lights in the firmament” may not be real light-creators, but merely light-reflectors; and this view is borne out by the fact that in this cosmogony the formation of Light precedes that of the Light-givers. Leaving the astronomical standpoint, let us consider the next step in upward evolution.

To the shape, substance, and vitality of the plant—drawn respectively from the Elements of Form, Earth, and Water—the animal kingdom adds locomotion, corresponding to the Air element, one attribute of which we have seen to be that locomotion, or movement as a whole, which distinguishes the animal from the plant. Thus we see another link of the ascending chain of the elements picked up. The earliest representatives of this kingdom are, as modern science has shewn, the

¹ For further information on this point readers are referred to “The Color-Sense” by Grant Allen.

protozoa,—water-animalcules. Their formation is correctly placed first in the Genesis cosmogony, marked by the words—

“The Elohim said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature which hath life.”

Here we again find words which distinctly mark a perfectly natural process of development. Just as we had the earth “bringing forth grass”—or “sprouting forth sproutage,” to translate it more literally—we now have the waters “bringing forth the moving creature which hath life,” as soon as proper cosmic and elemental conditions were presented. If the proper cosmic and elemental conditions could be artificially produced, we have every reason to believe the “tendency of Evolution,” or the “Downward pressure of spirit,” might again cause the waters to produce the “moving creature which hath life”—the *monera*,—in fact, that what is unscientifically termed “spontaneous generation” might take place. After this follows the formation of fish, birds, and beasts,—the vertebrates or “back boned” creatures; the invertebrates being grouped under the two general heads of the “moving creatures in the water” and the “creeping things upon the earth.” In the account of the production of the animal kingdom and of the birds, we have terms used which could only apply to a natural process of development, and not to a “creative act.”

“The Elohim said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its nature, cattle, and the beasts of the earth.”

The Animal Kingdom adds to the plant the quality of locomotion under the stimulus of the instincts,—which corresponds, as we have seen, to the air-element. A slight consideration of the nature of this locomotion under stimulus will shew that we are justified in assigning this quality, with its distinctive element, to the principle of *Kama* in certain Eastern classifications.¹

Could this principle—or, rather, the specialized portion of the air-element embodying it—be isolated from the lower elements, we should have a sort of aeriform vehicle, or ethereal body, depending for its form on the attractions specializing it. Of such an isolated air-body we shall speak when we come to treat of the elements.

Three times has the earth *brought forth*,—plants, fishes, animals. But at this point we perceive a change. Evolution so far, from the mineral, through the vegetable, up to the animal, appears as an ascending arc. In this the cosmogony of Genesis agrees with the sacred theories of the East, as well as with the views of modern science. But in Man we find a turning point, at which the ancient cosmogonies agree in branching off from modern science. The sacred theories of the East teach that man is the result of two converging curves of evolution, the one curve ascending through the vegetable and animal kingdom and

¹ *Vide* “Esoteric Buddhism,” chapter on “The constitution of man.”

marking the evolution of the physical body, while the other curve descends from a superphysical, spiritual race, called by some the "Progenitors" or "*Pitris*," by others the "Planetary Spirits" or "Descending *Dhyān Chohans*." This curve marks the downward evolution of man's spiritual nature, the development of the soul.¹

As we should expect from the Oriental character and high antiquity of the cosmogony of Genesis,—dating as it does from a time when the "downward evolution of the soul" had not progressed so far as it now has, and when man had not yet lost his spiritual insight,—we find this doctrine of man's divine progenitors clearly visible. In the case of the plants, animals, and marine creatures, we found terms applied which could only be used of a regular, unbroken process. When we reach Man, a new and striking expression is introduced—

"The Elohim created man in their image, in the image of the Elohim created they man."

The pressure of the descending evolution of the Planetary Spirits or Elohim—seeking for objective, physical existence—upon the previously formed animal kingdom, caused the evolution of a fitting physical vehicle from the highest representatives of that kingdom. Hence we get physical man as we know him, descended on the one side from the animal kingdom, and on the other from his divine progenitors, the Planetary Spirits. We have compared this dual evolution to two converging curves. A too great attraction towards the material, physical side of man's nature keeps the modern materialist from seeing more than one of these curves. The modern Scientist is colour-blind to spirit, to him man is merely—

"A quintessence of dust."

But to intuitional minds at the present day, as to our more spiritual ancestors, both curves are visible; besides the physical man they could see the spiritual man

"In action like an angel; in apprehension like a God."

To return to the standpoint from which we viewed the previous kingdoms, we perceive that the introduction of this new factor in evolu-

¹ There is an important point in the teachings of the Secret Doctrine which has been continually neglected. The above described evolution—the spiritual falling into the physical, or from mineral up to man, takes place only during the first and the two subsequent Rounds. At the beginning of the fourth "Round" in the middle of which begins the turning point upward—i.e., from the physical up to the spiritual, man is said to appear before anything else on earth, the vegetation which covered the earth belonging to the third Round, and being quite ethereal, transparent. The first man (Humanity) is Ethereal too, for he is but the shadow (*Chhaya*) "in the image" of his progenitors, because he is the "astral body" or image of his *Pitar* (father). This is why in India gods are said to have no shadows. After which and from this primeval race, evolution supplies man with a "coat of skin" from the terrestrial elements and kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, and animal.—[H. P. B.]

tion corresponds to the addition from above of a new element in the series of ascending spirituality. With man is added the Fire-Element, in its aspect of the divine light or reason. It corresponds to *Manas* in Eastern systems. Another aspect of *Manas*, considered idealistically this time, by virtue of which it "creates for itself an external world of delight" (Vide Sankaracharya's "*Viveka Chudamani*"), would correspond to the quality of colour in the fire element. Of the earliest races of men we learn that they were purely frugivorous and perhaps androgyne.

With the formation of man the cosmogony of Genesis closes. We are justified in supposing that, as the union of form with the elements of Earth, Water, Air, and Fire produced the objective Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, and Human kingdoms, so these elements, divorced from Form, should have their appropriate kingdoms of beings, or forms of life, if we can use this term for something so widely different from all ordinary forms of life. These subjective kingdoms of the four elements would correspond to the Rosicrucian conceptions of "primordial earth" and the "Fire, Air, and Water Elementals."

We may go further than this, and, carrying on our inference, postulate for the spiritual ether, and even for the divine Logos, their appropriate qualities of being. To a conception somewhat similar to what the last of these would involve, the Gnostics gave the name of Aeons; for the first—the ether beings—we have the Indian titles of *gandharva*,—celestial musician,—or *Deva*. But having gone thus far, we are driven a step further. We have already seen all the links in the chain of elements in ascending spirituality picked up one by one by the ascending tide of Evolution, up to the elemental fire; let us advance a step, and postulate that the other two emanations or planes—the Ether-Spirit and the Logos—should ultimately be picked up by the Evolutionary tide. With the resumption of the first, instead of a human being we should have a "Spiritual Man," and from a reunion with the Logos we should have a "Divine Man, Perfected and Eternal," or, giving to these conceptions the names already appropriated to them in the East, we should have in the first case a *Mahatma*, in the second a perfect *Buddha*.

It is now time to point out that the pure elements of Ether, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth are not these bodies as we know them. The five classes of objects (corresponding to these five elements) known to us, being all on the physical plane, all belong properly to a single category, and may be called for the sake of distinction the Mundane Elements. To make this clearer, let us suppose that Mundane Earth—the mineral kingdom in its various forms—is composed of five parts of the element earth while Mundane Water (everything cognized by the sense of taste) is composed of four parts of the element of earth added to one part of the element of water. Similarly the Air-element known to

us on the physical plane (corresponding, as we have seen, to the sense of touch) is composed of four parts of the earth element, with one part of the pure elemental air added; and the Fire and Ether elements as known to our physical or waking consciousness are each composed of four parts—with one part of fire and ether respectively added.

These considerations will prepare us to believe that the real elements are purer and more spiritual than their representatives on the physical plane,¹ and that they will be represented by different compounds on each plane (or as it is called in some works, *planet*) on the water plane (or planet): for instance, what we may for convenience term Undine Earth will be represented by four parts of the Water element and one part of the earth-element; Undine water will be five parts elemental water; while Undine air will be composed of four parts elemental water, added to one part elemental air, and so on.

The composition of the elements as present on each plane or planet may similarly be deduced by observing carefully the principle which governs these combinations. We should warn our readers that these examples are given by way of illustration, and not as representing accurately and numerically the combined elements as they actually occur; they are really formed on a much more complex principle.²

In our illustrations we have, for convenience sake, confined ourselves to the five objective elements, though of course it must not be forgotten that the energizing spirit runs through the whole series on every plane.

The pure spiritual or elemental ether is the macrocosmic counterpart of that principle of the microcosm termed *Buddhi* by eastern mystics.³

The Logos corresponds to *Atma* in the same speculations.

We have seen that to the four principles—Form or *Linga*, Vitality or *Jiva*, Substance or *Sthula Sarira*, motion under desire or *Kama*—of the animal, Man has added a fifth,—corresponding to the macrocosmic elemental Fire,—human reason, or *Manas*.

Our speculations as to the two superhuman Kingdoms are also in harmony with these eastern theories; the element of *Buddhi* being added to form the *Mahatma*; and *Atma* completing the *Buddha*, perfected and divine.

¹ This is one reason for calling the objective phenomenal world an "illusion." It is an illusion and ever impermanent because the matter of which the objects are composed continually returns to the primordial condition of matter, where it is invisible to mortal eyes. The earth, water, air, and fire that we think we see are respectively only the effects produced on our senses by the primordial matter held in either of the combinations that bring about the vibration properly belonging to those classes: the moment the combination is entirely broken, the phenomena cease and we see the objects no more.—[H. P. B.]

² *Vide* "Man; Fragments of Forgotten History," p. 13, note.

³ *Vide* "Esoteric Buddhism."

The perfect Buddha, though not possessing a physical body, or, indeed, being united to principles on any of the objective planes, will still retain the spiritual counterparts of these principles, corresponding to groups of experiences gained on each plane. It is by these spiritual principles that the *Buddha* is richer than the *Aeon*; it is in virtue of them that the *Ascending* excels the *Descending Planetary Spirit*, or *Dhyan Chohan*. These spiritual principles constitute the end and aim of evolution, and justify the cosmic expansion and involution.

The evolutionary tide, in generating the higher kingdoms, has flowed, as we have seen, from the earth-element towards pure Spirit. In obedience to this tendency, man in achieving his apotheosis must, gradually loosing his hold on the world of Matter, add to his treasure in the worlds divine; until humanity becomes ever freer, stronger, and more perfect, and returns at last, refreshed, to his home in the bosom of the perfect God.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,

F. T. S.

WHY SHOULD I WANT TO BE A SAINT?

THIS question is not as simple as it seems. Theoretically everyone should want to be a saint, and, if asked the question point blank, many people would say so. But if the questioner persisted, and asked, "Why do you want to be a saint?" the replies would vary widely, and in nearly every case, would be inadequate, vague, unconvincing and unreal. Such people know but little more than the other, and perhaps larger, category who, in reply to the original question, would say frankly and flatly, "I don't want to be a saint."

The fact is that we all should greatly desire to become saints and if we knew enough the desire would be one of the main motives of our lives.

Let us take up, first, those who do not desire to be saints and who say so. What is the matter? The answer is ignorance. They understand neither what being a saint means, nor what not trying to be one leads to. It is difficult for a reader of this magazine to realize how utterly ignorant the average man and woman is about such things, for no one reads the *QUARTERLY* who is not interested to some extent in saintliness, and no one can be interested without knowing something about it. The vast majority of people, however, do not read the *QUARTERLY* or anything else which bears on the spiritual life; they do not talk about it; and sedulously eschew thinking about it. It is a distinct shock and a most uncomfortable experience when they are accidentally brought face to face with something or some person which thrusts it on their unwilling attention. I remember very well an amusing incident that happened to me once when a prominent banker with whom I had a slight acquaintance happened to sit down next to me in a smoking car, and asked me what I was reading. It was an innocent looking, red-covered book of the novel size, but its title showed that it was a treatise not only on religion, but on an intimate and personal kind of religion. I handed the book to him without comment. He looked at the title negligently, stared at it again with blank amazement, looked at me to be sure he had not mistaken me for some one else, and handed me back the book very much as a bachelor hands back a young baby which a foolish mother has forced into his unwilling arms. The poor man was so uncomfortable and embarrassed that I was sorry for him. He had never read such a book in his life, and he had not supposed that he knew the kind of people who did. Yet here was a man he knew, whose father he knew, with whom he had done business just as if he was an ordinary person, and yet who read extraordinary books about queer and uncomfortable things; things he had long ago relegated to the limbo of exploded superstitions; things he refused to think about.

That man ought to want to be a saint and ought to be trying to be a saint, and at the last analysis it is nothing but sheer ignorance that prevents him making the effort. There are, of course, many elements in his nature which would make the task difficult, for he is thoroughly worldly, loves pleasure and all forms of self-indulgence and luxury, he is a gambler, a constant seeker after excitement and distraction, and thoroughly selfish and self-centered. In other words, he is an ordinary, typical, average man. But in spite of all these handicaps, if he only *knew* the simple facts, he would still try to become a saint: he could not help it, for in spite of his faults, he is intelligent and quite capable of foregoing immediate satisfaction in order to attain a greater deferred satisfaction. That is all that is required of a disciple. He must forego the immediate realization of his small desires in order to gratify, eventually, a great desire. Every successful man does exactly the same thing, and exercises exactly the same kind of restraint. Even the things they refrain from are often the same. The football player or the prize-fighter has to be an ascetic during his periods of training, and the business man or diplomat will deny himself rich food and much drink, when he has to undertake some specially difficult piece of negotiation. The soldier's whole training is a foregoing of his usual mental, moral and physical habits in order to qualify for a new kind of life. Discipline is a name given to this kind of restraint. There is extraordinarily little difference between the discipline of a soldier and the discipline of a disciple, save that the latter is more thorough, and deals more with inner essentials and less with outer forms. The soldier's real training depends upon the reaction which the observance of a multitude of outer forms will have upon his character. The disciple is not permitted to neglect outer observances, but he directs his chief attention and effort directly to his character and deals with that as such. A soldier's training is better adapted to elementary human beings. The results sought after are practically the same in each case. This however is a digression.

The reason why my banker acquaintance, and perhaps the majority of men and women, do not wish to become saints, and would say so if asked, is because they are completely ignorant of what being a saint means, and because they imagine it to be the antithesis of pretty much everything they think they want. Please note that there are several qualifying phrases in that statement. It will not be easy to explain them all and to make clear just what I mean, but let me try.

Take an average good man, with an average education, and with average tastes. In the first place he has never taken any interest in religion. It bored him if, as may have happened, he was forced to go to church and Sunday school when a child. He stopped going as soon as he was old enough to have freedom. He may have kept on saying some perfunctory prayer when he was not too sleepy, in a mechanical kind of way, more or less because of habit, a little because of a very vague feeling that it might after all be the safe thing to do; but secretly

he would be rather ashamed of this as an evidence of weak-mindedness, and he would be careful not to let any one suppose that he did such a thing. I know of one man of middle age, who only knew three prayers but who was fairly faithful in reciting them for many years, until he learned really to pray. One was the Lord's Prayer, and the other two were taught him in early childhood.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon Thy little child.
Pity my simplicity,
And suffer me to come to Thee."

There is something touching and something pathetic in the thought of a grown man faithfully repeating such prayers, year after year, because he knew no others; of his holding on to these childish expressions of faith, through the years, because they were the only method he knew of expressing a true instinct, and of giving his poor, struggling and starved soul, a little nutriment. He got his chance for further knowledge and took it; but our average man would have long ago stopped praying at all, and would gradually have acquired the materialistic point of view—that there is no one to pray to, and that it is a silly superstition; that the desire to pray is a survival of a vague fear of the unknown which was characteristic of the childhood of the race, and that a modern educated man should be above such weak sentimentality. Indeed, those two last words sum up the average man's attitude towards saints—towards religion. He thinks he ought to think that the whole business is sentimental and weak, that it belongs to women, children and a few priests whom he thinks of as a sort of hybrid compound of woman, child and man. He is very much inclined to doubt the honesty and good faith of any educated man who professes faith in religion. There is a very general belief that such men are hypocrites, who pretend for the sake of an easy living. Saints, if he condescended at all to state what he thinks of them, would probably be described according to his own knowledge of modern psychology; as neuro-psychopathic hysteriacs; as suffering from hallucinations; or as harmless, but mildly insane individuals whose obsessions took the form of austerity and self-denial. He might grant that they had done some fine things under the influence of their fixed ideas, and would regret the waste of such good material. If our average man knew nothing of modern psychology, he would describe a saint as a plain damn fool who had wheels in his head which prevented his living and enjoying life in a rational way as God evidently

intended us to do, or he would not have given us the capacity to enjoy various pleasures with which we are endowed. He will tell you that the practices and habits and vows of the saints are contrary to nature, and he will point out finally, with an air of triumph, that if everyone turned saint there would soon no longer be any people left, and that he is quite sure God did not intend the human race to become extinct. If you point out mildly that there is only one saint to about every ten millions or so who are not, and that the propagation of the race can safely be left to the ten million, he will tell you that you are illogical, that what is right for one is right for all; which of course is not so.

The point is that both types of average man think of the saint as some kind of an abnormal and unhealthy excrescence upon the human family, who may show some interesting, and even extraordinary tendencies and capacities, but who, on the whole, is acting contrary to the orderly and normal life of humanity, and who, therefore, is objectionable. They are, of course, completely ignorant of what saints really are from the point of view of ordinary history as well as from the point of view of character, capacities and attainments. Indeed, and this is our immediate point, the average man of whatever type, is so completely and invincibly ignorant, that it is quite a hopeless task to change him and to hope that he ever can be persuaded to want to be a saint. Therefore we shall dismiss him and go back to our other category of those who do know something, and who, if asked, would feel it incumbent to say, "Of course I want to be a saint"; but who, if asked "why?" would be unable to give a satisfactory or convincing answer. What of these?

Their case is not hopeless for they have instincts to which you can appeal, and a will that makes it possible for them to understand. Let us see if we can describe their point of view. It must of necessity be very rough and very general, for it must include many degrees of knowledge and many shades of opinion. I am going to take it on what I would call a fairly high plane, and assume that our average individual of this category has read some lives of some of the famous saints, and that he has some general knowledge of the religious life, its ideal and its purposes.

He would say that a saint is a very extraordinary person who seemed to be without the common human appetites and desires, who was above temptation, who found a strange satisfaction in meditation and prayer and religious exercises which he was able to continue for hours and days and indeed a whole life-time; who in brief seemed to live on a plane, and in a state of consciousness, utterly different from that of every-day people, and which enabled him to thrive on a diet of self-denial and self-sacrifice. The saint, moreover, had generally removed himself from close contact with ordinary humanity and lived an isolated and useless life, at least from a practical and worldly standpoint. Indeed, a very common complaint about saints is that while they are wonderfully good and pious, they are not really as fine individuals as the man who works in the world and for the world in a productive and creative manner.

Many would unquestionably give Florence Nightingale a higher rank in the human hierarchy than St. Teresa of Avila. They would grade Father Damien higher than St. Bonaventura. Furthermore they would say very frankly that they considered the idea of their really trying to be a saint preposterous; or if they would not say so, they would secretly really think so. Away down in the bottom of their hearts they would have a feeling that saints are not really virile and strong. Many a man would say, "Really, I somehow do not feel that saints are manly in the best sense of that word. Of course some of them showed marvellous courage, and many of them had extraordinary endurance. If you actually select any adjective descriptive of an altogether admirable human quality, they usually had it to an unusual degree. And if you take any adjective descriptive of an objectionable quality, they were usually without it to an unusual degree; but in spite of this I somehow feel that there is something lacking. Perhaps it is fairer to say that in spite of their fine qualities and virtues, they have a streak of morbidness about them which undermines their virtues. Or perhaps a strain of weakness and sentimentality which,—Oh, well, I cannot describe what I mean. I only know that if I am perfectly honest I find that there is something absent, or something present, in my conception of a saint, which makes me not very keen to try to be one, in spite of my agreement in theory with the statement that everyone should want to be one."

Exactly. The real, and the only trouble with our typical friend is that down in the bottom of a large part of his heart, he does not want to be a saint; or, to be more specific, he does not want to do the things and to give up the things which he must do, and must give up, in order to become a saint; and his mind struggles valiantly to furnish him with excuses and reasons which even a little knowledge sweep away as fast as his brain manufactures them. So far as this method of approach is concerned we can dismiss it with the general statement that there are no fine and desirable qualities and powers and virtues which saints do not possess to a greater degree and in more abundant measure than ordinary people, and there are no objectionable qualities or vices or habits which they have to any extent worth mentioning. They are not perfect. They one and all lack some of the virtues, and they one and all had some faults, but there is no question whatever that they all possessed more of a greater number of virtues and less of a smaller number of faults than even the finest representatives of the human race who were not saints. This is so obvious that when I come to the part of this article which will attempt to define what a saint is, I shall probably offer as one definition,—A saint is a human being who has more fine qualities and fewer faults than the highest specimens of ordinary humanity. However, as a saint is more than this, we must wait until we come to that part of the article. Before we do there is one more phase of the subject I want to point out.

Human beings, as at present constituted, are complex organisms;

which sounds biological and learned, but by which I mean that a human being is not a single person; he—or she—is really two persons. There is the soul, the divine ray, with its roots in the central spiritual life, from which it is an off-shoot; and there is the personality, which that soul has built up in its effort to acquire self-consciousness. A saint, from this point of view, is a soul which has cleaned and trained and purified its personality, until there is very little of the personality left that cannot be permanently united to the soul and share in its immortality. An ordinary man, from this point of view, is a personality, who is a complicated mass of good and bad tendencies, which his soul is trying incessantly to clean and train and purify. And there you have in a nutshell, the fundamental difference between a saint and an ordinary, though perhaps a very good man. The saint is a soul with its personality in fairly good control; an ordinary man, no matter how good he may seem to be, is a personality whose soul is not yet in control. There are moments, sometimes hours, perhaps even days, when the soul is more or less in control, but the actual balance is still on the side of the personality. That person, from the standpoint of the spiritual world, is not yet “born,” is not yet “whole.” If he dies before this “second birth” takes place, he must be born again into physical birth, when the soul takes up the task again, about where it left off at the hour of death. That is, it will again have a personality, with the same virtues and vices, the same half-conquered faults, the same partially developed qualities and the same good and bad tendencies and inclinations. It must endow this new personality with consciousness, must wait until it goes through its infancy and childhood, and then must resume the great evolutionary duty of redeeming its creation, and so completing its own destiny. Sainthood is only a short stage on this age-long path.

Let us clear up one or two misconceptions. Does a saint have to be a monk or nun, and live in a convent, or at least be in religious orders? I suppose a good many people would say “No”; and yet even while saying “No” they actually do always associate saints with some formal and outward expression of the religious life. Of course I am using the word saint in its full technical sense and not as we use it when we hear of some good and noble person, and say, “She’s a saint.” We also might speak of such a person as an angel. We do not mean that they are dead and have wings, we mean merely that they are unusually good or unselfish, or self-sacrificing,—all of them saintly qualities, but their presence, even in abundant measure, not necessarily making a person a saint; nor do we mean that a saint is a person canonized by the church. The church has canonized many saints, but it has also canonized very many more who were not saints, and ignored or actually persecuted many who were.

Here is a more difficult query. “Is a saint always necessarily outwardly religious, even if not a priest or monk or nun? Could you be a saint and not follow any religious forms at all, even privately?” I think there have been saints who, for a time, lived anything but the kind

of life we associate with saintliness, but this was an unnatural and artificial condition. An expressive religion, in its real sense, is as natural and inevitable to a saint as flying to a bird. It simply goes with the saint's kind of consciousness. It is native to that kind of consciousness to adore, praise, love, and express itself in all the ways we associate with the word "religion." Nevertheless, that is only one way in which a saint's consciousness works, and we must not let our general conception of a saint be too much coloured by this phase. Now what I mean by all this is important, and needs to be made clear and simple, so let us get at it from another angle. The nearer we approach the Master, the more of the Master's nature, qualities, capacities and feeling, we express. A saint being nearer the Master than we are, expresses more of Him than we do. I say it with reverence although it may sound irreverent, but most people think of the Master solely in terms of piety. It almost shocks them if they think of Him as eating, or washing, or sleeping, or taking a walk, because He desires some fresh air, or loves flowers, or wants to look at the sunset, or to get away from the crowd for a while. And yet we have reason to believe He did and does all these entirely simple and human things. The Bible gives us warrant for saying so positively of most of them. But we can go even further. We are convinced that He loves beauty, and literature, and art, and is most keenly interested in them. Still further, we must believe that He is not only interested in religion, but also in all other human activities, in politics and statecraft, in the progress of science and manufacturing, in inventions and education, in economics and sociology. Can any one suggest anything He is not interested in? Can there be any part of our complex human life that does not vitally affect the well-being and future of His children, and can we think of His ignoring any of it? It may sound almost impious and irreverent to say that He is interested in industrial chemistry, but He is. I confess to the feeling that that is not likely to be a subject which moves Him deeply, but I am convinced that He knows all about it, admires the ingenuity and painstaking research which has been devoted to it, and deplors the time and attention which has been wasted on an activity which does not advance our real welfare, and which, for all I know, may actually retard it. But interested of course. So with war. We associate goodness and holiness with softness. Oh! yes, I know that in theory, we grant that that is not so, but in actual fact we all do, and we find it hard to associate goodness and holiness with war. But as a matter of fact, if it were not for goodness and holiness there would be no war, for it is just such qualities which have kept war alive and a fact in nature. If it were not for the perpetual and unceasing fight which goodness and holiness wage against evil, we poor weak humans would have been creatures of the devil long ago, and the world would have perished in complete and irreparable disaster. Therefore the Master is interested in war, and He must excel as a general as He excels in everything else.

Now the point of all this is to give us a rough and ready, but *rounded* view of the nature of the Master. We are too prone to think of Him as High Priest, and not enough as the perfect exponent of *all* that is good and beautiful and true. All the human qualities which we admire, or,—to allow for our own ignorance and limitations—let us say all the human qualities which we should admire, find in Him their apotheosis, their perfect flowering. This must be so, for we get everything that is good in us from Him, or it would not exist.

To go back now to our saint. He, the saint, expresses more of the Master than we do. See the point? A saint may express not merely the High Priest side of the Master, but he is equally a saint, if he expresses the necessary amount of any other part of the Master's nature. It would take all the saints that have ever lived or will ever live to express all of the Master's nature. Then indeed will He be fully incarnated.

However, we must not press our point to an illogical conclusion. And I must try to guard against one possible misunderstanding. A person cannot be a real saint unless he has to some minimum degree a rounded development. A saint can, and usually does express some one quality of the Master to a dominant degree, but he could not do so unless he also expressed some measure of the other essential qualifications of saintliness. You cannot be very unselfish unless you are also loving, patient and gentle. You cannot express to a special degree the saintly quality of obedience without being also the other things a saint must be. Therefore, I must not be understood to mean that a wonderful industrial chemist is a saint. He might be, though that is unlikely. And if he were, it would not be because he was a wonderful chemist, but in spite of it. My point is that a real saint is often a very versatile person indeed, with all sorts of interests, capacities and endowments, which we do not ordinarily associate with the word at all, but he must also possess the essential elements of saintliness. He may be a general, or an author, or a business man. He may follow almost any profession or occupation, or have none at all, and he does not by any means have to be a monk or a priest or to follow the outer observances of any religion whatever. He may be famous, but is more likely to be obscure. He may even be rich, though more likely to be poor. He positively does not have to sing hymns and to read the Bible, unless he wants to, which he probably does, when his duties permit, which may be seldom, for he is sure to be a very busy person. He may never go to church as a matter of preference, or he may pass his life in religious observances. Being a saint is a question of fact and not a matter of any outer circumstances or conditions whatsoever. You can be a saint in any environment, though obviously it is easier in some than in others.

We have endeavored to describe what a saint is, or might be, and our picture would be incomplete if we stopped there. We must also try to imagine how a saint feels, for we would not want to be a saint

unless being one felt good. Now how does a saint feel? First let us take up the question of prayers and religious exercises. We all feel that the average saint does a great deal more of this than we should like to do, and we do not see how we could ever really want to be a saint if being one meant that we should have to spend a large part of our time in religious observances. The answer is two-fold. First, the saint does not spend a lot of time praying because he ought to, but because he wants to. Second, religious exercises are like practising scales on the piano. We have to go through the tedium of doing it for hours every day, for years, if we want to become a first rate musician, but once we have become a musician we need play scales only enough to keep in practice. We have reached our goal; we have the reward of our efforts, of our sacrifice, we have the ability to play. I have never heard of a real musician who begrudged the effort and sacrifice which were expended in his education. Prayer, and other religious exercises, are a means to an end, unless and until they become the spontaneous and natural and entirely voluntary method of expressing one's self and one's feelings. In other words there is a general law of life. Anything worth having costs real effort and sacrifice. Saintliness is no exception. The reward of the faithful doing of a disagreeable task is that it ceases to be disagreeable. Of course that is not all, for it would be a soggy inducement to effort to be told that if you persisted faithfully in doing something you did not want to do you would learn not to mind it.

The reward of practising scales is not that in the progress of time we cease to mind practising scales; that would be most unalluring. The reward is that we learn how to play music; we acquire a new talent which gives us and others joy. All good talents, by the way, do always give others, as well as the possessor, joy. It is a test by which we can gauge them.

Therefore when imagining how a saint feels, we must not think of him as merely ourselves in other conditions; as some one who bravely endures the tedium of endless religious observances because of his superior virtue. The saint has acquired a new talent, one we have not got, which is a joy to him—and to others—and which is the reward of his faithful performance. Not being a saint, I cannot tell you much about this new talent or faculty, but I know from much reading, that it really does give great and exceeding and ever increasing joy to its possessors. One and all of them describe their happiness in terms of exuberant enthusiasm. Indeed, in this rather bored and satiated world, the only really consistent and extravagant claims to happiness are made by the saints. Did anyone ever hear of an unhappy saint? I have heard of saints who had heavy burdens and many troubles, who had patiently to endure hardships and crosses, for we must remember that the Master also has heavy burdens, suffers bitter disappointments, must wait patiently the slow fruition of long maturing plans; and the saints express and embody His efforts and His feelings, as well as His powers and

capacities and other qualities. But in spite of this we have His own testimony that the spiritual life contains within itself the very essence of perpetual joy. A saint enjoys bliss—in so far as he is a saint—as men breathe air. Neither can help it because it is the inevitable condition of the life each lives.

Therefore, in imagining how a saint feels, we can postulate, on their own testimony, that they tap a well of happiness which is beyond our reach; an inexhaustible reservoir of satisfaction which is not subject to the law of satiety, that, sooner or later, poisons all material joys. But that is not all. I think in many ways the saint's greatest possession is an increase of power; not merely the power of enjoyment, which becomes much finer and keener, but other powers, like the power to move and influence men, whether by tongue or pen or whatsoever medium; or the power of intellectual achievement; or the long list of simpler powers which we all use every day in our daily tasks, and upon which their perfect doing so much depends. The saint has more of all these, than common men. He has more patience, more tact, more endurance, more perseverance, more thoroughness, more sympathy, more understanding of others. Indeed, this last phase opens up a whole wide reach of endowments which the saint possesses, and which may be summed up in the words,—he understands human nature better than other men. In the last analysis there are few more valuable gifts, and it is the possession of this faculty which explains so much of the mysterious wisdom and astonishing influence of the saints. Why did the illiterate and youthful daughter of a humble craftsman sway popes and move kings and rulers to her will, as did St. Catherine of Siena? And why could she, with equal success, persuade a sinner to repentance, or console a dying man? Humble, obscure, uneducated, inexperienced—why was she adequate to every one of the very varied demands made upon her during her short but crowded life? I think the answer is quite simple. Because of her saintliness she understood human nature. This does not enable one to accomplish the impossible, but it does enable one often to accomplish the seemingly impossible. She did, and so did very many of the other saints, in much the same way.

The saints can do things better than other men. It does not seem to matter very much what they are called upon to do, or whether they have had any previous experience with it or not. What previous experience could a peasant girl of eighteen have had of the handling of artillery, of the fighting of battles, of the besieging of cities? Brother Lawrence was not trained to be a cook, or St. Catherine of Siena a diplomat, or St. Catherine of Genoa a sick nurse, nor St. Vincent de Paul a founder and organizer of hospitals and other institutions, nor did the great teachers and preachers and farmers among the saints follow a vocation for which they were trained. They did these things superlatively well, in spite of their obvious limitations, because they understood human nature—includ-

ing their own ; because they possessed in abundant measure those qualities of character which are required by saint or layman in order to do anything well ; because, through their closeness to the Master, they tapped an infinite reservoir of knowledge and power.

I have tried to show some of the reasons why we should want to be saints, but it has been done by inference rather than by direct statement. Before closing I think we should try to sum up the results of our investigation. We should try to be saints because, first, it is our inevitable destiny. Sooner or later, we must, and the sooner we do it the easier it will be. Second, it is the surest and quickest way to happiness. Third, we shall never cease, save for occasional moments, to be wretched, unhappy, unquiet, ill-at-ease, until we do. We shall be subject to all the vicissitudes of life with their frequent corollaries of pain and disappointment, at the best ; and at the worst, we actually risk our eternal salvation, for salvation is not inevitable for any given individual. It is for the race, as that is the end towards which evolution tends, but individuals can and do separate themselves from the stream, and perish miserably. Therefore we should try to be saints so as to be happy and to be saved ; though I confess that these motives will soon be replaced with others which are not quite so obviously for self.

C. A. G.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE following translation from the letter of a French sergeant, published in *L'Ame Française et L'Ame Allemande*, provides the best possible introduction to a consideration of the recent armistice.

"We arrived at the station.

"The Captain showed me a group of a dozen German prisoners who were guarded by Military Police and Transport drivers.

" 'Here,' he said, 'are those whom you are to conduct to P——. The big fellow standing over there in the corner alone, is a Prussian Lieutenant; you should look after him with particular care as his case is not clear; he is accused of having fired on some of our wounded officers. Is it true? The court martial will decide that, as soon as all the facts have been ascertained. In any case, the prisoner knows of what he is accused, and you may be sure that, guilty or innocent, he will do his utmost to escape. He has already tried to do so. For greater security, you will remain with him continually, in the compartment in which he will be placed. Two of our men will remain at each door, and you must sit facing him. As to the other prisoners, you will leave them in the wagon under the guard of the rest of your escort. Once more, keep a sharp lookout.'

"The Captain left, and I proceeded to look the prisoners over. Nearly all of them were big and solid yokels, well put together, of the expected square-headed type. On the other hand, several of them, who were regular degenerates, would certainly have been rejected by our own examining boards. It was not the first time, however, that I had seen among German prisoners those who would have provided first class illustrations for a pamphlet on prohibition. It looks as if the 'inexhaustible reserve' of men of the German Empire is beginning to be used up.

"The Prussian Lieutenant continued to hold himself erect and apart from the others. I approached him.

" 'Do you speak French?'

"A glance to one side, a contemptuous grimace: this was the only response that he made to my question.

" 'Does he speak French?' a Military Policeman said to me, 'I should say he does. But you wont get a word out of him. He affects to look down upon us from the heights of his grandeur, as if he could not despise us enough. We are too polite, too good to these prisoners, and they abuse our generosity.'

"A group of our officers approached. The Military Police and the Transport drivers were ordered to clear the place of spectators. The officers were going to question the Prussian Lieutenant.

"Your name?"

"This question, uttered in French and then in German, might have been addressed to a deaf mute.

"You don't wish to answer?" continued the Commandant who had first spoken. 'You know of what you are accused and what the consequences may be for you.'

"I have only one thing to say,' the prisoner then declared, 'this: I am being allowed to die of hunger.'

"Excuse me,' retorted the Commandant, 'you have been offered a loaf of bread and a tin of meat.'

"As if that were food fit for a German officer!"

"I looked at the Commandant; his eyes had begun to blaze and his cheeks had turned slightly paler. . . . I noticed with satisfaction that he might explode at any moment.

"I demand,' continued the prisoner, 'to be taken to the restaurant in the station, and to be served with an ample breakfast and with some old Bordeaux, because I have had nothing to eat since yesterday, and I must renew my strength. I demand, also, that tobacco be obtained for my pipe, but not the tobacco of the rank and file. I must have the finer kind. . . . If you do not accede to these demands, it may be made hot for you before long. . . .'

"Swine!"

"It was the first word that succeeded in escaping from the lips of the Commandant, who was choking with wrath. The rest of us breathed a sigh of relief. It had really become necessary to say something in order to calm our fury!

"A good meal, old Bordeaux, fine tobacco!' continued the Commandant. 'For you who finish off the wounded! For you who burn down houses with their occupants! For you who compel prisoners to dig your trenches and to protect you with their bodies when you advance! Ah! It may be made hot for me! I don't know what it is that keeps me from having you shot on the spot for your threat!"

"It was now the turn of the Prussian Lieutenant to turn pale. His tall figure crumbled; a gleam of terror came into his eyes.

"Commandant,' . . . he stammered.

"But the Commandant stopped the excuses of the prisoner with a swift gesture. He stared at him for a few moments without saying a word, then, turning toward us he said:

"Just look (*Regardez moi*) at his pitiable, humiliating, servile attitude. There you have what they all are: arrogant, vain braggarts, so long as they feel themselves safe. But as soon as they feel themselves in the presence of their master, they cringe and become that which all of them are at bottom—lackeys!"

"Under this cutting insult, the prisoner remained unaffected. He continued to stand with his body bowed, his head inclined, his expression flattened out like a school boy who is being reprimanded.

"The Commandant shrugged his shoulders with disgust and turned and marched off. The Prussian Lieutenant instantly drew himself up, saluted and maintained the attitude of a soldier until the Commandant was a good twenty paces off. He continued to salute as the other officers withdrew."

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In the last "Screen of Time," published before the signing of the armistice, it was stated that "when a bully cannot get his own way by force, he always weeps, first tears of rage, and then tears of self-pity. He expects the very people he has outraged to weep in pity for him. If they do not, he cries aloud to Heaven against their heartlessness." It was foretold that Germany would weep, and would weep "copiously, loudly, appealingly." Since then, Germany has deluged the world with tears—with tears of rage and with tears of self-pity, but also with crocodile tears, meant for the deception of fools.

Germany is not merely trying to escape the consequences of her sins. She is trying to obtain by fraud that which she failed to obtain by force. She is trying also to conserve her strength for another spring at the throat of France. And Germany may succeed. When the blind undertake to lead the blind, it is not difficult to beguile them into a ditch. When those who kept America in a state of neutrality, still lead, it is scarcely to be expected that the outcome can be satisfactory. A leopard cannot change his spots, or, as was said by another Wise Man, ages ago:

"A dog washed in the seven seas
Is still a pasture-ground for fleas."

From all of which it may have been inferred already that the signing of the armistice with Germany did not cause rejoicing among the contributors to the "Screen." We never believed in conversations with the devil, or in exchanging notes, directly or indirectly, with any of the devil's brood. We do not believe in making terms, any terms, with devils. Unconditional surrender is and forever will be the demand of the White Lodge and of its followers. The least concession is equivalent to defeat.

The spokesmen of the German people are telling them that their army has not been defeated (*New York Times*, December 12th). German troops returning to Berlin are received "like conquerors." "Berlin was once more a military town, full of enthusiasm for the soldiers and their deeds." Premier Ebert makes a speech and assures the soldiers: "Your deeds and sacrifices are unexampled. No enemy overcame you. . . . You protected the homeland from invasion. . . . With deepest emotion the homeland thanks you. You can return with heads erect" (*New York Times*, December 13th).

German vanity and arrogance provide ready ears for the claim that "Thus far and no farther" gives the substance of the terms of armistice. There is barely a step from that to the claim that the Allies were ex-

hausted and were compelled to accept such terms as Germany was willing to concede.

That she is the injured party, horribly ill-treated, but dignified in her suffering and brave in the face of injustice, is the way that Germany talks; and although this in most cases is a pose, her self-hypnotism leads her at times to believe she is telling the truth. "Now who has been cheated right and left but Germany?" asks Dr. Suedekum, the new Prussian Minister of Finance, with every appearance of virtuous indignation (*New York Times*, December 4th).

Not one word or sign of repentance has come out of the entire nation. As a people, they remain shameless. Without honor and without humanity, all they regret is that some of their loot may have to be disgorged. They will hide what they can of that. They are unconvinced and unconverted. They are as cruel as they were, as unscrupulous as they were, as treacherous, as morally corrupt, as obscene. They are the spawn of hell—and we have signed an armistice with them.

Prisoners turned loose to shift for themselves, without food or clothing, dying from exhaustion as they stagger toward freedom—prisoners who have been starved and beaten, persecuted and tortured, their manhood outraged and their bodies wrecked. Not a word of regret; not the first glimmer of consciousness that there is any need for regret. "Fire at men in life-boats?" said some U-boat commander when surrendering. "Why of course; they might have lived to fight us!"

Ebert, Scheidemann, Erzberger, Solf and the rest, are just as responsible for Germany's crimes as the Kaiser. There is only one more infamy which it is left to them to perpetrate, and that is to surrender him, the leader of the gang, in the hope that the Allies will accept him as a scapegoat. And this they will probably do.

Americans on the spot are already beginning to realize that something is wrong. A correspondent of the Associated Press with the American army of occupation, in a despatch from Coblenz (*New York Times*, December 14th), speaks of "an unmistakable air of independence on the part of the people, reflecting their conviction that the Americans are going to deal with them much more delicately than have the French or British with the people north and south of the city. . . . The population adopted an attitude to-day that found expression in *jostling American soldiers on the streets and in sneers and laughs*, which were only vaguely concealed."

And the "something wrong" is the armistice itself—the misbegotten offspring of the conversations which preceded it.

This will not be a popular view. But the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY never aspired to be popular. It could not do that and still retain as its motto, "There is no Religion higher than Truth." Furthermore, we quite sincerely prefer truth to popularity.

The German plea for an armistice ought to have been rejected instantly. Germany should have been informed that the Allied and American armies were going to occupy the entire country, or as much of it as might be desired, and that this would be done either in spite of German resistance, in which case towns might suffer, or with German consent, in which case, as evidence of good faith, the German armies would have to lay down all arms and every unit of the German fleet surrender.

As soon as Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Hamburg, Leipzig, had been occupied, compensation in kind should have been exacted for all damage done to France and Belgium, including machinery, works of art, raw materials, books and manuscripts. For instance, the contents of all the art galleries and museums in Berlin should have been transferred to Rheims as partial compensation for the destruction of her cathedral. (There is enough religious atmosphere in Rheims to neutralize, in time, the poisonous aura which even the Virgin and Child of Luini, or the Virgin of Fra Lippi, must have collected in Berlin). Thereafter, at Germany's expense, the Allies and the United States between them should have controlled every department of German industry and commerce, both domestic and foreign, for the sole purpose of extracting payment in full for the damage Germany has done. This might have taken ten years, or twenty, because the total would amount to many billions of dollars. But, toward the end of the period, the German people would have begun to regret, and to regret sincerely, that they had treated Belgium and France, and ships at sea, as they did.

The truth about the war was blurred by people who do not know what truth means and whose thinking is all done in terms of political expediency instead of on a basis of principle. France and England were both beginning to understand that there was only one real issue—namely: Were the forces of evil to dominate the world, or the forces of righteousness?—when, in the opinion of official Washington, it became expedient to say a great deal about “democracy.” Now “democracy” too often means government by the worst instead of by the best. But apart from that, it would at any time have been absurd to suppose that the German people were fighting against “democracy.” They were fighting for loot. If France had been an Empire, they would have attacked her just as readily, unless she had been stronger, which alone would have made them pause.

It would have required unusual insight and courage for either England or France, who were hard pressed and knew it, to have repudiated the pronouncements which Washington poured forth, when, to have done so, might have kept America permanently out of the war. Furthermore, neither England nor France had any statesman whose understanding was sufficiently religious, and whose grasp of principle was sufficiently clear, to make such protests possible. Clemenceau is heroic, but he has only common-sense and indomitable courage to guide him; and common-sense,

unless illumined "from above" by prayer—in which case it may approximate the wisdom of God (Theosophy)—cannot possibly be equal to the demands of a great world-crisis. Lacking faith in divine intervention, Clemenceau put his trust in princes—and that the prince, in this case, happened to be the United States of America, is merely incidental. In private, when first hearing of the famous "fourteen points," Clemenceau's comment is reported to have been: "*Quatorze points! Mais cela c'est un peu fort—le bon Dieu n'en avait que dix.*" But in public, he did his best to meet the situation half way.

The result was that America, having been kicked so hard and so often by Germany that "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" had become unpopular, at long last and with many apologies (for her decision and not for her delay), made up her mind officially that after all she was not "too proud to fight," and that the time had arrived "to make the world safe for democracy."

Throughout this period, and because of what was being said and left undone by their official representatives, many Americans were suffering, literally, the tortures of the damned. They still are. That is what we are talking about!

When French soldiers were asked what they were fighting for, they answered—To defend France, to kill devils, and to save our homes.

When British soldiers were asked what they were fighting for, they answered—To defend England and to put Germany in her place.

The French soldiers had the clearer understanding. But the politicians of both France and England—who, if left alone, would in time have been educated by their soldiers—when called upon to answer the same question used phrases and tried to persuade themselves that American definitions were "near enough." Anxious to play fair with America, they adopted shibboleths in which they only half believed. They compromised with themselves. They permitted themselves to be actuated by a sense of expediency.

The result was that when Germany not only asked for peace but wailed for it, her pleas were considered in the light of expediency and not on a basis of principle. "Unconditional surrender" ought to have been the only answer. Instead of that, it was deemed expedient to make hay while the sun was shining. That the harvest was not ripe; that Germany's wail for peace was simply the reverberation, in another key, of Germany's yells for war; that the heart of Germany was still as full of iniquity as it was in 1914—these were facts which the "democratization" of Germany threw completely into the shade. And an armistice did promise enormous gains. Germany did offer a stupendous bribe.

A bribe, none the less, is a bribe. To accept any kind of a bribe, for the sake of peace, is to compromise with evil. The Allies have compromised with evil. And America, in our opinion, is very largely to blame.

We do not believe that any one who was neutral prior to April, 1917, when America entered the war, can have sound views today unless he has seen and confessed how wrong he was then: and the only man in public life who has done this to our knowledge is the Vice-President, whom we honor for that reason. Such men as the present Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who was author of the bill to prohibit the export of arms and ammunition to the Allies, still boast that they stood for "a strict, peaceful and impartial neutrality," and that they would have opposed American participation to the end, if Germany had not begun "a systematic attack on our commerce."

How can such people be expected to understand anything? The professional Pacifists and Internationalists and Socialists, in too many cases do understand, and are playing deliberately into the hands of Germany, for no other reason than their common kinship with the devil. The black forces everywhere are united, for all alike work for the breaking down of decency and order, though some persuade themselves that the sharing in common of wives and kitchens, with the obliteration of homes and nations, would make the world a happier place to live in.

No real student of Theosophy can have been neutral at any time, or can now be caught in the snares of Internationalism. Further, no real student of Theosophy can fail to realize that, in addition to the claims of Justice, which must be vindicated, the salvation of Germany herself depends upon the severity with which she is punished and the ability of the rest of the world to hold and to treat her as the criminal she is.

Students of Theosophy believe that the universe, in every department, being a manifestation of the one divine life, is governed by laws inherent in the universe itself. They believe this, chiefly because their own experience proves it true. They have found, for instance, that whatsoever a man sows, he reaps, and that whatever he reaps, he has at some time sown. Their study of world religions has taught them that this doctrine is older than history and has been verified by all mankind. In India it was called by some the Law of Karma, a Sanscrit word meaning action, with the connotation that action and reaction are equal and opposite. So they have come to use that term as being briefly expressive of their concept, which includes the idea of good or bad "fruits of action" from the past. Both Buddhists and Roman Catholics use the word "merit" as a student of Theosophy would use the term "good Karma," though the Roman Catholic would give a much narrower range to his word.

Applying, then, our understanding of Karma to the offences of Germany, we find that, as against their hideous total, there is only one "fruit of action," which might be described as good, accruing to her. This is a benefit she unwittingly conferred on other nations—the benefit to them of being made to see evil for what it is. The French officer's statement

to Kipling, more than once quoted in the "Screen," to the effect that we had forgotten what evil is until Germany had forced us once more to believe in it and to hate it, was a clear recognition of a debt. Germany's unspeakable crimes aroused in France and then in England and finally in America, a deep and even passionate hatred of such wickedness, with a corresponding love of the virtues—honor and truth and self-effacement—which are the opposites of what Germany revealed.

To what extent does this debt to Germany off-set her "bad Karma," consisting of the moral, mental and physical injuries which she has inflicted on others? That she conferred the benefit unintentionally and in a certain sense against her own will, naturally leaves little to her credit. Something, none the less, is left, and this something can be used by the divine powers on her behalf, just to the extent that the rest of the world continues to react from her evil, meeting her people and her products, when that is unavoidable, with the contempt and loathing they deserve, and insisting that she shall be punished unremittingly and implacably until profound repentance shall have purged her sin away. To adopt any other attitude is to nullify the only "merit" she possesses and to deprive her of her one means of salvation—the only leverage the divine powers can use to raise her from the depths to which she has sunk. Were any one to treat Germany or her people as if they were civilized and clean, when they are neither, he would dishonor himself, his God and his nation, and would also be guilty of the most "unbrotherly" act which the perverseness of man could devise.

Failure to act on principle, necessarily brings trouble in its train. Every imaginable effort is being made to disrupt the ranks of the Allies. Anti-British propaganda is being conducted openly in America. New York and other newspapers are full of accusations that England (and France is not excepted) is trying to grab this or that advantage from Germany's defeat. All the people who used to be aggressively neutral are now darkly suspicious, having discovered that at present that attitude is safe, though, prior to the armistice, it was known to be disloyal. At no stage of the war has the Black Lodge been more active or, in some respects, more successful. The so-called freedom of the seas and the much-heralded League of Nations are used as ferments to raise trouble. No one knows what they mean, and not many people care; but fancy, in all these psychic commotions, has far more influence than fact. Students of Theosophy have an immense responsibility, because they have studied psychism, and have it in their power, by clear thinking and honest, direct speech, to dissipate much of the bewilderment which otherwise might lead this country into unconscious and unintentional betrayal.

To see existing things, not as they are, but as our fancy makes them, is psychic; to see them, not as they are, but as they would have to be to fit our theories, is psychic. To see a League of Nations, under federated control, as an ideal, and then to jump to the conclusion that the world is

ripe for it, when it cannot be ripe for it until Adepts are recognized as Kings and an Avatar as world-ruler, is psychic to the point of danger.

There is nothing more divine in life than a fact. No one can see a fact who sees his own ego first and his environment through that lens. To pretend that some one is good when he is bad, or wise when he is silly, is an insult to Truth, and therefore an insult to God.

"Two men looked out through their prison bars;
The one saw mud, and the other stars."

Both were wrong. A wise man would have looked up and down and also straight ahead into the windows opposite. The man who sees only stars is falsely called an idealist. The man who sees only mud is rightly called a pessimist and a bore. Most men look up or down as the state of their livers directs. The egotist is psychic because he is an egotist. He indulges his egotism, in ways bad or merely foolish, and thus makes himself incapable of seeing a fact, while his particular distortion of it is as changing as the centre of his own self-reference.

There is this comfort, however, not for the psychic's friends, if he have any, but for those who watch his flights with trepidation, and who perhaps care deeply for some cause he seems to jeopardize:—as his one sincere conviction is that he himself is wise; as he is tenacious only at that point, he is likely to drift in time to where public applause will greet him, hailing himself with beatific self-complacency as the creator of conscience, or of insight, in whatever environment he may function. Just as the Kaiser reflected the will of his people and did not lead them, so other psychics, of lesser degree, rarely do worse, or make more havoc, than the conscience of those who look on permits.

None of which may seem at first sight to have much to do with the armistice, or with the situation we now confront. But it has everything to do with them, and with the future too.

T.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

RESOLUTIONS

IT is futile to discover the truth about ourselves through self-examination unless we do something about it, and that brings us to the subject of Resolutions.

The spiritual books tell us that every self-examination should be followed by a resolution; indeed, they go further and say every meditation or prayer, or spiritual exercise of any kind should be followed by a resolution, or, otherwise, the effort we make will have no result. It is as if we raised a bucket of water from the well of truth and then allowed it to fall back instead of using it to refresh the garden of our natures. It is as if we prepared some nourishing food, and then went our way without eating it.

Etymologically the word *resolution* is derived from the same root as *resolute*, which means bold, determined, firm and constant of purpose. The meanings given the word by current usage are thus closely akin to its etymology. In religion, however, it has a somewhat more extended connotation. A resolution in the religious sense, implicates the soul, the moral nature. We can make a decision, and change it at will without moral delinquency, for a decision is merely mental; but if we make a resolution, we cannot break it without shame, without stigma or reproach, none the less real because often known only to ourselves. A resolution, in other words, involves not only a movement of the mind and will, like a decision, but also involves the moral nature, the soul.

We may decide to take a walk, and, because it comes on to rain, we may change our minds and stay at home. It was probably a sensible thing to do and it would never occur to any one to blame us for not carrying out our original intention. But if, for some reason or other, we make a resolution to take a walk, it would mean that some duty, some moral obligation, is involved, and in that event, rain or shine, we should take the walk. It is a pledge we make, to ourselves it is true, but none the less a pledge for that reason; and to break a pledge is shameful.

It is a commonplace that everything that pertains to the inner life may be looked at from two points of view; we may look at it from the standpoint of the ordinary human consciousness, in which case we talk about the Soul as if it were outside of and apart from ourselves; or, we may look at it from the standpoint of the Soul, in which case, the ordinary

human consciousness is only one, though an important, manifestation of the Soul's activity; a manifestation which is often unsatisfactory and incomplete, if not actually rebellious and perverted.

A decision is a matter that originates in the lower self. Of course, it concerns the Soul, for every activity of any part of the nature concerns the Soul, but the Soul is not directly implicated. A resolution, on the other hand, originates in the Soul, even though it is the mind which formulates it into terms of ordinary consciousness. Put in other terms, we might say that a resolution is a conclusion reached by the Soul, while a decision is a conclusion reached by the mind.

If we meditate or pray for help and guidance, we get it; of that there is no doubt whatever. But we often get it in a manner that requires translation from what we may call Soul consciousness, into terms of ordinary mind consciousness. The best possible method to translate this help from the Soul plane, where it is given us, onto the mental plane where we can understand it and use it, is to make a resolution while under the influence of the meditation or prayer. At that moment, the mind is more or less under the control of the Soul and is, therefore, likely to come to a wise decision, a decision that is a resolution because it owes its life and origin to the Soul. As we do this more and more often, and as we carry out faithfully the resolutions so made, we learn gradually to translate the activities of the Soul more and more accurately and completely into terms of ordinary consciousness; which is merely another way of saying that our ordinary consciousness gets to be more and more like our Soul's consciousness, until finally, the two become one—actually and literally one. At first this oneness is only reached in occasional moments when in deep meditation, but the frequency and duration of such times increase with practice, until, as was said, the two consciousnesses become one; and as the consciousness of our Soul is already at one with the consciousness of our Master, the completion of the process really means at-one-ment with the Master—Union, the supreme goal of the disciple.

Naturally, this is a long way off. At first all we can hope to do is to make a reasonably accurate translation of the wishes and desires of our Soul into terms of our ordinary understanding. Our every-day consciousness is so hide-bound, so "cribbed, cabined and confined," by prejudice and preconception, by heredity, by blindness and impairment caused by sin, that it is a marvel that it ever succeeds in getting any of the Soul's ideas right. In fact, at first, it rarely does; it only gets them part right. We are almost certain to decorate the Soul's original and simple wish with all sorts of theories and ideas of the mind. Some of these do not matter very much, but some are foolish and harmful, while others are poisonous and deadly. We must remember that there are many forces in the lower nature which do not wish the Soul to enter in and take charge. These forces will deliberately try to pervert the understanding, or to break the resolution. All our appetites and desires, our love of comfort, all our self-will, our pride, our vanity, our so-called independence, will struggle

to the end against a vital resolution; for it is a death struggle in the last analysis. The Soul and the contents of the ordinary lower-self cannot live in union; one must dominate and expel the other. Most people have expelled their Souls, and, by reason thereof, are exiles from Eternity. But these are only exiles. Like the Prodigal Son they can be forgiven and return to their true home. Indeed, they must, sooner or later, unless they wish to perish altogether. This, of course, is written from the standpoint of the lower consciousness, which, after all, is where we live and function most of the time. But it is not our true consciousness, and we all have repeated experiences of that true consciousness during our "higher moments," during times of aspiration and repentance, when we feel and know the Soul within us; when we recognize our real home. The two worlds are not so far apart as we are sometimes prone to imagine. But let us return to the subject of resolutions, and see how it works out in practice, and in the light of what we have said above.

Roughly speaking, people are divided into two classes: those who find it difficult to make resolutions, but keep them when made, and those who make resolutions easily, but find it difficult to keep them. It would seem as if the first class had to overcome a very strong self-will, but once the mind is made up, as the expression has it, they are pretty faithful performers. The second class seem to have less self-will to overcome, for they make resolutions easily, but they lack the perseverance, the determination needed to carry the resolution into effect. The first class are full of evil. The second class are weak. We all have both these faults, but one or the other usually predominates.

Sometimes I have thought that knowledge was a factor in the situation. Those who realize how difficult it is to keep a resolution are reluctant to make one, while the ignorant and inexperienced unhesitatingly announce their intention to do impossible things. There must be a happy mean between the person who makes too few resolutions to get anywhere along the path of self-improvement, and one who makes a great many but fails to keep them. We certainly should not stop making resolutions for fear that we may not keep them. On the other hand it is weakening to one's will to be continually making resolutions which we do not keep. We must not let our pride prevent our making efforts for fear we may fail, nor must we allow our available stock of will to be frittered away over a multiplicity of resolutions we do not keep.

The happy mean would appear to be something like this. Make a resolution you know to be possible and concentrate your effort on that. When, through continued performance, it has become easy, make another. If the two together are more than you can accomplish, after conscientious effort, drop the second and return to the perfect performance of the first until it has become a part of yourself—a habit; then try the second again. When successful in carrying both easily, try a third. Do not be discouraged by failures. Almost every one fails when he first undertakes any new practice. There must be repeated failure and repeated beginning

over again in most categories of resolutions. It is a very rare soul that succeeds from the very outset.

As a race, we are not careful enough about our pledges, our resolutions. We make them too lightly, and break them far too often; and we suffer the consequence which is a weakening of the will. The only way I know to strengthen the will, is to keep our resolutions, regardless of the cost—the cost to ourselves be it noted, not regardless of the cost to others. And that leads naturally to the consideration of when we are justified in breaking a resolution. It is simple enough in theory, but not always easy in practice, for various forms of self-will and casuistical reasoning enter into the problem and are apt to lead us astray. In theory we must not sacrifice the comfort, happiness, peace, feelings or convenience of others in order to follow our own designs. When you make a resolution you make a bargain with yourself; no one else is involved. If, through chance and circumstance, some one else becomes involved, the bargain lapses, for it was made in ignorance of the facts. I may make a perfectly proper resolution to go for a walk; but if a member of my family becomes ill, there is no shame in staying at home to tend the ill one, although in so doing I break my resolution. As a matter of fact, I did not break the resolution; Providence did it, and thereby absolved me from moral delinquency. I cannot think readily of any positive resolution that cannot properly be broken in certain circumstances. I mean by this a resolution to do something. We also make resolutions not to do things. In this latter case, Providence does not intervene and make them right. For instance, if we resolve to stop some kind of sin, no easily conceivable circumstances can arise to justify our again sinning.

The point is that while we must keep our resolutions, so long as they concern ourselves only, keep them if necessary, though we die for them, we must not make a fetish of them, and must be quite willing to change, if our duty to others becomes involved. There is the usual mean between two extremes, here, as elsewhere in discipleship. It is a hair line, often, verily.

Resolutions may be general or specific. All the religious books warn us against making our resolutions too general. We may have a very genuine and sincere desire to be good, but it is of little use to resolve merely to be good. We must determine to be good in some definite and specific way. The trouble is that the impulse to be good is usually a vague and general feeling. We pray, or repent, or are inspired by a sermon, or an example, and there is engendered in us a desire to be good. Perhaps it is the urge of our own souls; or perhaps it is a manifestation of the Master's grace. Be the cause what it may, the result is nearly always a feeling, an impulse, a desire to be better. If we stop there, we let the water spill back into the well without using it. The feeling soon evaporates, and nothing has been accomplished, no forward step taken. But if, on the contrary, we harness the motive power in our desire to some definite resolution, we make it work. And when the power dies down,

as it will in time, we can replenish it at will, and we should replenish it by deliberately subjecting ourselves to the influences which, we know from experience, will set it going again. If it is prayer, then we must pray. If it is inspiring example, then we must seek the comradeship that is inspiring. If it is devotional reading, then we must faithfully and devoutly read our books. If it is grace, then we must see to it that we keep in the state of purity, that makes us fit channels for the Master's force.

Resolutions are of different planes. They may be about physical things, like eating or getting up early and regularly, or about our attitudes and postures and tricks of manner. Or, they may belong to the moral plane. We can make resolutions about being patient, or sympathetic, or about not being irritable, or curious, or jealous, or bearing resentment, or being cross. Or, they may be mental things, and have to do with our reading or studying, or our speech, or our thoughts, or our imagination and the use or misuse we make of it. Or, finally, our resolutions may relate to the inner life and have to do with our prayers, our meditations, our religious exercises, or, less tangible, our will, our desires, our affections.

Any one of these categories is a perfectly legitimate field for our resolutions, but we must beware of trying too many things at once. A resolution of each kind there should always be, for we must always be making an effort on each plane, or we run the risk of a lop-sided development. Fortunately we are so constituted that we can carry on successfully several simultaneous efforts if they are on different planes, when we might not have the determination and the will necessary to carry out two efforts on the same plane.

The time element must not be forgotten. In some cases it is easier to keep a resolution if it is made for a definite time, and not forever. In other cases, it should be made forever, or the chances are you will not keep it at all. To take a crude illustration: if you have a drug habit and decide to stop it, you should resolve to stop forever. Indeed, whenever you give up a bad habit, safety and success lie in making the resolution finally and forever. But if you decide on a practice for the sake of discipline, which is neither good nor bad in itself, you will be more likely to carry through your resolve if you set a definite time during which you will do the thing. It is easy to give up candy during Lent, but very, very few would keep a resolution to eschew it forever.

C. A. G.

REVIEWS

OCCULT NOVELS. Novelists are beginning to realize the unlimited possibilities of reincarnation as a basis for the making of stories; furthermore, the "occult," or hidden side of things is receiving more and more attention from popular writers. We seldom pick up a magazine that does not have at least one story that comes within the special purview of the third object of The Theosophical Society, while of the writing of occult novels there is beginning to be no end. It would seem to be the duty of the *QUARTERLY* to mention these from time to time, although that usually results in a state of exasperation from which it takes some time to recover.

Since Bulwer Lytton we have had very little on occult themes which is in any way worthy of so great a subject. F. Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs* almost belongs to theosophical literature, but his other essays into this type of literature were not so successful. Du Maurier was, at least, interesting. *Peter Ibbetson* is a charming tale that comes much closer to being possible than most efforts to describe the workings of the astral plane. He spoiled a good record by writing *The Martian*, which is thin and unconvincing. Perhaps the best occult story since Bulwer Lytton is Kipling's *Brushwood Boy*, which has human interest, literary excellence, and so far as the occult element is concerned, is quite possible, if not very probable. The underlying idea is similar to that of *Peter Ibbetson*. Even Mr. Sinnett, with all his advantages, was lamentably inadequate in his two efforts, *Karma*, and *United*, which are as impossible, artistically, as they are travesties of the occult. Marie Corelli has all the faults of Marie Corelli, and that is saying enough. W. L. Comfort, a new-comer in the field, several of whose books have been reviewed in the *QUARTERLY*, has as special characteristics a perfervid imagination fed on ignorance, and an almost total inability to write: and so it goes. The *QUARTERLY* would welcome a really good occult novel, for the world needs to have its attention turned away from the purely material interests of life, and even if we cannot wholly commend the novel as a means of propaganda, it reaches individuals who would not be reached in any other way.

One recent book, *The Promise of the Air*, by Algernon Blackwood, has been extensively advertised and favorably reviewed. People are talking about it. I do not know why. It is not interesting, and lacks substance. The theme is fantastic and leads nowhere. A lower middle class man, who is fond of birds, develops a type of irresponsibility and inconsequence which he and the author claim to be like the irresponsibility and inconsequence of birds. It is gay, almost joyous, at times, although through most of the book the sordid details of commonplace lower middle class keep him submerged. He marries, and one of his children, a girl, seems to inherit his lack of touch with the practical affairs of life. She is vibrant with life, and dances away until the end of the book. The book, by the way, ends, but the story does not. Nothing happens. The most exciting incident, and the climax of the story, is the move of the family to the country. You put the book down and wonder why it was written. It leads nowhere, suggests nothing, presents no ideal.

Mr. Blackwood is more fortunate, and so are we, in another story, a play about reincarnation, called *Karma*, and written in collaboration with Violet Pearn. This little work has a purpose and does suggest a good deal. A selfish, self-centered woman is about to ruin her husband's career by refusing to follow him to Egypt, where he is a successful and promising English civil servant. She has a vision of her three previous lives, in each of which her selfishness ruins her husband, and in the Epilogue, under the influence of her vision, she reforms, and everybody lives happily ever after. The foundations are there for an admirable play and one wishes that it had been better done.

Rider Haggard, in *Love Eternal*, departs from the magical extravagances of *She*, which, by the way, also coquettes with the idea of reincarnation, and gives us one of the best of recent occult novels. A couple who have often lived and loved before, contrive to wed and love again, in spite of adverse circumstance. There is an evil woman with a dangerous knowledge of practical occultism; there is also much about clairvoyance and hypnotism and other magical arts; but it is well done, not exaggerated unduly, not too unbelievable. The tone of the book is excellent; the moral standards are high; there is restraint; and there are many admirable passages which we wish we had space and time to copy out. One must serve.

"More than thirty years ago two atoms of the eternal Energy sped forth from the heart of it which we call God, and incarnated themselves in the human shapes that were destined to hold them for a while, as vases hold perfumes, or goblets wine, or as sparks of everlasting radium inhabit the bowels of the rock. Perhaps these two atoms, or essences, or monads indestructible, did but repeat an adventure, or many, many adventures. Perhaps again and again they had proceeded from that Home august and imperishable on certain mornings of the days of Time, to return thither at noon or nightfall, laden with the fruits of gained experience. So at least one of them seemed to tell the other before all was done and that other came to believe."

The book is well put together and we can recommend it to those who read novels.

Perhaps the best of recent occult books is, however, *The Ghost Garden*, by Amelie Rives. It is quite the most readable ghost story I have seen. Indeed, it is more than a story, for it is of novel length and is well sustained throughout. The authoress has read, studied and digested her theosophical books, and in this she is not quite fair, for she expresses contempt for the very teachings which have given her the information she uses in creating her story. The modern heroine has to fight for the possession of her lover with the Kama-lokic spook of a 17th century beauty, who survives almost complete, save for her physical body, and who is most realistically and convincingly unpleasant. It is not a book for nervous and imaginative people to read late at night, but it is a thrilling and exciting and admirably worked out novel, with the literary ability and artistic excellence of much of Amelie Rives' work, and it is free from the crudities and impossibilities which trip up most authors when they attempt to write about anything they know so little about as they do about the occult side of life. C. A. G.

A Defense of Idealism, by May Sinclair, published by the Macmillan Company. A very interesting, acute, and suggestive criticism of modern psychopathology and psychoanalysis, with such philosophical conclusions and suggestions as might be deduced from them. The book is brilliantly written, sustained throughout, and though precisely technical, is lucid to a degree. Inattention would be the only reason for re-reading a sentence. The concluding chapter, just because Miss Sinclair has pushed the logic of her arguments so hard, has more the force of actual

conclusions than Miss Sinclair herself would claim. She says: "It is not, and cannot be, a question of certainty. No reasonable person demands certainty at this time of day. The utmost he is entitled to demand is a certain balance of probabilities. Perhaps not even that. Perhaps only here a balance and there a chance, and there, again, an off chance, a bare possibility." So speaks the unaided intellect. Miss Sinclair, philosophically, or metaphysically, sums up by saying that her argument "supposes one infinite and absolute Spirit manifesting itself in many forms to many finite spirits"—in other words, a form of Monism. But "the greatest objection to the acceptance of this form of Monism turns on the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of conceiving *how* the selfhood of the finite selves is maintained in and through their fusion with the infinite Self." In other words, the Mind, which Theosophy and Hindu psychology for ages have recognized as *essentially* dual, and therefore incapable by nature of comprehending the unity of the Spirit, cannot see, even in its own experience, how it can be at once "individual" and also spiritually, consciously "one" with other selves, and the Self. The intellect says, "It is not, and cannot be, a question of certainty." The Soul—for lack of a better word—or the new-born "inward man" of St. Paul, would say: "Gain my state of consciousness, and you will see how it can be done. That is what religion and mysticism are all about."

Miss Sinclair does not see this. Mysticism, though real, is limited to the few, and so she has "given to mysticism a place apart." She admits that "mysticism is of immense interest and importance in Psychology"—no popular admission as yet with the strict schools; but instead of seeing in mysticism the key to all the future of human evolution—the index to the lines of man's future evolution—she sees in it only a rich and suggestive by-product, which must be studied for the light it throws on normal human processes. Miss Sinclair does not really or practically accept the spiritual world, and she knows nothing about its reflection, the psychic. (Until psychology accepts and investigates the latter, it will be forever astray.) Therefore Miss Sinclair speaks of the "dubious borderland" of "so-called supernatural powers"—unable to make any distinctions between the real and the counterfeit, and sweepingly stating that "neither the believer in magic nor the mystic knows what is really happening." This is a gratuitously unscientific statement; but, since Miss Sinclair's personal experience seems to have been unfortunate, we shall assume that this is one instance of her difficulty in writing "fairly" about mysticism, as well as about Theosophy. On page 265 she writes, in her chapter on "The New Mysticism," where she discusses Theosophy, "I find it hard to write fairly of Theosophy, possibly because I have suffered from theosophists." It would be well if all members of The Theosophical Society might learn the lesson of this and subsequent passages. We cannot blame Miss Sinclair for her feeling and attitude; we can only regret that her contact has been with those who use the name of Theosophy without any right to do so, and misuse it so grossly both in their conversation and in their manner of life. We should wish to make protest against any of the forms, self-styled Theosophical, about which Miss Sinclair writes, and to point out that they carry the negation of their own avowed principles in themselves. Her experience of "Theosophists" appears to have been limited to members of Mrs. Besant's Adyar Society and its offshoots. Miss Sinclair says:

"I hate it when a woman I disapprove of tells me that if I would only extinguish all my desires I should attain Nirvâna to-morrow. I know it. But I do not want to attain Nirvâna quite so soon. When I am eating chicken, and my host is eating lettuce, I resent his telling me that a vegetarian cannot endure the presence of a flesh-eater, but that he conceals his repulsion because he is holier than the flesh-eater. And I am really frightened when I am introduced to a female 'adept' who cannot walk through a churchyard without seeing what goes on in the graves, and who insists on describing what she has seen. Surely there is something very wrong here."

Miss Sinclair is right. But what she criticizes shows a total absence of Theosophy, in its most elementary forms, and not its presence. None the less, it is naturally difficult for Miss Sinclair, an onlooker, to distinguish between such insane counterfeits and the real *Theou-sophia*, which is one of St. Paul's names for the Christos. The possession of that would mean not less common sense and good manners—let alone goodness and wisdom—than the average, but of as much more than the average as the human Christ transcended the average man in just those essential respects.

The reviewer found Miss Sinclair's first chapter on Samuel Butler of unusual interest. Butler's premises and his logic force him face to face with reincarnation, but he does not realize it. Heredity simply cannot explain the dilemma in which he finds himself. Reincarnation would; but he turns aside into a quagmire of confusion, contradiction, and futility. Some interesting conclusions might be deduced from a careful comparison of James McTaggart's recent books with Butler's work.

Miss Sinclair's book embraces a wide range of scientific reading, surprising to one who knows her only through her novels. There are many epigrammatic statements that remain in the memory, and give food for thought. Such are: "I believe in Pragmatism as a branch and a very important branch of casuistry"; "To be degenerate is to fail to add the priceless gift of individuality to the achievement of the race"; ". . . Consciousness is a unity that could hardly be if there were no self over and above consciousness, unaffected by its multiplicity, its change the flux"; and, finally, "In our present existence we *are* Spirit, but so limited in our experience that we know the appearances of Spirit far better than we know Spirit itself. . . . There are, after all, different kinds of certainty. . . . Our inner states do succeed each other at different rates of vibration, and what escapes us on the slow, steady swing, we seize when the pace quickens. . . . No reasoning allows or accounts for these moments. But lovers and poets and painters and musicians and mystics and heroes know them: moments when eternal Beauty is seized travelling through time; moments when things that we have seen all our lives without truly seeing them, the flowers in the garden, the trees in the field, the hawthorn on the hillside, change to us in an instant of time, and show the secret and imperishable life they harbour; moments when the human creature we have known all our life without truly knowing it, reveals its incredible godhead; moments of danger that are moments of sure and perfect happiness, because then the adorable Reality gives itself to our very sight and touch. There is no arguing against certainties like these."

A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 225.—*“Light on the Path”* says: *“Seek the way by retreating within.”* The Bible says: *“The Kingdom of Heaven is within.”* How can one learn to know this with one’s heart, and to live in that Kingdom?

If the Kingdom of Heaven is within, then the King must be there too. Is one to pray to that King? And in trying constantly to identify oneself with the Higher Self is there not danger of confusing the two, or is it true that the King and the Higher Self are one?

ANSWER.—One method of becoming conscious of the presence of God in our hearts is explained with great clearness in Part I, Chapter X, of *St. Teresa’s Pater-noster* by Frassinetti. St. Teresa says: “I endeavored, as best I could, to have always present within me Jesus Christ, our Supreme Good and our Lord; and this was my manner of prayer.” The first means then, to be employed, Frassinetti says, in order to acquire an abiding sense of the presence of God, is *to exercise our memory*, by frequently calling to mind that *God is within us*. There should be no more difficulty in this than there would be in calling to mind, a thousand times a day were there any occasion for it, that we have a heart within our breast. That we do not understand how this can be is of no consequence. We should not trouble ourselves in the least over what we do not understand, but carry out in practice whatever little we can see, and the Lord will gradually make us taste something of what was previously unintelligible to us. As Frassinetti says, it is experience and not intellectual ability that gives understanding in these matters. No intellect, however powerful, and no learning, however great, would give an understanding of sweetness to one who had never tasted anything sweet, whereas experience gives it at once to the most stupid.

St. Teresa says further: “If we can do this many times in the course of the day, let us do so; if not, let us do it at least sometimes; for when we shall have accustomed ourselves to it, we will derive great benefits therefrom sooner or later. Once the Lord shall have granted this favor to us, we will not barter it for any earthly treasure, but nothing is gained without a little trouble. For the love of God, my sisters, consider as well employed whatever care you bestow on this matter; for I well know that if you practice it for a year, or even, perhaps for six months, you will, with God’s help, obtain this favor.”

But the “palace of our soul” must be given up entirely to Him, for “if we crowd this palace with rabble and trumpery toys, how can it contain our Lord with His entire court.” We have His promise, “If ye love me and keep my commandments, I and my Father will come and make our abode with you.”

There is danger of confusion through trying to identify ourselves with the Higher Self, as may be seen in Christian Science and similar teaching, where that which is true only of the higher is asserted of the lower. It is, however, also true that there is more danger in not trying and thus permitting ourselves to remain under the dominion of the lower through continuing to regard it as “ourselves” and its desires as “our” desires. To identify ourselves with the higher we must detach ourselves from the lower and must remember that it is the soul

that is one with the oversoul, not the personality. The ocean is within the sponge, but the sponge does not contain the ocean. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION NO. 226.—A. *Is it not the excessive materialism of the so-called better classes that creates socialism?*

Take only two incidents that come quickly to mind: 1. I think it was in 1915 that a daughter of Premier Asquith was married, her wedding festivities costing \$50,000. Mrs. Sidney Webb, the Socialist writer, sent an open letter to Queen Mary protesting against such wanton extravagance in the midst of widespread anguish and deprivation.

2. The next incident is nearer home. Although the United States Government is urging upon employers as a patriotic duty that they shall adopt shorter hours to safeguard the life and health of women and child workers, the State of Massachusetts, the second largest employer of women in the United States, refused the past winter through its Legislature to shorten the working day for women and children to eight hours, although the State has a stringent law prohibiting the employment of men by State or municipality for more than eight hours per day or forty-eight hours a week.

B—*In the July QUARTERLY, in the article on "Self Examination," among a list of questions I find, "Do I possess anything superfluous?" Please discuss that question at length.*

Judged by apostolic standards, there is scarcely any one so poor as not to possess superfluities. Yesterday I bought a ten-cent bunch of sweet peas to carry back to my apartment remote from trees, grass, or flowers; but conscience whispered "That would feed a French war orphan for a day." Did I do wrong?

I can imagine a person so highly developed spiritually as to be largely unconscious of material surroundings. Is the sense of beauty merely a crutch to lead us on to these higher levels of existence? Perhaps something similar is true of the affections as expressed in the lines:

*"Something to love
God lends us, but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off: and love is left alone."*

ANSWER.—The QUARTERLY has found it necessary almost to debar discussions of sociological problems because it has discovered from experience that the querents of such problems, even when honest, have a point of view that makes discussion useless, and which sometimes leads to heated feeling. To be quite frank, if one person looks at the world and all that is contained therein from a materialistic standpoint, as all Socialists do, whether they realize it or not, and another person looks at such great questions from the standpoint of the spirit, the evolution of the human soul, there is no common ground upon which they can get together.

If you believe that a person cannot be religious on an empty stomach you naturally want to fill his stomach, and you are bound to regard the problem of food as all important. But if you realize that history teaches that people find it easier to be religious on an empty stomach than on a full one, then your center of interest and attention passes on beyond people's stomachs.

If you believe that the working classes need leisure in order to be able to commune with their souls, it is quite proper to advocate shorter hours for working people. But if you realize that history teaches that very very few persons ever make a good use of leisure, you transfer your pity from the working man to the wealthy leisure class whom most people are inclined to envy.

What is the use of discussing specific problems of this nature, when the difficulty is an irreconcilable difference of view about the fundamentals of life and evo-

lution? Jesus said that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven; yet the programs of most social reformers fly directly in the face of this explicit statement. They want every one to be rich and prosperous and to have plenty of leisure. The fact that if they had, they would start straight for Hell and travel there with great rapidity, does not seem to worry the social reformers. Perhaps, in spite of all human experience, they do not believe it, but those who have really studied Theosophy do. They also believe that the Rulers of the Universe give every one just as much leisure and wealth and surcease of trouble and anxiety of all kinds as is good for them, and no more; and as the world is full of poverty and hunger, and pain and suffering, in spite of reformers, it would obviously be unwise to set up our judgment in the face of that of Providence, and to advocate any rearrangement of social and political conditions. Personally, we believe that all reforms should start with the individual—and pretty nearly end there.

The querent asks about the \$50,000 spent on Miss Asquith's wedding and the 10 cents on her bunch of flowers. We cannot undertake to reply to either case. Whether these acts were right or wrong depends upon the motive which lay back of them, and not at all upon the so-called good which the money might have done if spent in some other way.. The amount, of course, has nothing to do with it.

C. A. G.

ANSWER.—There is a story that certain Bolshevik leaders issued an edict that the liturgy of the Russian Church should be modernized to conform to the revolution. The phrases the "Kingdom of Heaven" and the "Lord God" were forbidden, and it was ordered that the "Republic of Heaven" and "President God" should be substituted for them.

Were it not for the implications of this story there could be little doubt that democracies arise only through the failure of an aristocracy to justify its name—the failure of those who are regarded as the best to fulfil the responsibilities that must inevitably attach to the best, to finer sensibility, deeper insight, greater knowledge and power. They are very heavy responsibilities, as each of us knows; for in one relation or another—the mother in her nursery or in the direction of her servant, the schoolboy in his relations with younger lads—each of us is called upon to be the aristocrat and to learn the difficulty of the position and that rights and duties cannot be separated. The mother rightly blames herself for a revolt in the nursery.

Yet it is obvious that this is not all of the truth. The implications of the Bolshevik edict cannot be wholly ignored. No thinking man can readily attribute the revolt of the evil in his nature, against the divine will, to a failure of the spiritual powers of righteousness. In Christian theology we can, and do, attribute it to the devil, to the failure of one once far above us in the spiritual hierarchy. But we do not attribute it to a failure of the whole principle and fact of a spiritual hierarchy and decide that there must hereafter be no Lord God. We see rather, that the individual failure of the prince of darkness has made us conscious of a power of choice of which we otherwise might not have been conscious. We are aware that we can revolt, that we can attempt to disregard duty, to challenge the divine order and seek self. Though we have very little power of originality, we can choose what we will imitate; and our choice judges us.

The outer world is but the reflection of the inner. The same principles govern both. We can look to the "so-called better classes" and see much failure, much materialism, much neglect of duty, and much self-seeking; or we may see the opposite, consistent self-giving, service and self-sacrifice. We choose which we will imitate, which we will desire for ourselves; and according to our choice we must be judged.

Socialism is undoubtedly fostered by the materialism of those that should be "the best." But it is so fostered because it is the fruits of such materialistic self-seeking that the convert to socialism envies. He wishes to indulge himself as he sees others indulge themselves; to throw off moral restraint as they have thrown it off; to claim rights as he sees others claim them; to neglect and deny duty as they appear to do. No revolt is needed by the man who would emulate the good, who would give himself, instead of seeking for himself. He finds his opportunity limitless in the world exactly as it is. And this is the proof that the world is under divine law.

There could be little profit in our attempting to decide how much money some one else should have spent upon the marriage of his daughter. Perhaps the Prime Minister of Great Britain was extravagant, but it in no way compels the institution of socialism to enable us to be economical. Nor is it clear why the refusal of the Massachusetts Legislature to pass a law limiting women and children's labor to eight hours a day should lead us to believe that we will be better governed under a socialistic state of ignorant, even if collective, self-seeking. We might doubt the wisdom of placing legal limitations upon the length of time a man should work, and criticize the legislature for the bill they did pass, as well as for the one they rejected. We might argue that the work for which women and children are employed is often not physically onerous, and that it is no real hardship for a boy, who must earn his living, to be in a doctor's office to answer the telephone and door bell from eight to one and from two to six. (We know of one lad who fitted himself for college during such employment.) But all of this would be beside the mark. Be the action of others wise or foolish, good or evil, the established order that we find about us requires no change to enable us to seek wisdom and to serve the good. It is only as we seek the opposite that we find circumstances a barrier. Let us remember what the Gita tells us: "The duty of another is full of danger."

The question of the ten-cent bunch of flowers goes really very deep, perhaps because the principle involved is very simple. Nothing can be gained or done save at a cost. *Il faut payer la vie*. Is what we do worth the cost? With each breath we draw, with each step we take, we transform other forms of life into our own. We destroy life (if we do not realize that life cannot be destroyed but only transmuted) in order that we ourselves may live—the life of plants, and animals, and myriads upon myriads of infinitesimal vital organisms, none the less vital because minute. What does our life give back to the sum total of being to justify this cost? Is the great whole better and richer for the transformation we make in it? Is that which we create worth more than what we destroy?

What was the fruit of that ten-cent expenditure on flowers? Was the world of thought and feeling purer, sweeter, more wholesome and more beautiful because a human heart gave of its vitality to something pure and sweet and wholesome and beautiful? Is the realm of thought and feeling more potent than the physical, so that the world may be the richer for physical loss if there be sentient gain? The dime the flowers cost is but a symbol of a cost far greater. Was it made to yield a profit?

It is not the cost that we must look to, but the balance of profit or loss. That which is "superfluous" is that which yields no profit adequate to the expenditure. Let us remember the parable of the talents when we look upon the life with which we are entrusted—and most particularly when we look upon the lives or gifts of others. To the man who was given but one talent, nine of those given to the man with ten may well have seemed a superfluity. Yet it was his one that was "superfluous," lying buried in the earth, not his fellow's ten, that yielded other ten by being spent in ways whose profit he himself could not foresee nor comprehend.

H. B. M.

305-



APRIL, 1919

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A DRAMA OF THE GREAT INITIATION

SHELLEY'S *Prometheus Unbound* was completed, so far as the essential part of it is concerned, on April 6, 1819—that is, an even century ago—Shelley being then in Rome, and writing much of the great drama amid the ruins of the baths of Caracalla. *Prometheus Unbound* is not only Shelley's greatest work—a judgment in which the best critics of pure literature concur; it is not only greater than any other work belonging to one of the greatest and richest periods of English poetry—and this means the best poetry of the modern world; it is, in a certain deep and true sense, the greatest poem, the greatest drama in the English tongue; greater than anything since Dante, and to be compared, in all literature since Homer's day and in the Western world, with two poems only: the *Divina Commedia* of Dante and the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus.

These three poems stand at the head of the three great poetical literatures of Europe—Greece, Italy and England—because each one of them adequately embodies the greatest theme: the tremendous theme of the Great Initiation. Spiritual life, in the widest sense, is the real theme of poetry; though there abound poems—the psychic counterfeit of real poetry—which know nothing of spiritual life, unless it be that side, vital and real, but too often unconscious, which is expressed in beauty and the music and magic of words; for the true music of verse is always an expression—even though unconscious—of the inner music; an echo, even though distant, of the music of the spheres, “Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubim.”

If Shakespeare, from whom this verse is taken, cannot be counted the equal of Dante, of Æschylus, of the author of *Prometheus Unbound*, it is because, in his dramas, there is so little revelation of spiritual life; so slight a realization of it in his many-sided insight into man that the

immortal is almost unknown to him. He has written comedies full of mirth and charm; in how many of them do his persons find the soul through joy? He has written tragedies full of terrible beauty; in how many of them do the victims of tragedy find the soul through pain? It is true that a Master has cited *Hamlet* as expressing one side of the disciple's life; but it is the side, not of redemption, but of failure; a despondent weakness, like that of Arjuna; but a weakness over which there was no victory, like Arjuna's victory.

And it is because *Prometheus Unbound* reveals not only the life of the disciple, but the trial and triumph of the Master, and this with the utmost truth and beauty, that it seems right to hold this poem not only the greatest in a great poetic epoch but the greatest in all modern poetry since the *Paradiso* of Dante. And in the whole cycle of Western poetry we shall find nothing to rank with these two, until we come back to Æschylus.

The *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus has come to us complete, perfect in all its austere beauty. Of his *Prometheus Unbound*, we have only fragments. This moved Shelley, who was saturated with the spirit of Æschylus, to take in hand to write, not a conjectural completion of the lost work of the great dramatist of Athens, but rather a complement, a fulfilment, of Æschylus' *Prometheus Bound*; the completed revelation of the spiritual cycle of which *Prometheus Bound* is a part.

The drama of Æschylus, in the very spirit of Æschylus, and with all his majesty and music, is summed up by Shelley in the speech with which Prometheus opens the new drama:

PROMETHEUS

Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits
 But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
 Which Thou and I alone of living things
 Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth
 Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
 Requiest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
 And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
 With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
 Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
 Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
 O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
 Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
 Scorn and despair—these are mine empire!
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
 From thine unenvied throne, O, Mighty God!

Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
 Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
 Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
 Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
 Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.
 Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

Before we go further, let us try to fix the Persons of this great Drama of Initiation, with their significance. Who is Prometheus, thus nailed, a sacrificial victim, to the rock, doomed to suffer "pain, pain ever, for ever"? Who is the Zeus of Æschylus, the Jupiter of Shelley, "Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits but One," by whose decree the sacrificial victim was thus offered?

We may best seek the answer from Æschylus, whose symbolism—taken, we may believe, from the Mysteries which Hellas received from Mother Egypt—Shelley has used with such magnificent truth. Zeus is "the Son of Chronos," who is the Son of Ouranos; that is, the Son of Heaven. But Chronos, identified with Saturn, is Time, and Time, for the mystic, for the Master, is, and must always be "the Great Delusion." These three Gods: Ouranos, Time, Zeus, reigned successively over the world of gods and men; Chronos dethroning Ouranos, and in turn dethroned by usurping Zeus. These three divinities thus symbolize at once three great successive epochs in the cycle of Life which is depicted by *The Secret Doctrine*, and the successive powers or emanations which dominate these epochs. To put the matter in the terms of the Seven Races: Ouranos represents the early spiritual races; Chronos, God of the "Golden Age," symbolizes the later, semi-ethereal races, not yet fallen; while Zeus stands for the period beginning with the Fall, as *The Secret Doctrine* depicts it: the period of the Atlanteans, which saw the formation of the hierarchy of Adepts, and, at the same time, of the hierarchy of Darkness, the "Brothers of the Shadow."

Looked at from the side of the Principles, both cosmic and individual—both macrocosmic and microcosmic—Ouranos represents the higher sphere, the principle of Atma-Buddhi and its universal source, but still passive, not yet active and conscious; Chronos, ("Time," the Great Delusion), represents Manas, "Slayer of the Real"; for through the activity of Manas, the illusion of Time comes into being. Zeus, then, represents the principle of Kama, and the cosmic force of which Kama is the expression, that power which Christ personified as "the Prince (Archon) of this world," and to which he also gave the name of Satan, "the Opposer," and of Mammon; opposing and set against the spiritual power which Christ embodied and revealed. The Adversary, Son of Time the Great Delusion, is, then, the Power which nailed Prometheus to the rock.

Who, then, is Prometheus? Æschylus, in *Prometheus Bound*, makes this quite clear. Prometheus brought "fire" to mankind. But he had first brought fire to the gods, including Zeus himself. He is not merely an adventurous Titan who purloined a possession of the gods, and bestowed it upon mankind. He is far more and greater than that. For it was Prometheus who gave to the gods their own power, which Zeus and those who stood with him then perverted. Nor is it merely physical "fire," appearing in the hand of Zeus as the lightning, and among mankind as the "fire on the hearth," that Prometheus bestowed on gods and men. According to the allegory present everywhere in the great Upanishads of India (which appear to embody the still older mystic wisdom of Egypt), "fire" represents the triple power, spiritual, psychic and physical; the light of the Sun, first of the "three fires," stands for spiritual fire; lightning, the light of the mid-world, stands for psychical fire; while "the fire on the hearth" stands for physical fire, both the vital fire of the human body, also called Prana, and actual physical fire. The "fire on the altar," most beautifully symbolized in the religion of Zoroaster of the Parsees, is the creative fire in the human body, once perverted, but afterwards purified by sacrifice, by consecration.

But the natural "fire," in the Sun, in lightning, in the body and on the hearth, is not merely the symbol of its spiritual counterpart; it is actually the same force, externally manifested. For there is no chasm between Spirit and Matter, but rather a fundamental identity between them. Both are manifestations of the One. The chasm between them is part of the Great Illusion. Nor is there any fundamental chasm between the spiritual fire and its lower counterpart, the passional fire of perverted creative power. The latter is the perversion of the former, not an antithetical, opposing force; not an eternal and independent Ahriman, set against Ormuzd, as in the Manichean misunderstanding of Zoroastrianism. As the passional fire is the perversion of the spiritual fire, so the redemption comes, not through the annihilation of the perverted power but through its re-transformation and transmutation. Until this transformation is accomplished, the soul is chained to the rock of its desires, the divine fire entering into its perversion yet scorning it. This is at once the Great Sacrifice and the cause of that long-enduring pain, "pain forever,"—pain, that is, until the end of Time, the Great Delusion,—of which Prometheus speaks.

Prometheus, then, bestows this fire, as divine power, upon Zeus and his brothers, the "Sons of Time"; who on one side symbolize the Atlantean epoch, and on the other the middle principles of man. And when Zeus and his brothers have perverted this divine power, Prometheus then bestows it on mankind, giving them spiritual life and intellectual light. From one point of view, mankind here stands for the Fifth Race, humanity on the upward cycle of spiritual progression: mankind in process of redemption.

But to what Power does mankind in fact owe this infusion of spiritual fire? What Power is in fact working out the redemption of humanity? Surely the answer is: the Great Lodge, which is the power of the Logos—the Life and Light of the Logos—in Incarnation. Prometheus would seem, then, to stand for the White Lodge, the united Life of the hierarchy of Masters. And this should suggest, what appears to be the reality: that it is not one Master only who is crucified, but the whole Lodge of Masters, whom that one Master represents, both symbolically and in fact; that it is the White Lodge that is nailed with outstretched hands to the Rock, or to the Cross; that the fact of this Crucifixion constitutes the very being and nature of the Master—of every Master in the Lodge, and of the Lodge as a whole; the very process of Crucifixion is that which constitutes the Master, and is, in fact, the Great Initiation.

It would seem to be a fundamental error, and a highly dangerous one, to think of the Great Initiation as a gain of knowledge only, as nothing more than the revelation of mysteries of new insight, the communication of mysteries and far-reaching powers. An initiation on the side of Darkness may be this, an initiation on the Left Hand Path. But the true Initiation, the Initiation of the Right Hand Path, of the White Lodge of Masters, while it is a revelation both of wisdom and of power, is fundamentally a Sacrifice, a Crucifixion. And it is the grasping of power and knowledge without Sacrifice, which is the essence of the Left Hand Path; as, for instance, the prostitution of science to the powers of evil, the use of intellect for the purposes of evil, which was exemplified on one side in the Great War.

Not only is the true Initiation, the Initiation of a Master of the White Lodge, a Sacrifice, a Crucifixion; it is an unending Crucifixion, the acceptance of "pain, pain forever"; pain that must be borne until the end of Time, the great Delusion. Therefore it has been truly said that the wounds of the Master, the wounds of the Crucifixion, can never be healed until the wounds of humanity, our wounds, have first been healed. And this is true of all Masters. For the Master, having, through the long trials and purifications leading up to the Great Initiation which makes him a Master, through the sevenfold cycle of discipleship, completely purified his own nature, consummated all Sacrifice in himself, and restored to its pristine purity the spiritual fire within himself, then makes the supreme Sacrifice: laying aside the reward which he has fully earned, and which is justly his, he assumes a burden which is not justly his: the burden, namely, of the sins of others, "the heavy Karma of humanity."

This, then, the heavy burden of the world's evil Karma, would seem to be the Cross to which the Master freely allows himself to be nailed, the Rock to which Prometheus is chained. And the Sacrifice consists in this: that the Master freely assumes this burden, which is not in justice his, knowing full well that he must bear it, in all its crushing weight,

until Humanity has been redeemed. He must bear his Cross, he must remain chained to the Rock, until the consummation of the ages, until "the time of the end," until "the great day Be-with-Us," when Humanity, purified by suffering, is re-united to the Masters' Lodge, there to remain forever.

Two more Powers in this great Mystery Drama may be interpreted along the same lines: the Earth (or, the Spirit of the Earth) and the most mysterious Being called Demogorgon. In Act I of the drama, in answer to a question of Prometheus, the Earth speaks thus:

"I am the Earth,
Thy mother, she within whose stony veins,
To the last fibre of the loftiest tree
Whose thin leaves trembled in the frozen air,
Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,
When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud
Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy!"

This is, one may say, a deeply occult description of the living Earth, which has its inner principles, its ensouling spheres, as has the microcosm of man. It is this, but it would seem also to be more: namely, Maya, as "the active power of God," the power of manifestation, of differentiation, without which the manifested Universe could never be brought forth from the Eternal; the power without which even the Masters, as individuals, could not come into being. Just as Maya is the name given to the sinless mother of the Buddha, as Avatar, while the immaculate mother of the Western Avatar bears a name of similar import; so the Earth here, in the same mystical sense, is rightly called the mother of Prometheus. She is, in one sense, the feminine aspect of the Logos; the power called, in the Mystery Teaching of India, the feminine Viraj.

This is perfectly conformable with a later passage in the same wonderful speech of the Earth, in which that mysterious being says of the defiance uttered by Prometheus against the tyranny of Zeus:

"Aye, I heard
Thy curse, the which, if thou rememberest not,
Yet my innumerable seas and streams,
Mountains and caves and winds, and yon wide air,
And the inarticulate people of the dead
Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate
In secret joy and hope those dreadful words,
But dare not speak them. . . .
They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden.

That apparition, sole of men, he saw.
 For know there are two worlds of life and death:
 One that which thou beholdest; but the other
 Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
 The shadows of all forms that think and live,
 Till death unite them and they part no more:
 Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
 And all that faith creates or love desires,
 Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.
 There thou art, and dost hang, a writhing shade,
 'Mid whirlwind peopled mountains. All the gods
 Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,
 Vast, sceptred phantoms; heroes, men, and beasts;
 And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom;
 And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his throne
 Of burning gold. . . ."

Who, then, is Demogorgon? The most suggestive answer, perhaps, may be given by a simple quotation from Murray's Dictionary: the name, literally translated, means: "terrible to the multitude." The name is not found in the older classical writers, but appears first in the fifth century of our era, in the note of a scholiast, as "the great nether deity, invoked in magic rites"; in more modern times, Demogorgon appears in Boccaccio's *Genealogy of the Gods*, and from this source the name was probably derived by Ariosto, Milton, Shelley and others. From its connexion with magic (this author suggests), Demogorgon may be a disguised form of some Oriental name. One more suggestion: In Keightley's *Fairy Mythology* (1850) it is recorded that, according to Ariosto, "Demogorgon has a splendid temple palace in the Himalaya mountains, whither every fifth year the Fates are all summoned to appear before him to give an account of their actions"; surely a most suggestive phrase.

This Power, enthroned in a splendid temple in the Himalayas; this Power of the occult world, invoked in magic rites; this Power, which is in truth "terrible to the multitude"; which brings about the punishment of the Tyrant and the liberation of Prometheus, would seem to be none other than the great Lodge itself, which, tradition tells us, has indeed a dwelling place in the Himalaya mountains.

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM

WITH the death of the old year, the Theosophical Movement received the Master's accolade. Now the down stroke of that mighty sword is swift and powerful, often cutting deep, so that secret things of the heart are revealed. And then the soul, faint with pain, and reeling from the blow, hears the ringing cry: Close ranks. Carry on.

My God, *now* to carry on! Yes, above all times, now! What finer tribute to lay upon a hero's grave than the courage of a broken heart; what sheaves of flowers, or towering beauty of marble, can compare with it. What nobler offering to place at the Master's feet. Close ranks. Carry on.

* * * * *

Beloved, ye do not sorrow as those which have no hope. And we, pray God, make answer,—Nay, Lord, for our hope is in thee.

So, piercing even the bitter, bitter pain of our personal desolation, shall come the echoes of that marvellous voice repeating: Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. CAVÉ.

He stands there a man. The years pass with all they hold, and he stands there above the years, head and shoulders and big, glowing heart held high.

Here is a kingly man and a warrior with the heart of a child. Clean he is and strong; quick to forgive; impetuous, impatient of delay he seeks his goal.

What network of words shall contain him? Will a net hold fire? For he was a man of fire, and in his glance flashed clear a spark from the eternal radiance.

An aristocrat, a tall man of quiet poise and steadfast look; generous, genial of soul, with that humility born of great courage and single devotion to a cause.

So many people loved him! And did they think it only their random glimpse of his great, kindly heart which made them love him? Perhaps. But how often he was thinking of them with solicitude and affection, few only could have known. There was room in his nature for so many people, for their burdens, their failures, their struggles onward, and for their joys,—yes, and for their love.

Few knew him intimately, none knew him familiarly, but so many people knew him well. To know him at all was to know him well, for he was clearly and truly himself at every contact point with life. A many-sided man he was,—a man of culture, a man of affairs, one who had travelled well, a lover of children, devoted to family, friends and church; a wise counsellor, a rare companion, a gifted listener, and through all that he did and said spoke the loyal servant of his Lord.

Downtown in his office, on the train, chatting with a poor parishioner, at a Board meeting, in the Cathedral, scolding an office boy, tending his poppies, cooking dinner at the farm, writing an article, on the witness stand, chopping down a tree, editing the *QUARTERLY*, on his knees at church, lunching with a celebrity, cheering up a clerk, writing letters at home, taking friends for a picnic,—these and the thousand events of life were but the channels through which he rushed to the sea.

What did he talk about after luncheon downtown, while he smoked? The war, some saint he was reading, English politics, a new machine gun, the temples at Philæ, a theory of economics, lovely France, chastity as a power, a book on spiders, the difference between a decision and a resolution, how beautifully Jeanne d'Arc used words, what people mean when they say "democracy," sunset on Lake Geneva, Sir Oliver Lodge on matter, the purposes of pain, what happens when we try to be good, nonsense for us to think the Crusaders uncivilized, up the Nile and in the desert. Napoleon's plans of campaign almost the only thing we know truly about him, why we shrink from Jesus' hours on the Cross, how very little better we are than the worst men we know.

I miss him so! He gave of himself with such royal generosity that we were borne forward on the tide of his aspiration. To him life was dynamic. He never stopped to contemplate the difficulties of an obstacle, but took it with a rush and conquered it with that splendid, unremitting drive which was so truly a part of his nature. A shy man of great gifts, who conquered himself.

I miss him so! There was never a moment when the need of any one did not command his whole sympathy. He who could have been a great figure in the world of affairs, chose the path of service in his Master's cause. All that he was and all that he had was poured out for those he loved, for those who came within the great circle of his care and affection.

I miss him so! I owe him so much. I can hardly wait to see him again. I love him so.

K. D. P.

I think of Mr. Griscom first as a warrior, the warrior disciple of his warrior Master. He used his physical life as a soldier uses his sword in battle, unsparingly, until it broke with the power of his blows. In my room at home I have a picture of a knight in armour of red and gold,

defending a passage alone, erect and dauntless, against a host of black-clad enemies that throng about him. I bought it because to me that upright, fearless warrior is a better picture of Mr. Griscom than any portrait could be.

It has been my great privilege to see him in more than one fight against apparently overwhelming odds. Never once did I see his faith waver. At the darkest moments, when defeat seemed inevitable, when apparently there was no hope and nothing that could be done, he would calmly wait. One felt he was keeping his eyes fixed steadfastly on the face of his great Commander, in the sure trust of a child or a great soldier, that a way would be opened for him. The instant the smallest opening appeared, as it never failed to do, he acted with swift courage and energy, wringing victory from what had seemed certain defeat.

His writing is full of wise guidance and inspiration, yet it was not by anything that he said or wrote, but by what he was, by the spirit that shone through all that he did, that he drew so many to seek the Path, that they might gain something of that spirit which they saw and loved in him. In every activity of his life he showed forth the beauty of discipleship. It made him a companion of infinite charm and humour, of cultured tastes, of wide experience and reading, a business man of high honour and marked ability, a most chivalrous gentleman, a tender, loving friend, a wise, patient, sympathetic teacher, an inspiring leader. His very presence brought a sense of peace and benediction.

He gave his life to the last drop in the age-long battle for the coming of his Master's Kingdom on earth, and all who knew and loved him know that he will never cease to fight until the final victory is won. When I think of him, I pray that I may so live my life as to earn the high privilege of fighting once more, in however humble a capacity, by his side, under his leadership, in that greatest of all causes.

J. F. B. M.

One whose life is unified by a single big purpose, expressed in every relation, will be understood and revered by the simple of heart. Mr. Griscom was. To me, the meaning of his wonderful directness and sincerity came as a gradual revelation. When I first heard him present, at a T. S. meeting, his views on some question of conduct, I dissented, saying to myself, Here is a well-to-do man, whose business runs itself, who naturally makes friendly connection with every one he meets!—but how little he really knows about human nature, about life, complicated as it is. By and by I learned that he spoke as a deep student of human nature, with the full knowledge of its traits that bespeaks conquest. From time to time there was chance reference to numerous forms of work for others, in all of which he seemed to be engaged, and finally the opportunity to assist in one was offered me. I was really sorry to decline; the explana-

tion about my busy life seemed to amuse him. Evidently, I said, he is himself a man of large leisure, of many gifts; how could he recognize my position? Years later I discovered that he knew more than I did about the grind of long business hours; yet he also carried all those varied interests, and was always ready to take on another. His directness of thought, his bluntness of speech, gave me an uncomfortable challenge. Talking on the topics of the day, his whole attitude and manner was that of a cultivated man of the world, who had read much, travelled widely, and touched life at many angles—then all of a sudden, some question or comment brought out the big blunt man, who went through a flimsy pretence about real things as he might walk through moonbeams; his objective was always clear; he had no patience with haziness there.

Such, as I then thought, was the student who offered to help me with my many problems in trying to lead the theosophic life. There were elements of dismay in my rejoicing; he was so big. No one, however, could withstand the torrent of generosity with which he gave of the treasure he had garnered. With it, he contrived to give the very atmosphere of those high places from which it had come, a bit of heaven's sunshine, a message direct from "home." At first, his size mystified me; I had to get to know him block by block, and then, when I came to put together those giant blocks, my replica of the man towered so high that only his quiet humility, his all-comprehending flash of humour, made approach to him easy. His swift response to any real demand then bridged and closed the gap. He never "played safe"; no matter how stupid or stubborn one might be, one knew that he was ready to put his fortune, in knowledge, experience, information, at one's disposal. How often, after giving all that seemed wise, he would apparently decide to take a chance—and quickly double the gift!

He was a guide who never "preached." He had no confidence in wordy explanations; no desire to satisfy the mind's contention. His respect for honest effort was as outspoken as his scorn of sham brotherliness. He shared with you his love of truth, his hatred of the crooked and malicious. He breathed so much of life into his ideal for you, that common decency required you to get to be on speaking terms with it. His shyness had the rare quality of respect for the reserves of others; his simplicity was of that unusual type that sees straight and clear, not because it overlooks conflicting details (no smallest detail in the deportment and conduct of his charges escaped his notice), but because it clearly traces the purpose behind them. It was with the wisdom born of such simplicity that he helped many to lay, broad and firm, the foundations for a theosophic life: our superstructure is yet to be raised there,—and he is gone. How are we to achieve what we know he expected of us? Why not, with his guidance, just as before—he "upstairs," and we below?

The quality which he supremely manifested seems to me to have been *love*; a love that was essentially one with his love for his Master. It was as though a beam of that ardent love were constantly bent back on itself,

to enlighten, to encourage, to bless, those who in any degree looked to that Master for light. His tenderness was that of the soldier, who has given all for his Cause. He had the courage, the tempered recklessness of the warrior type, gentle but utterly uncompromising; with the light-heartedness that comes only through heavy burdens, bravely carried. But his burden-bearing was not that of the half-way ascetic; he was not riveted to it—how completely he could lay care aside when the rare opportunity came for occupation that was wholly congenial.

Big, human, loving, wise, the pattern of the elder brother.

I. E. P.

The sunshine of October afternoons! That, I think, suggests the quality in Mr. Griscom that most impresses me,—his mellow humanity. In the brightness of spring one has always to anticipate the glare of dreadful heat. In October, the fierceness of the sun has been mellowed into gold; the fruit of the cycle has been gathered, and there is a royal "Nunc Dimittis" as nature serenely awaits the season of inner rumination. Surely we are deeply indebted to the friend whose abundant and ripe experience so often shone through the grey chill of our resentments and irritations, expanding our indrawn and pent-up hearts, enkindling us with his sunset glow, until our long sullen journey on earth seemed to touch its end at heaven's gate.

I felt this, I think, in the very beginning of our acquaintance, several years ago. I had just joined the Society as a member "at large." I was isolated and lonely. At lunch I was surprised by a telephone call from Mr. Griscom. He had business in my city and asked if I could not join him for the afternoon. I did so, and when I returned to my home, my damp dungeon of a world was warm and human. We spent three hours or more together, and he accompanied me to my door in the late afternoon. There was nothing pastoral or magisterial or inquisitorial, or even elder brotherly in his attitude. He did not talk much of the Society and its work. He was just human. And the surprising thing to me was that there seemed no other motive and object in our visit together than his wish for my companionship. I did not understand it.

So often since then he has deepened that impression! He said to me, many times, casually, something to the effect of there being no bond like that between fellow-travellers. Perhaps the words used a few sentences back about "heaven's gate" are clearer now.

Some words of his own confirm this impression of mine. A month or two before his death, I was trying to draw out his opinion of various persons in the past. He responded in his customary generous way, and gave much more than I had asked. "St. François de Sales is my ideal of a saint," Mr. Griscom said, as we talked; "he was so human."

Is it not just this quality of humanity that the Master chose to add on to His Divine attributes when He undertook further efforts for the world? Is it not the quality in Himself that He revealed to His servant, the blessed Margaret Mary, as the one likely to draw men and women to imitate His example? Was it not the Master's humanity that warmed and cheered us in Mr. Griscom? Did Mr. Griscom not wear it as the "colours" of the King to whose service he had consecrated his life?

C. C. C.

The cablegram which gave me the news of the death of Mr. Griscom reached me at the Headquarters First Army at Bar-sur-Aube, France, on the night of January 1st.

In the train, while returning from a leave on the afternoon of December 30th, at approximately the time when the hour of his death must have been approaching, I had had, for no particular reason for which I could account at the time, a most vivid feeling of being lifted up into an atmosphere of peace and joy and strength, of being extraordinarily happy. I could not account for it at all. I had made no conscious effort, had felt no particular need nor any special reaching out towards things unseen for companionship,—indeed, rather the reverse, for I was tired and sleepy. It just came, and seemed to envelop me for an hour or so. I thought of it afterwards, in the intervening two days before the cablegram came, several times, with a feeling of gratitude and wonder; it was such a very special experience. But after the cablegram arrived, I made connection between that afternoon and the news it contained, and wondered, as I have since, whether what I had felt might not have been some reflection of the joy in the presence of the Angels at the speedy coming of a companion, or some faint touch of the spirit of the man himself which had already loosed the hold of the body, and was almost free, and was infinitely happy.

It seems futile to say that I felt that I had lost one of my best friends in the world, when I do not really feel that I have lost him at all. But time only seems to accentuate the ways in which I miss him. I knew him as a great teacher in his words and in his works; a great example; as being wise in the wisdom of things real; as an inspiring director of activities both inner and outer; as a tower of strength in the little meetings where a few gathered together to talk of those things which were closest to their hearts: and there are many others who are saying these same things. But I find myself just now thinking of him in more personal ways.

For I knew him, too, as the courteous, kindly gentleman in whose house I had stayed, and whose quiet consideration and thoughtfulness for a guest was so unusual, and who admitted that guest unreservedly into all the beauty of the family atmosphere. And as a delightful com-

panion, whether in the open air, with his observations of the country and of flowers and gardens, and his experiences out of doors; or in the city, in his moments of recreation, when he would talk for a while of things and events—political, financial, business, military—with such shrewd judgment and keen insight, and always with the delightful humour that kept coming through. I felt that I was always smiling inside when I was with him; one was constantly catching the kind, humorous gleam in his eye at all sorts of unexpected times. And time and time again, when I had been talking with him about things that were going on in the world, I myself thoroughly immersed in the practical consideration of them, he would with a few words connect the whole series of outer events about which we had been talking, with the forces which were directing them behind the scenes, with the possible purposes on other planes which were being striven for; and in an instant the veils were away, things not understood shaped themselves, and we were again in touch with the real world in which he truly lived.

It is this companionship with the man who, among many other things, was a most dearly loved friend in all the most real meaning of the word, who although older seemed in one way always an equal in age, that is one of the most dear recollections. And yet I do not really feel in the least that it has ceased.

C. R. A.

With startling and staggering swiftness, our guide, counsellor and friend, C. A. G., has been removed from this life of ours in the body. This "gift from the Masters of Wisdom" has created a need for, and consequently a striving towards, a fuller realization of the immortal and eternal elements of our intercourse with him. This realization arouses more intense aspirations towards the ideals for which he strove, the principles and motives underlying all his actions.

"That which lives when all else has passed away is the desire with which the man was working, not the results he accomplished. The good he loved and served endures forever; the good he strove to do more often dies" (*Fragments*, Vol. I). If we would honor C. A. G. by raising an eternal memorial to him, in loving tribute to the Masters for their gifts to us through him, let us seek the "desire with which he was working," the "good he loved and served," and make that desire our own in fuller measure, and endeavor more earnestly and faithfully to put into practice the principles and ideals which actuated him.

In simple, direct, illuminating and forceful terms, and with compelling love for the Master, his "Elementary Articles" in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY set forth directions for finding the Path of Discipleship and the dangers and pitfalls that beset the follower of that Path. His was the gift in exceptional degree of translating from the abstract to the

concrete, from the theoretical to the practical, the precepts and principles upon which the progress of the would-be disciple must rest.

Those who were privileged to come into contact with a life so devoted to the Cause he loved so deeply, and served so faithfully and well, learned to rely upon his rugged strength, his loving sympathy, and his wise counsels. What a debt we owe him! How much we have to be thankful for! A staunch and dauntless leader, what a tower of strength he was! Following his inspiring leadership, let us press on, comrades, with renewed vigor to the fray, repeating the battle-cry he sounded at our last Convention: "Faith, Courage, Constancy."

G. H. M.

My association with Mr. Griscom was unlike that of most readers of the *QUARTERLY*. It originated in business, and I saw him chiefly, though not entirely, in that connection.

One of Mr. Griscom's unusual attributes was the appeal that his character and point of view had for people of widely different ideas, training and environment. Many others will feel they knew him as well and as intimately as I did, and yet I am equally sure that many of the characteristics and traits which have endeared him in my memory are utterly different from the characteristics and traits which mean as much to them.

I worked under his guidance for ten years, and in very close and intimate contact for the last four years. Never once have I seen him at a loss to make up his own mind on a knotty business problem; never once have I seen him falter in the directness of his decision, and always have I felt the strong help of his assurance and confidence in what he was doing and in its successful outcome. I have seen him angry many times for just causes, and never once for any reason I was not entirely sympathetic with, both at the time and after.

I think one of the strong impressions that he left with men who were not closely associated with him, but who knew him as a superior, was his unquestioned dignity of presence. I have heard men speak of it wonderingly as a very marked characteristic, which was different from that of other men. I have never been in a gathering where Mr. Griscom has not been the most distinguished figure and where others beside myself have not strongly felt it.

Mr. Griscom had a marvelous memory, not for useless figures, but for minute details of events, discussions and intricacies of business, which is the kind of a memory that means a great deal in business, and is of tremendous importance to an executive. I have had the temerity many times to rely on my own memory in argument with him, but I think that never once when he has disputed a point have I found that he was wrong, in spite of the vast number of details that passed through his hands from

day to day. He was in the habit of remembering promises of achievement for the future in great detail, and was able to remember letters written by other people better than the authors.

Mr. Griscom believed firmly that a young man should work his way up the ladder of success, and I know took great pride and satisfaction in his own early years in the shipping industry. He has related to me many of the details of his early life and his long hours of arduous work then. He liked to be surrounded by young men, and I feel that this was because he himself had so many of the undimmed attributes of youth.

In the many serious talks we have had together, one article of his code has remained strongly in my mind. Mr. Griscom was convinced that nothing was ever gained without being earned. The success of his company in the last few years seemed meteoric to casual observers, but he has frequently declared to me that the benefit being reaped now was plainly and conclusively the result of the years and years of effort which he had given to the business, and that every practical consideration indicated the complete verification of his theory that every gain must be paid for.

R. C. J.

"Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment.

"And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

"And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken.

"The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.

"The vile person shall be no more called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful."

He stood as a prince among us, great of heart and strong and clean; and whether we willed it or not, looking first to him and then back to self and to the world, we carried with us new standards of magnanimity and truth, and found he ruled in judgment, not by what he said, but by what he was.

What made him what he was? What made him a refuge in every storm of trouble, "as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest," till all those, near and far, to whom his spirit reached in his ceaseless labour, came to count upon his faithful strength as surely and unthinkingly as we accept the solid earth on which we walk? "As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," to come to him was always to come home; to meet again eyes that

saw and ears that heard, where the world was blind and deaf, and a voice that spoke our native speech from a heart that understood.

What made him what he was? What was the secret of the contagion of his spirit, giving to others what he was himself? From where did he draw the power that was his, as of an apostle of the inner world, to still the turmoil of material life and lift the veil of Maya from our eyes, so that we, too, saw and hearkened? By what magic did he give pause to the rashness of our hearts and open them to wisdom? Whence came the confidence that caused our stammering tongues to be ready to speak so plainly, when we spoke to him? Why was it that his mere presence stripped away the falseness of our standards, so that we could no more call "liberal" what was only vile? Why does he stand in memory, real in a world of shadows, great of soul, and simple hearted as a child, pre-eminently a *man*?

We know the answer. He told it to us every day. Yet in our love for him, in the loneliness his loss has brought, we still ask ourselves these questions, seeking, from the depth of our need, to find again through them the touch of certainty that was ours with him. And as we ask, reaching out in prayer for some message of hope and strength to the weakness of our hearts, there comes the echo of his Master's words, telling us again the simple secret of every great life's worth and gifts: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do. . . . The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."

Beneath each debt we owe to Mr. Griscom there lies this deepest debt of all. He did not testify of himself, but of the Father who sent him,—showing us how truly and literally, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Giving all in unfaltering fidelity to Theosophy, Theosophy gave all to him; its teaching guiding all he did, its spirit quickening all he touched, the living, indwelling, transforming power that made him what he was.

He is no more beside us. But his memory still points our way,—the enduring testimony to the fulness of stature of perfect manhood to which Theosophy leads all who follow it unswervingly to the end. In death as in life, from the land of the immortals, as when he walked beside us here on earth, he places in our outstretched hands and hearts this mighty secret of his proven faith.

H. B. M.

I have been reading what others have written of Clement Griscom. There is no word of over-praise. In fact I do not think his greatest victories have been touched upon. Yet, like every other human being,

he, of necessity, had his faults, his limitations. The difference between him and most other men was that throughout his manhood he made it his business to understand, to guard against, to control, to transform, even to make good use of his faults. And he owed this understanding and ability to his study of Theosophy. How indignant he would be if it were not said!

In later years, thanks to the wonderful use he had made of his study of Theosophy, he was able to make similar use and to derive increasing benefit from his membership in the religious Order to which he belonged. But perhaps the greatest achievement of his life was his original and instant acceptance of Theosophy, not only as true, but as the standard and rule of his behaviour. He found in it, not merely the solution of his problems, but the revelation of life itself as the supreme art, the supreme science. He was still a boy. But he had discovered already that life is not easy to live. He longed to know, to understand, the laws of life; the laws that govern the action of those vast and complicated forces—physical, emotional, mental, spiritual—the interplay of which results in the events and trials and problems of daily living. His ceaseless effort to put his knowledge into practice and to obey the laws which Theosophy made clear to him, naturally resulted in closer and closer contact with the Master, Christ, whom he knew as his. But it was Theosophy which had opened the way to this recognition, because it was Theosophy which had convinced him that attainment is possible, and that the best means to that attainment is the right study and right performance of those daily duties which the world regards as commonplace but which he regarded as God-given opportunities.

X. Y. Z.

We seem to give him back to Thee, dear God, who gavest him to us. Yet as Thou didst not lose him in giving, so we have not lost him by his return. Not as the world giveth givest Thou, O Lover of Souls! What Thou givest Thou takest not away. For what is Thine is ours always, if we are Thine. And life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only an horizon; and an horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, strong Son of God, that we may see further; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly; draw us closer to Thyself that we may know ourselves nearer to our beloved who are with Thee. And while Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us for that happy place, that where they are, and Thou art, we too may be, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—AN OLD PRAYER, BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

REMINISCENCES

ONE whose memory of The Theosophical Society goes back for thirty-four years, of necessity recalls many deaths, and, unhappily, many defections. On no less than three occasions during this more than a third of a century, The Theosophical Society, through causes of its own making, lost by defection more than half its members: the period, if you wish, of "spiritual selection," followed by the period of reconstruction.

Of the deaths in this long cycle, two stand out most prominently: the death of Mme. Blavatsky and the death of W. Q. Judge. With these, in a certain sense, one must class the death of Clement A. Griscom.

I knew Mme. Blavatsky for four years before her death, in that period when, after the great convulsion of 1884-5, she began the painful work of rebuilding the spiritual life of The Theosophical Society. There had been wholesale desertions; but the real difficulty, the heart-breaking difficulty was the moral defection of some of those on whom she most counted, who had worked with her from the beginning, a moral defection only the more dangerous, because they still continued to work with her outwardly, though filled with inner suspicion and distrust. It required, in her, heroic courage and faith, to build once more, on deeper foundations, the fabric that had been so dangerously shaken. This was the period of *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Voice of the Silence* and the great editorials in *Lucifer*. It was also the period of a concentrated and profoundly difficult effort to train disciples, an effort which, unfortunately, was an almost total failure. For of the group of students whom Mme. Blavatsky began to gather around her in England in 1887 and 1888, only one, Archibald Keightley, is still on the firing line. He was, in a sense, the beloved disciple, the one completely trusted.

Of the nearly complete failure of this group, and of the effort to form it, Mme. Blavatsky was fully conscious before her death. That was, I think, one of the things which made her very willing to die.

But there was success in another quarter, which really meant the salvation of the movement. I had a long talk with Mme. Blavatsky two or three days before her death. She spoke, among other things, of W. Q. Judge, and I received the fullest assurance of his spiritual standing and his place in the work; and, immediately after her death, this was completely corroborated.

Mr. Judge had been with her from the beginning, in the days when The Theosophical Society was founded, in New York, in 1874. But for ten years his work had been largely interior, dealing with his own development and preparation. And it was only with the founding of *The Path*, in 1885, that he entered on the more active cycle of his work—at the time when Mme. Blavatsky finally left India.

It was shortly after this that Clement Griscom joined The Theosophical Society, at once becoming one of a small group closely identified with Mr. Judge's work, completely trusting him and completely trusted by him. Of this group, too, as of those who were gathered round Mme. Blavatsky in London, later defection was the future destiny of almost all; and here is the first cardinal fact in Clement Griscom's history: faithful in the beginning, he remained faithful to the end: "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life."

The inherent dangers of the situation which Mme. Blavatsky had left in London, the suspicions and treacheries inherent in the earlier group who had worked with her in India, began to manifest themselves within a year or two after her death. The centre of infection was Adyar; but that infection found fertile soil elsewhere, in London and in America. And the last three years of Mr. Judge's life were occupied with a life-and-death struggle for the vital Theosophical principles, of which, by Mme. Blavatsky's death, he had become the chief custodian.

Among the men who had gathered about Mr. Judge in New York, in the years following 1885, three conspicuously aided him in that life-and-death struggle. Of these, Clement Griscom was one. And once more it must be said that, of the three, he alone remained faithful to the end.

I met Mr. Griscom in London about the time when this second conflict developed, after the death of Mme. Blavatsky, but while Mr. Judge, whom I had known earlier in London, was still alive. So that our friendship goes back more than a quarter of a century.

Of Mr. Griscom's part in the conflict which raged about Mr. Judge, from 1893 to 1895, others, who were then in New York, are better qualified to write than I am; as also of the first months of transition which followed Mr. Judge's death, early in 1896. It was late in that year that I came to this country; Clement Griscom did much to facilitate my coming, in that kind and gentle way which was so deeply characteristic of him; and from that time forward, his friendship was among my most precious possessions.

Dangerous and difficult months followed, new convulsions and new defections from the true spirit of the Movement were already making themselves manifest, in a series of events which, like the earlier and perhaps even more dangerous convulsions, are only a tradition to the great majority of those who make up The Theosophical Society today. But they were momentous realities to those who passed through them, soul-searching realities, and very grave dangers. The fact that they are intimately known to so few, is, in a sense, the measure of Clement Griscom's work: he was one of the few who remained wholly faithful and loyal, in principle and in act, throughout that long and bitter contest; and was, of those few, the man who was most active, most effective, most devoted and ardent, in the slow and painful years of rebuilding that followed the conflict. The fact that so many members of The Theosophical

Society know these events even as a dim tradition, they owe in large measure to Clement Griscom; for that there is today a Theosophical Society, true to the high spiritual purpose which originated it, and able to hand down this and other traditions, is in large measure due to him, while his devoted and effective work with W. Q. Judge, his own power, and the supremely wise guidance which he ceaselessly followed, gave him the power to do this.

I think that members of the present day, in the period of strong and enthusiastic Annual Conventions, of abundant and able magazine articles, of regular meetings and thoughtful studies, do not at all realize the difficult and barren years which followed the last cycle's convulsion of The Theosophical Society, which came to a head at the Chicago Convention, in the summer of 1898. There are not many members now in The Theosophical Society who can tell the full story of that decisive Convention, and who can tell of Clement Griscom's part in it. From the action then taken, in which Clement Griscom played a leading part, is due, under divine power, the whole future development of The Theosophical Society, nay, the fact that The Theosophical Society is in existence.

I have spoken of the lean years that followed. How many members realize that, for long months and years, there were no meetings, no active branches, no such publications as they have grown accustomed to, and which seem to them part of the inevitable order of life? The first stirring of new life, the first outer expression of the vital principles of The Theosophical Society that had been saved amid great danger at the Chicago Convention, was due once more to Clement Griscom. It was the publication of a tiny periodical, slim, insignificant looking, without a cover, bearing the name *The Forum*,—the revival of a leaflet of questions and answers, which had come into being in Mr. Judge's day. Mr. Griscom gathered the material for the first number, arranged for its printing, meeting (as he so often did) the cost of its production, and organized its distribution. That was the first corporate act of The Theosophical Society, after the convulsion from which it had been barely saved—saved, as has been recorded, in large measure by Clement Griscom.

The Forum continued for several years. Then, when it became evident that the now reviving and expanding activities of The Theosophical Society required a larger organ, an organ, too, of somewhat different character, Clement Griscom once more took the initiative, establishing THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, now in its sixteenth volume—so remote already are the lean years of which I have spoken, the days of small things, which made our opportunity. Here once again, Clement Griscom not only initiated THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, edited it, largely contributed to it, and read all proof, but advanced money for the cost, for several years, holding himself always a trustee for the spiritual powers, and considering everything he possessed as belonging to these powers, to be used for their purposes, and not in any sense his own.

But before THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY came into being, other

activities had come back painfully to life. Members of today, who are so accustomed to "Annual Conventions," who will take part, in a few days, in an Annual Convention, the outstanding fact of which will be Clement Griscom's absence, do not know, perhaps, that, for some years after 1898, no public Conventions were held, for the simple fact that The Theosophical Society had not gathered strength to hold them. It was too weakened in numbers and in force to find this outward expression of its life. Once more it is to be recorded that Clement Griscom, in the years of slow and painful reconstruction, saw that the time had come to revive this form of Theosophical activity; once again, it was he who did the main work of organization for that Convention. Yet even earlier, leading up to this first Convention and making it possible, public meetings had been begun once more in New York: at the Mott Memorial Hall, in Madison Avenue, which held revered memories of the early days of Mr. Judge's public work. Mr. Griscom took a leading part in the revival of these meetings; and, painful as it always was for him to speak in public (a life-long sacrifice which only his closest friends realized), spoke frequently, and spoke always with inspiration and the simple directness of a noble heart.

Of Clement Griscom's work in the years that followed, there are many witnesses who can give convincing testimony, telling what they owe to his initiative, his force, his counsel, his wonderful qualities. I have thought it better to speak instead of the long-past, dangerous days, which are remembered by so few. Nor shall I try to sum up Clement Griscom's services; they are known best to the Great Power that has stood, an eternal rock, behind The Theosophical Society since its foundation; that, ages since, prepared that foundation.

"As He pronounces lastly on each deed

Of so much praise—in Heaven—expect thy mead."

There remains but one thing that should be said: Through the long and arduous years of his great and fruitful labours, Clement Griscom always had, close at hand, the purest, highest and divinest inspiration; he always had the wisdom of the heart to accept and follow it.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE MAGIC WORD DEMOCRACY

HERE is an unreasoning prejudice at the present time against Kings and against names describing certain types of government. Please note that the prejudice is against the name—not the thing itself, and that is why it is prejudice. We Americans inherit a dislike for Kings because of the way one of them treated us back in the 1760's and 1770's, but surely that is not going to colour our views and distort our understanding of political science forever. We read about the much-to-be desired downfall of the last of the monarchies, and as likely as not the writer lives in a town in the Middle West which has thrown its mayor and aldermen into the dust heap and has adopted an up-to-date government by a City Manager; which is a pure Monarchy. A Congressman shouts some scornful diatribe against the effete aristocracies of Europe, and he prides himself upon his home town progressiveness in adopting the Commission form of government. He would be horrified to discover that it complies with Aristotle's definition of an oligarchy or aristocracy. The simple truth is that we have in this huge republic of ours, every kind of government in the pure form, as well as an inconceivable variety of combinations of the several kinds. Or rather we probably do not have any really pure democratic form, unless perhaps in some very small rural community where a considerable number of the actual inhabitants exercise parts of the functions of government.

The form of government does not matter. You can have, you do have, you always have had, you always will have, good, bad, and indifferent governments of each of the several types. Whether a government is good or bad does not depend upon its form; it depends upon the honesty, benevolence and intelligence of those exercising the functions of government. The Democracy of Rome was one of the most powerful military despotisms in history, relatively much more powerful and dominating than the present German military autocracy, though not more so than the Germans want to be.

When all the world shows a marked tendency to travel in a given direction, or to proclaim a certain truth, it is time for the philosopher to pause and reflect. This is particularly true when we deal with anything so intangible as a political theory, for even in Science, fashions run to extremes. The intellectual world has not yet recovered from the excessive swing of the Darwinian-evolutionary-anti-religious movement of the last century. There are people who still talk about the conflict between Religion and Science, as if the lack of sympathy between some of the exponents of those activities were inevitable and necessary.

The present tendency to exalt Democracy is a case in point. Democracy is a very real, and a very good thing; but it is not most of the

things called by its name in these rather hectic days. There is a great deal of confused thinking about it; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there is a great deal of writing and speaking and not a little shouting, which shows a marked absence of thinking. The fundamental trouble is that the word Democracy (I confess, as I write it, that I feel as if it were sacrosanct), this almost sacred word, is used to describe two utterly different things. One is its correct use as a form of government. The other is an incorrect use which it is not easy to define, for it is more a spirit, or a feeling, or a tendency that really has nothing to do with forms of government.

Governing men is a problem thousands, and possibly millions, of years old. Twenty-three centuries ago Aristotle classified and defined the recognized forms of Government and his classification is still generally accepted, despite our boast that everything is new! His definitions were based on two simple principles: Whether the governing power seeks its own good, or the good of the whole state; and whether the governing power is one man, or a few men, or many men.

GOVERNMENT	GOOD FORM	BAD FORM
By one	Monarchy	Tyranny
By a few in comparison with the whole	Aristocracy	Oligarchy
By a large number in comparison with the whole	Commonwealth	Democracy

For some generations past the people of the western world have shown a marked tendency to free themselves from certain governmental trammels. This was a revolt against the abuses of the other governments; but in the progress of time, this revolt became confused in people's minds with the forms of governments themselves, because the abuses were associated with the forms. This confusion is very widespread, very fundamental, has colored the writings of all but the sanest of our political scientists, and is responsible for most of the nonsense now being spoken and written about Democracy.

The second general confusion we note is in connection with the source of the power exercised by the Government, whatever be its form. It has not been generally understood, and is not now generally understood, that the source of power always has been, is now, and must always be the people. The worst tyrant, or most powerful monarch who ever lived, could only reign with the consent of those he governed. Books have been written about the divine right of Kings, but that again is a confusion. The greatest of all kings, and the most authentically divinely

appointed, had no secular power, because the people to whom He was sent refused to accept Him. A Divine Being may appoint Kings to rule over nations, but if so, He does not and never has interfered with the freedom of the people to accept or reject such Kings, as they see fit.

The point is, that the power exercised by the Government, whatever its form, springs from those governed, and may be withdrawn by them whenever a sufficient number of them choose. Whether it ought to be or not, is another question. The government of the late Czar crumpled like a house of cards as soon as a sufficient number of Russians no longer wanted the Czar to have the power. He and Charles I, may have had mandates from God which the people ought to have recognized and obeyed, but even if this had been so, the power exercised by these monarchs would still have come from their subjects and was withdrawable at will.

There is not a sin which any government has committed, which all governments have not also committed; nor are certain forms of government more given to sin than others. Nothing could have been more caste ridden, exclusive, and aristocratic than the democracies of Greece; and if you want illustrations of the concentrated essence of all that is evil in Government, you need not look further afield than to some of the Central and South American republics of the present day.

It is curious that we do not ordinarily apply to government what our everyday experience teaches us. Everyone knows the amount of time and energy wasted in getting anything done when a committee is in charge, yet in our governments we appoint committees, in despair, in order to get anything done at all. The Committee, after fruitless efforts to accomplish the given task, usually appoints one of its number to go ahead and do the thing, and this he is usually able to do in some fashion or other and without too much delay. We know, all of us, that when a difficult and quick piece of work is to be done, it is a one man job. But we have such profound distrust of each other, that we are only willing to give one man power in an emergency, or because experience has proved that it is the only way, or because there is a special hurry, or a danger.

This is particularly true of national governments. We try to split up the power, and spread it out over as many people as possible in ordinary times; and we usually overdo it, so that there is constant complaint of the unwieldy size of Congress, or of the number of commissions controlling our public utilities, or of the multitude of departments or officials with which we must do business. Then an emergency comes, and we reverse all this. There is greater and greater concentration of power. The people cheerfully relinquish their cherished "rights"; the politician reluctantly gives up his hold on public affairs; and the executives, as they show their capacity, rapidly assume and wield the full powers of an absolute autocrat. That is the prevalent form of government at the present day. Great Britain is governed by an autocratic and only partially aristocratic oligarchy; Germany by military autocrats; Russia by an auto-

cratic and amorphous tyranny, which is rigidly exclusive and caste ridden, in that it will not permit the rich and the cultured to have any voice in public affairs; America is nearer monarchical in form than any of the larger nations. France has been halted in its progress toward autocracy by an oligarchy of corrupt and unpatriotic politicians who have as yet refused to surrender power.*

My point, however, is that the form of government has little to do with the excellence of government, and not much to do with the efficiency of government. The most efficient government is probably the German military autocracy, not because it is a military autocracy, but because the greatest amount of intelligence and pains have been taken to make it efficient. The most excellent government is probably that of Great Britain—monarchical in form; democratic in spirit; oligarchical in fact. It is rapidly becoming also one of the most efficient, not because of its form, but because of the immense concentration of the nation's best intelligence on the problems of government during the last three years.

It is of course easier for a government where power is highly concentrated to bring about efficiency. Whether it will also be a good government depends upon the character of the governing class. They may use their power to enrich themselves by illegitimate means, as they have done in France and in many other countries.

The object of government is to assure each individual as much freedom to follow his own will as is compatible with a like freedom to all other individuals. The government—no matter what its form—must have whatever power is required to accomplish this object. When the wants of men were simple, government was simple. A chief, with a club, sufficed for a tribe of savages. When civilization became complicated, the necessary functions of government increased proportionately. Efforts have been made by many writers on political science to set limits to the legitimate functions of government. Herbert Spencer thought we had already gone too far. Socialists think we have not yet gone far enough. Both miss the point. The point is that the amount of government, and in considerable measure, the kind of government, follow the law of supply and demand. It is not a perfectly balanced law and it does not operate instantaneously, any more than it does in economics. It is merely a general law which none the less surely brings about the inevitable results in the progress of time. This, so far as I know, has never been pointed out by any writer on political science, and, therefore, can bear some elaboration.

People, in the long run, get, and must get, else they perish, the amount and kind of government they need; *need*, please note, not want; and they do not get any more than is necessary, for every stage forward in government means a still greater curtailment of individual freedom. The savage could not survive the restrictions our present government

* Mr. Griscom wrote this article in 1917, before Clemenceau had come into power, and before the upheaval in Germany.

would force upon him; and the Russian is dying in large numbers because a lot of his restrictions have recently been removed. He will go on dying in larger and larger numbers until he is chained up again by the amount of government he needs at his present stage of civilization. It does not matter what form that new government will take; what matters vitally is that there shall be enough of it. Arguing from precedent, the form is likely to be some kind of dictatorship, backed by the requisite military power, which later on will be gradually modified by a decentralization of power. The final outcome is likely to be a moderate, but only a moderate, advance towards democratic forms, if we contrast the outcome with the government of the late Czar. That is what the Russian people demand. I do not mean vocal demands, for they do not yet realize their needs. I mean the actual demand made by the aggregate of their characters, capacities, limitations, weaknesses, strengths, vices, virtues, and so on. That kind of people, who have reached that stage of development, need a certain amount of government, and they must get it, or perish. What other people, living at the same time, in other countries need, is no criterion for them. This unfortunately is not generally understood, although it is sufficiently obvious. There are no rules to determine what is the proper amount of government to give any particular people at any given time. Those who are wise and experienced in such matters, and that means a very small number of persons indeed, can give a fairly good guess, and then discover their mistake by experiment. England has shown special genius for doing this successfully, because, among other things, she has no fixed theories. She controls Canada by not governing it at all, and she governs thousands of African savages by benevolent tyrannies of the most absolute type. She manages her great empire by using all the different forms of government, and by the greatest variety in the extent of control. Germany is a conspicuously unsuccessful colonizer because she has fixed theories on the subject and tries to apply those theories. As they are patterned upon the kind and amount of government required by the German people, and as, fortunately, most of the people in the world are unlike the German people, the theories do not work.

The operation of the law of supply and demand in government bears a still closer analogy to the operation of the law in economics. People do not get the government they need, until the realization of their need creates a demand. It is, at all times, demand, not need, which produces the supply. Furthermore, people do not get what they want merely by demanding it; they have to back their demand by power, and that power they get by work. It is a product of effort. So in government. We must earn the privilege of a better and more efficient government by work, by effort. It cannot be legislated into being. The French tried that in the early days of the Revolution. They made Constitution after Constitution, and none of them worked. The Russians have been trying it for a year. They got what they thought they wanted, but not what they needed.

No constitution will work until it expresses the character and genius of the people. The French Constitution of the last forty years has not been suited to the real genius of the French people, and therefore has never worked well, and will continue to work badly until changed. The law of supply and demand in governments is not an instantaneous law, and it takes time to bring about readjustments, but come they will and must; just as a scarcity in some article of commerce will increase prices until the usual channels and barriers of trade are broken down and the supply flows in.

In view of all this, what does the President mean when he says that the world must be made safe for Democracy? What is the new god which the modern world worships so passionately; for which men cheerfully lay down their lives; which has become the ideal of our twentieth century civilization? People get enthusiastic about Democracy who have never been enthusiastic about anything in their lives before. Their eyes glow and their hearts beat faster over—what? The Russian Revolution was hailed as the greatest event since—I do not know when; some people have said, since the time of Christ. Why? What magic is there in this word, this name for one of the forms of government? It is certainly a curious fact that many persons would rather have a pro-German tyranny, named Democracy, in Russia, than a pro-Ally government under a Czar.

A democratic form of government is certainly a good thing for the people who are fitted for it, and it would be a bad thing for the people—shall we venture to say like the Russians or the Filipinos,—who are not fitted for it. I do not know whether the Russians are fitted for it or not. It certainly does not look as if they were. I feel pretty confident that the Filipinos are not. Both questions will doubtless be resolved by experience, for the tendency is to thrust this form of government upon them. But why the heat, the almost religious fervour with which the matter is proposed? If the Russians are fit for democracy, they will get it, and all will be well. If they are not fit for it, they will not get it, or, if it is thrust upon them, it will not work, and will cause them untold misery. In due time they will emerge from the resulting chaos, considerably reduced in numbers, somewhat, but not much, chastened by experience, for we learn such lessons slowly; and again this ever fresh and unwearied world will go on with its appointed task, which, among other things, is the progress and development of the Russian people. But why the passion; why this new religion? Surely no one thinks anything so crude as that a change in the form of the Russian Government is going to change the character of the Russian people! Does anyone really believe that suppressing the Kaiser and what he stands for, will reform or redeem the German people? Does a bad man become a good man when given the vote? Will the bribe taker of old Russia suddenly become honest, because he has a representative at Petrograd? The late Russian government was corrupt, oppressive and inefficient, because it was run by corrupt, oppressive and inefficient men, not because the form of govern-

ment was an autocracy. If those men had been honest, kind and efficient, Russia would have been well governed. Nor does a democracy tend to get the honest, kind and efficient men into public office. On the contrary. It is a well recognized defect of the democratic form of government that the best element in the population will not run for office.

The most efficient government France has had for a thousand years was the autocracy of Napoleon. His standards and methods are still the rule in the best managed French departments. In the hundred years which have passed since then, France has tried six or seven different kinds of government. They were all equally bad because those exercising the powers of government were not honest, benevolent and intelligent. We are extremely democratic in New York, yet our city government is nearly always one of the worst in the world because it is carried on by creatures of Tammany Hall, a corrupt, political organization. Its form of Government, as a matter of fact, is that of a limited monarchy, with a mayor as king, with very limited powers; a legislative body called the Aldermanic Council; and a special body controlling supplies, called the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

What do people mean when they talk about Democracy? What does the newspaper mean when it reports the abrogation of constitutional rights and the concentration of power in some one man's hands, and calls this "a triumph of Democracy"? Why was it not a failure of Democracy?

When Congress steps aside and lets the President, through Cabinet Officers and quasi-legal War Committees, wield all the powers usually wielded by the several branches of the government; when they confer upon this one man, power that has not been equalled since the days of Napoleon, what are we to think? I am heartily in favor of it as a national necessity, but it is the absolute antithesis of everything that is democratic. It means that democracy has broken down under the stress of war, and that temporarily we had to go back to autocracy, to absolutism. It is an old story. Rome had to do it repeatedly in the great crises of her history. Democracy is a fair weather friend, which always fails in an emergency.

Is it possible that when we talk, and particularly when we shout, about Democracy, we are really not talking about Democracy, but about something else? It has to do with forms of government, for the people who have the word oftenest upon their lips are constantly talking about or against kings and aristocracies.

So far as I have been able to grasp and define this illusive conception, I believe that something akin to the Brotherhood of Man is what we are really feeling after; an ideal which stirs our innate religious instincts and which justifies our passion. When we add the Fatherhood of God idea to the Brotherhood of Man idea, our conception will be complete. But why call it Democracy?

Leaving out, then, the confusion about forms of government, and the second confusion between the form of government and the quality

of Government, and the third confusion about the source of power, which, we repeat, is always in the people—whether the power be exercised by a King or an autocrat like President Wilson, or an autocracy or oligarchy, like the War Cabinet of Great Britain, or a more democratic government like that of Italy—leaving these several confusions aside for the moment, what else do we mean by Democracy for which the world must be made safe?

When some people speak about the democratic spirit, I understand what they mean. They mean greater licence to do what they want, without being interfered with by the government. When a workman speaks of democracy, he means a state where labor will come into its own; that is, where he will be on top, and capital underneath. When an American farmer speaks of democracy, he usually means something rather vague about freedom which his forefathers fought for. When a Russian farmer speaks about democracy, he means getting someone else's land for nothing. When our politicians speak about democracy, they mean a magic word which gets votes and gains applause. When our editorial writers speak about democracy, half of them do not know what they mean; and they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Democracy, if it means anything, means a decentralization of power, which, highly concentrated in a monarchy, is somewhat spread out in an oligarchy or aristocracy, and is still more distributed as we go down the scale, or up the scale, if you prefer. In a democracy, the powers of government are wielded by a great many persons. If we carry the matter to an extreme, to a *reductio ad absurdum*, we have what is called philosophical anarchy, where everyone exercises the functions of government, or, to put the same thing in another way, where there is no government at all. Socialism does not come into this category. Socialism is not a question of form of government, it is a question of the amount of government. There is much confused thinking at this point. You can have socialism under any form of government. There has been a considerable amount of socialistic legislation in the German military autocracy in recent decades. There has been much in the monarchical government of England. There has been less here in democratic America. Great difference of opinion exists about the part the Government should play in human affairs; about the amount of Government there should be. The only safe rule to lay down is that there is no final answer to this question; there is no Governmental panacea for the ills and inequalities of human life; what is best will vary with time, place, circumstance, and with the quality and character of the people concerned. If you believe in the Government ownership of the means of production and distribution you are a Socialist, but you can also believe quite logically and rationally that a monarchical form of Government, as in England, would best administer the property and business of the Socialist state. Or you may believe, though I confess this does not appear logical and rational, that a

rigid caste tyranny like the Bolsheviki in Russia, can achieve the best results. These are matters of opinion.

There is still another phase of this subject, another confusion. Just as, in the past, people associated the abuses of government with the form of government, so now I think many people associate the so-called blessings of our modern civilization with Democracy: the spread of education, advancement of science and industry, newspapers, improved means of communication, a better or juster opportunity for the working man, the suppression of slavery, etc., etc. Democracy stands for these things in their minds, and as they value them highly, the value carries over to the Democracy which they associate with them. Such people forget that these things have nothing to do with Democracy. Most of them were started and developed under monarchies or autocracies. Democratic America was the last big nation to suppress slavery. Autocratic Germany is still the best educated—or at least, education such as it is, is most widely diffused. Laws specially favoring the workingman, as a rule, have not originated, though many of them have been copied, in America. The working man has had a better chance to get rich in this country during recent decades, than in most other places, but that was because of economic conditions and had nothing to do with political forms.

I am unable to think of any special advantage we Americans possess which can justly be attributed to our Democratic institutions. I am unable to think of any special advantages we possess, which would not have been equally possible under some other form of Government. Canada seems pretty well off. Her people are no less free. Their opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness would appear to be equal to ours.

What then is it all about? Let us be philosophical enough to pause and reflect, even if by so doing we are unable to share the current enthusiasm. Let us keep sane and balanced minds and be not afraid to face the facts of history and the truisms of political science. Let us put Democracy in its rightful place as a form of Government, and resolutely refuse to add it to the rapidly growing number of new religions.

CLEMENT A. GRISCOM.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

DEAR FRIEND:

I AM more than sorry, but it cannot be. I would come to you at once were it right to do so; for you loved and love him as I love him, and now that every hour cries out that he is not here to share it with me, and that I can take nothing from the day to him, the physical presence of those who were close to him would be no small comfort. But as things are, neither of us is free to leave our place and tasks to seek the hours together that we crave. We have no longer the great rock of his faithful strength on which to lay our burdens while we pause for breath, and so we dare not pause, or slacken. Somehow, for his sake, as for the work's and the Master's own, we must find the grace and resolution to do more, not less, than we have ever done before. To fulfil the trust imposed in us is now the one thing our love can do for him; to carry on all that was his, all that was his and ours together because it was and is the Master's; to answer from some deeper level of our life the call he followed to the death,—that what we lose in him may be made good in power to the work for which he died.

I have never felt so inadequate and impotent, facing life thus, shorn of half myself. The simplest, most familiar things now present new and unsuspected difficulties. It is as though, when I took up this pad to write to you and reached with my other hand for my pencil, I found I had no other hand—that nothing moved, only a sudden pain in the empty sleeve through which the nerves should run,—and I stand for a moment, puzzling dumbly what is wrong, till the tears in my eyes rouse me to the truth, and I seek a place on which to rest the pad that I may hold the pencil. I am a very baby in his loss. Like a baby I have to learn all over again to do alone the myriad things that through all these years I have done with him. Here, in my own rooms, there is scarce a book upon my shelves or picture on the walls that does not speak to me of him. And inwardly it is the same. There is no hope or memory in which he has not part. Life after life he has been my comrade. In that far distant past when the Master called and waked me, he was there. And now, like a child left in the dark, I miss his human presence—the comradeship that is the birthright and blood-tie of my soul, and which is no longer mine as man.

But however impotent we may feel, the call is clear. Duty does not come without the ability to fulfil it, and the Master does not ask from us what he has not given to us. As more is asked, we know surely that more has been given; and it is for us to find that more, and use it. Or rather, since the Master's gifts are never hidden, and there can be no search for what is so agonizingly ours in every fibre of our being, it but remains to use it. We have only our pain, where till now we have had a

friend, in a companionship so close and dear as to make all labour sweet ; and therefore from our very pain must come the new strength that we need. We have no longer the shield of his love. But we have its sword in a new way. In his loss it has pierced to the depths of our souls, and through the open wound, from those unknown depths which suffering alone can reach, must come our power. On Calvary, the Master placed his spirit for all who seek it ; and from there, you and I must draw his power with which to do his will and work.

I have been thinking much of these things through the past weeks, and little by little they have been growing clearer to me. There was need that they should grow clearer ; and as we ourselves learn their lessons we shall have to help others to learn them too. The mystery of pain will never be resolved by words. Only as we enter through its portals can we know to what its long, vast corridors may lead. But you and I are only two of the many hundreds who loved him, whom he helped over some steep place in their search for the disciple's path, and who now suffer in his loss. There is no man or woman to whom grief and pain do not come, none who does not enter where understanding is possible. And yet so few do understand.

What you write is true. To speak of the "shadow of death" is like speaking of the shadow of the sun. Death is light, such clear, white light as that by which the Master sees, so that, for a moment before it blinds us, we share something of his vision, and see that the only shadow is the shadow cast by self ; that everything sought and gained for self was lost ; and everything surrendered is found and kept. It was easy to say, "I will not be ambitious" ; and when success or failure must alike seem lonely, ambition is mere mockery. But no man, on whom the light of death has fallen, can think, "When the Master reads my heart, he will find it clean utterly."

These things are true. And it is well, perhaps, to say them, as it is surely well to hold them fast in memory, that we may try harder, more unremittingly and humbly, and with clearer consciousness of its meaning, to "Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the eternal," in the light of the eternal that shines from the face of death, where we know that we "Desire possessions above all ; but those possessions must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the special property of the whole only when united." Yet it is not of these things that I most wish you would now write, as you tell me you are thinking of doing. These lessons of grief's *teaching*, life itself brings home to every good man and every religious man, to every one who loves anything at all but self. They may be forgotten, but they cannot be escaped. And it is in part because of this, because grief cannot come without bringing this light that shows us our selfishness and sin, that, looking to them, and in the anguish of our self-reproach, too many of us miss the deeper lesson of grief's *existence* and reality—the meaning to man's spirit of the immutable fact of pain and loss and anguish

as inherent in the nature of being itself. It is this that I wish you could make plain.

It is a wholly wrong idea of grief to think of it only as the consequence of blindness or the punishment of sin; as though, had we but been good enough, all would have been smooth and comfortable; as though a living faith, and some true knowledge of the soul's life, should lift men above the common, human trials and griefs, make suffering but a mirage, and the loss and loneliness of death unreal. It involves, too, a wholly wrong conception of life and growth and the nature of the soul's consciousness. Yet we find, all about us, this tacit assumption that the good man and the religious man, above all, perhaps, the occultist who has laid hold upon the real, should thereby have his heart anaesthetized to pain. Few who call themselves Christians realize that Christianity would bring them to the agony of the Cross. Few who seek the pathway to the real are conscious that it must lead them more deeply into all of life, and not away from any of its tragedy and sorrow. How can those find and recognize the path who have so false a picture of it? Or how can those follow it who cling, even if unknowingly, to so opposite a desire?

Can you not help them to understand that the passion of Christ was real? To read, and take to themselves, the lesson that all of history teaches, that the noblest suffer most, "the bravest are the tenderest," that to grow in spiritual power is to grow in capacity for pain? To face the fact that pain is real and must endure, increasing not diminishing, that nowhere and never can it be escaped or left behind, is what men most need today; and they would understand this if they understood Christ's passion. But they do not understand. Beneath the surface of their thought, rarely recognized yet colouring their vision, is the feeling that in some way the passion was but an appearance, a pretence; that, being God, Christ could not suffer as does man. It is a strange assumption. It is so obviously not the dead flesh that suffers, but only the flesh quickened by the spirit of life. The more we have of life, the more we must suffer. And God is life. Because Christ was one with God, because the incarnation of the spirit had penetrated and quickened every atom of his flesh, the mere physical pain of the crucifixion was intensified a myriad times beyond that which we could know as we are now. Are we then to think that we shall escape pain as we follow him along the path he travelled; or that the gift he came to give us, the gift of life in greater abundance, will bring insensibility?

Pain of the flesh, pain of the heart, pain of the spirit! "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept." There was no pretence in those tears. They were not less painful or less human than are yours and mine, though in them was the knowledge and the power to comfort the heart he loved, and to call his servant from the corruption of the grave. No words could be more convincing than is the

simple gospel narrative, if men would but read and meditate upon it. And if we would foresee the path our feet must tread, to find and follow him we call our Lord, there it lies before us: the agony in the garden, the anguish of his prayer, the lonely craving for companionship that woke, in vain, his sleeping friends; and, at the end, in the darkness of the ninth hour, the utter desolation of that final cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Of those who read your writings, and whom you perhaps influence more than you know, there are many who call themselves Christians. Lead them to meditate upon the passion of Christ. Show them through it, and through his acceptance of it, the meaning of that first unnumbered rule, "written for all disciples," in *Light on the Path*: "Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears." It is the first law of discipleship, and the first test of the disciple is that he should live his life in accordance with it. Yet how many are there who have taken the trouble even to try to understand it? Let us grant that it is written in cipher, and that its surface meaning might be misinterpreted into the very opposite of the truth. But the disciple is not one who is content with surface meanings, and when the commentary is studied there is no ground left for misconception.

"To be incapable of tears is to have faced and conquered the simple human nature, and to have attained an equilibrium which cannot be shaken by personal emotions. It does not imply any hardness of heart, or any indifference. . . . None of these conditions are fit for a disciple, and if any one of them exist in him, it must be overcome before the Path can be entered upon. . . . This sensibility does not lessen when the disciple enters upon his training, it increases. It is the first test of his strength; he must suffer, must enjoy or endure, more keenly than other men, while yet he has taken on him a duty which does not exist for other men, that of not allowing his suffering to shake him from his fixed purpose."

And again: "They are ceremonies in which only novices take part, for they are simple services of the threshold. But it will show how serious a thing it is to become a disciple, when it is understood that these are all ceremonies of sacrifice. The first one is this of which I have been speaking. The keenest enjoyment, the bitterest pain, the anguish of loss and despair, are brought to bear on the trembling soul, which has not yet found light in the darkness, which is helpless as a blind man is: and until these shocks can be endured without loss of equilibrium the astral senses must remain sealed. This is the merciful law. . . . Then the vibration of life loses its power of tyranny. The sensitive nature must suffer still; but the soul has freed itself and stands aloof, guiding the life towards its greatness." Not freed from suffering, but from the power of tyranny of suffering, from the power that suffering has had to turn us from our goal. "Jesus wept," but the agony of the garden had no power to turn him back from Calvary.

There is a certain cowardice behind this common unwillingness to believe in the continuing reality of pain, and that we ourselves must suffer more, not less, as we advance. It is the same cowardice that underlies the denials of Christian Science. Pain cannot be real, it says. Why? The coward in us tries first one answer and then another. Because God is love. Yes; but love is pain as well as joy, and craves to suffer for what gives it joy. Because Christ died for us, and in his suffering (which but a moment ago we were prepared also to argue could not have been what it seemed) paid, once and for all, the penalty of my sin. But the uses of pain are far greater than the mere penalty of sin. It is the law of the life we live on earth. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." It was his peace, not freedom from pain, that Christ promised to those who followed him. So, finally, we bring forth, stripped of pretext, the basic grounds of our objection. Pain, we say, cannot be real because I do not desire it, but rather wish ease and comfort and security. In so saying we pronounce judgment on ourselves; not pain, but the self which speaks is thus revealed unreal. It is a self which is in all of us; but it is the self that dies, not the soul that is immortal.

It is time we faced the facts of life. He who seeks ease and comfort and security is not seeking the real, and the sooner he gives up all idea of discipleship the better it will be for him and all his fellows. Discipleship makes life harder, not easier. It causes us to do in years, and by the force of our own will and desire, what life itself would do for us through cycles of rebirth. Only the man who loves something more than self, more than ease or comfort or security, more than joy or pain, or life or death, or anything that these may bring to him, has the least chance of success. Only as he has something for which he is willing to die, has he anything by which he may enter the world of the real, or live there when he has entered.

Do you remember that day, years ago, when we visited S—— in his laboratory? I have never forgotten the simple experiment he showed us, and I imagine that you, too, will recall it; the little coils of copper wire, all lying inert and unresponsive, quite "comfortable" and "at ease," though above them hung that great electric magnet to which my knife leapt when I let it go. Then through each of those little coils, one by one, S—— passed a current that he varied as he chose; and the coils began to quiver and to move. Some stood upright; others leapt up, as had my knife; some straining at the threads that held them, others breaking loose and flying free. The magnet had not changed its power; but they had changed. Before they had been as dead things. Now it was as though they were alive. And in accordance with the current in each was the power by which the magnet drew them. It is not a new illustration of the relation between the desire in men's hearts and the power of the Lodge to help them; for S—— himself has used it for this purpose, and I have more than once borrowed it from him. But it is a singularly

good one, and should make clear the point that when it is said that the disciple must make himself such by the force of his own unaided desire, it does not contravene the fact that it is only through the Master's grace that we rise or move at all.

Desire! On every page of *Light on the Path* it is revealed as the secret of discipleship. Every rule deals with it, showing us how to loose it from its entanglements in the hopes and fears of self, and to set its mighty power free to draw us to what is greater than the self. Life is so rich and deep, each atom so truly images the whole, that every step of our way is itself heaven and itself hell. Clinging to the one and dreading the other, we fear to move. Desire runs athwart our course, and not along it. We are held in the vibration of pleasure and of pain. For to move forward means to surrender heaven and to enter hell. And when life itself forces this upon us, and we hear the gates of hell clang shut behind us, we turn and beat upon them with our futile fists, and fall, and weep, and are held fast in hell by our very unwillingness to surrender the heaven we have lost. The door, once closed, will never again open. "It is useless to pause and weep for a scene in a kaleidoscope which has passed." Our way lies forward. Tonight will not lead to yesterday, but to tomorrow. No man can leave hell by the door through which he entered it, but only by traversing its full length and depth, till he reaches at its further end that sudden opening on the mount of purgatory, and sees above and before him the stars of a new heaven and the verdure of a new earth.

We talk much of the law of correspondences, and of cyclic progression. We say, "As above, so below"; and that all things move in cycles, summer and winter, day and night, life and death and birth again. But we are singularly slow to apply it to ourselves and to each step that we must take upon our path; to see its truth in little, as we are compelled to see it in big. In our own thought, for our own lives, we would have it always summer, always day; pleasure always, never pain. Like valetudinarians, men move here and there, and up and down the earth, seeking only the climate suited to their weakness; dropping their pursuits and scurrying off at the first hint of inclement weather; bitterly reproachful of their "luck," or lack of judgment, when, despite all their efforts, ills descend upon them. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, what it means to live. And we are as they, when we set ease and comfort and security for our goal; and strive to cling to every pleasure, shuddering away from every pain. There is no way to the resurrection save that which leads through Calvary. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

At every step of the way we must die and be reborn. It is the law of life. Each day, each moment, is a cycle in itself, and must be lived in its entirety by the disciple who would learn in years the lessons of life-

times. In everything we must be prepared to sacrifice what it has for us: pleasure, comfort, love or truth. Yes, the very things which make it dear to us and for which we sought it with toil and pain. One by one, each heaven that we reach must be surrendered. How else can we advance? How else can we grow strong to make the last and supreme sacrifice of "the Dharmakaya robe," and not "cross to the other shore," a "Pratyeka Buddha"? We must keep our eyes fixed steadfastly on the shadow of the cross; see and seek it always. Lengthening as we move forward, it points our way to the agony of Gethsemane and the utter desolation of Golgotha, for there only can come the dawn of resurrection. We cannot face these great sacrifices in advance. We have not the requisite power of imagination. Nor is it meant that we should attempt to do so. We shall not come to them as we are now. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and it will be with tomorrow's strength that we shall come to tomorrow's trials. But we can face those which front us here and now; and face them, too, in the full knowledge that we must gain from them that which we shall need for what lies ahead. We can do the little, looking forward to the great; and, taking ourselves steadily in hand, gain the courage to claim the peace of battle—the self-giving that does not turn from wounds or death.

We shall not find this peace by seeking the immunity from loss and pain which indifference seems to offer. It is a false detachment, to which only cowardice prompts, when we think, "I will not have a dog, because I shall suffer when he dies; I will not surround myself with things I care for, because they will only be broken or defaced, and give me pain; I will not permit myself to love, or to enjoy, or to desire anything at all save the fulfilment of my one purpose to attain." Shut off thus from joy and pain alike, we should be shut off from life itself; and the purpose to attain, thus centred and confined to self, would either be strangled and die, or else, driving more and more fiercely in, would press every instinct back upon that centre of selfishness, till it made us demons—neither men nor gods.

Nor will life admit us, merely as willing victims, to the halls of reality. The laws of discipleship are both too merciful and too stern. Passive acceptance will not suffice. There is no power that wishes to lead us like lambs to the slaughter, even if we should persuade ourselves that we are willing to be so led. Our desire must be wholly positive. We must so energize our muscles, oxidize our blood, as not only to be able to withstand the arctic climate of the real, but so as to crave and seek it. "The Lord thy God is a jealous God," and if we would draw near to him, we must prefer the rude blows and buffeting of the law to any caress from any other hand.

And so we come back to the one great essential that alone makes discipleship intelligible or possible—desire. There must flame within our hearts a desire so intense that neither pleasure nor pain can quench or dim it. Pleasure and pain, heaven and hell, are real; and our way

lies through each in turn with ever deepening intensity. Yet they must be for us as nothing, forgotten, ignored,—the whole nature given to something else, so loved, so valuable in and for itself, that what it may bring or mean to us matters nothing. All things of flesh or spirit are but lamps along our way. We draw near only to recede again. We enter the light, but we never touch the flame. Beyond it, stretching out into the dark, our road still runs to a distant goal; and there is that in us which impels us forward, careless of all else.

Will it seem strange, I wonder, to those who live under the tyranny of pleasure and pain, to be told that as yet they have known neither? They have never faced either fairly, but only seen each from the view point of the other; knowing pleasure as surcease from pain; pain as the denial of pleasure or the absence of ease. That is why they usually appreciate their blessings only after they have lost them. Only he who is not swerved by joy or suffering, who, careless of their presence, cleaves his way through the heart of each alike,—knows them for what they are, and takes from each the gift of strength and life it holds.

Dear Friend, may you and I be strong now to take that gift of strength. No more, in this life, may we have the comradeship of him, whom of all men,—save only the Master,—I loved most. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. But as he takes, he gives. The pain, the loss, the loneliness; the desolate nights and days; the memories of happiness shared that can no more be shared; and those other memories, once dark with self, lit now with understanding that has come too late,—all are the Master's gifts, our talents which we may not bury in misery but must make yield gain to all.

Men deem that religion must be soft and sweet and beautiful, in their own conception of beauty; a mere lovely thing on which to rest. We know that it is not; but stern and hard and compelling, demanding all and more than all we have of life and strength. But here in the light of death, in the clear, white light of the eternal that streams through the rent he has left, we know that nothing else can ever satisfy our heart's desire. We have not him. But in the pain of his loss the Master offers us, anew, the power to grow in that unswerving fidelity and indomitable courage that were his.

Oh, my Friend, help me, and all mankind, to learn to smile, as he smiled, in the midst of pain.

JOHN GERARD.

WHO ARE THESE IN ROBES OF WHITE?

IT is well that the Powers have endowed all creatures young and small with some of that quality which the world—taking a philosophical liberty—has labelled “cunning,” in the sense of funny and endearing. The analogies between things spiritual and things material are so inevitable and fit so closely (as above, so below), that we (I speak as one of the smallest of beginners) may let ourselves hope that here we have a striking one. Small animals do not know how funny they are, or how much immunity they owe to the fact; indeed as soon as they begin to find out, they cease to be either funny or immune, but one would like to think that one presents to one’s spiritual elders an aspect of appealing babyhood, in which stupidities and lapses have about them something of the charm of small animals learning to co-ordinate. Do we not often get a hint of something like this in their kind eyes? We may be very sure that those who work with the Masters for the souls of beginners need in large measure their attributes of patience and humour—so important are we with our little pursuits, so solemn as we toddle about doing “works,” so positive that we are equal to any stunt—till presently there is a pink romper on its face, or a blue romper on its back, and then oh! the bawls! Happy are we that “they” stand ready to pick us up and dust us down and start us off again. Unfortunately for charm, but well for growth, the romper stage is very fleeting, to be succeeded by other and less intriguing phases, for, alas for our analogy, the snaggle-toothed period is equally inevitable, and happy is he, and much to be congratulated his guides, who escapes that worst of all—an omniscient adolescence.

Let it be conceded that the pursuit of holiness is a difficult business at every stage; that it takes, from start to finish, all we have of love and courage, and all the help we can get. The initial plunge sometimes *seems* easy. Some great seventh wave of emotion may pick us up and sweep us on to within sight of the deeper reaches (by grace of our Angel); but it is not the province of waves of emotion to sweep us all the way; we must learn to swim, and swimming has rules which must be observed. It is then that we turn gasping to our guides—not only to the unseen guides—but to those human ones who breast the waves with us, who are fitted to help us both by precept and example, by reason of their own hard-won knowledge; who say to us “hold your head so,” “don’t be frightened,” “strike out like this.” Precept is good, very good, and we need lots of it. There are sermons not only in stones, but even in sermons for those who have ears to hear, and by reason of the ever present spiritual analogies we can preach silent sermons to ourselves all day long.

But what of example? It is a harder thing to come by. Words cannot express its value. If new-born strugglers toward holiness were asked what (humanly speaking) they most needed for their help, they would surely say "the saints." "Give us," they would cry, "your human hands, let us hear your human voices, afford us your faithful and practical demonstration that this terrific thing can be done." Yes, the Light that lightens the world shines back to us through those who press closest to the Master,—we do well to watch and imitate these *âmes bien nées* who tread firmly where we falter.

This idea of example, of "following" (the Revised and Douai versions often translate it "imitate"), permeates all scriptures, not only our own Bible but also those other Testaments which a study of Theosophy opens up to us. Krishna says to Arjuna: "The wise, who know the truth, will point the way of wisdom to thee"; "Let the wise man lead them in all works, engaging in them in union with the Soul"; while to one who, striving, yet falls short of full attainment, the superb incentive is offered that "he is reborn in the house of pure and holy folk," or even "in a family of seekers for union,"—after which there ought to be no excuse for him. When we turn to that Master who made himself human for our guidance; who, sinless, made the supreme sacrifice of being "tempted in all things like as we are" (Ah! what mysterious, what significant bridging of the gulf!), we find always that same note of example, of guidance, "follow me"; "I have given you an example"; "If any man will learn of me, let him take up his cross and follow me." He came avowedly to tread the path with us, to fasten us to himself while we make the awful Alpine Passes of the soul.

The adventure of the soul when it turns back to God has been likened to a battle, to a school, to a voyage, to a gymnasium,—it may also be compared to a passage through one of those old-fashioned garden labyrinths in which we lost ourselves in childhood. (A visit to the Dictionary at this point discloses the thrilling fact that these mazes or labyrinths had, in ancient times, a spiritual significance, so it really isn't half a bad metaphor.) These differ in detail and complexity, but their principle is always the same,—many winding paths designed to lure and bewilder, blind alleys all, ending in cul-de-sacs, save one only—that one which leads into the center of refuge. In garden mazes this center is called "home" (darling word), and there we find the pleasure which is the end of wandering, with shade trees and flowers, and seats for resting, but, best of all, we find those who turned from our vision and reached home before us—"those peerless friends who left us lonely," wait there and take their laughing ease—ah, "what knitting severed friendships up" in this toy *devachan*, this playtime sanctuary, when one is little and tired!

Will the simile bear a little more weight? These labyrinths are quite wonderful testers of character. The innumerable little paths *look* so right, offering to the unwary such quick and easy ways in to the center. Then the right of choice is of the very essence of the game—"I love to

choose and see my path." The ways are crowded with a multitude who run without plan or theory, crying "lo here," and "lo there," and it is human instinct to run with the crowd. There is much sorrowful experience before we learn that the faster we run and the less we think the further we are from our goal; that the quickest way round is often the longest way home, and that there is no such thing as a short life and a merry one. The headstrong, cocksure people who rush forward spurning help, are perhaps the last to arrive; the timid, hesitating ones who follow every pointing finger do little better; while those who give it up and sit down under the hedge to play games never get there at all, but must begin all over again at the beginning. In labyrinths, as in life, getting lost is a terrible waste of time. Novices do well to watch those steady ones who march on, undisturbed by clamour, because they have taken the trouble to study the plan of the maze.

Through a labyrinth do we, children of a larger growth, make our spiritual journey, led by guides both visible and invisible—those Great Ones who have overcome, and those others who, with bleeding feet and happy eyes, keep step with us.

Sometimes one of these erect and smiling ones turns the last corner and passes out of sight, and the labyrinth grows dark around us.

The other day we stood to watch this happen. He was our friend. He was a "friend of God." A very perfect knight, who stood "four-square to the tumult," whose glance and aspect told of victories won and certainties gained,—was a prophecy of those perfections which are yet to be; who held himself for service, and whom beginners watched with grateful love. Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and blessed are we, for their works do follow them.

Ah, dear Saints of God! hold high and steady the light; take your steps with delicate precision; turn the corners gaily,—there are little staggering ones behind you who follow you with imitative gestures; they give thanks for you to your Master and theirs, and they pray forever "Make *us* to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting."

L. S.

MR. GRISCOM'S ELEMENTARY ARTICLES

A REMINISCENCE AND AN ECHO

WHAT a host of happy memories surround those pages! For here Mr. Griscom brought us the treasures of the spiritual world, taught us how to use them, and how to make them our own. And now we are glad that we tried sometimes to tell him that we were grateful.

Today, if you were asked what discipleship means, perhaps you would say that it means being alive and knowing it; and that, excepting disciples, all men live and die in a dream. How short a time it is since you and I thought of discipleship as an ogre, a monster that threatened to strip life bare of its realities and leave it tasteless. We know how real that dark foreboding seemed, and how our world tottered about us. And do we not remember what Mr. Griscom and his discipleship were to us then?—a firm rock in the sunshine.

We shall study again and again that teaching which he began in the January, 1914, *QUARTERLY*, entering little by little into the deeper currents of life to which he invited us. It is the work of a great teacher, who gave instruction by what he was, even more than by what he said. And he cared so much that we should succeed. One day we may know how keenly he continues to care about us, but until then, surely there is our own sense of generosity and loyalty to be reckoned with, and our affection which reaches out to him.

Throughout these articles, there is such a wealth of material. He does not say in so many words, that occultism is a search for hidden treasure. He just offers you the treasure which he has found. Very little is said about following clues, but he is always leaving them lying about to be picked up and followed, and it pleased him if any one of us followed up a clue and refused to be distracted by unrelated incidents.

Nothing is made clearer than that the mind should always be aimed directly at an object and held there. Then the thousand and one thoughts which pour through the mind are discarded unless related to that object. This bond of relation between things is what may be called a clue. By way of illustration, or rather as a horrible example of what the mind should never be permitted to do, let us take some familiar quotation as a point of departure, leaving the mind free at first to follow a line of its

own choosing. There is that wonderful sentence which Mr. Johnston translated for us from the "Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad":

"The small old path that stretches far away
has been found and followed by me."

If that were all, just for its sheer beauty I would like to stop and read it again. One would wish to say it over silently, under the breath of the heart, for something tells us that the high gods are speaking. They are such little words, chaste as naked sword blades; such a stillness enfolds them as they thunder out the sure joy of battle. It is the Warrior who speaks and has passed on, but his step echoes within us familiarly.

Perhaps there is a clue. What was I thinking that registered in my mind as the words, "joy of battle,—the Warrior speaks"? Of what is this passage reminding me? I have it: "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." My mind interrupts, saying that no one would call me a man of violence. Hush, you silly mind, and go to work! What does "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence" suggest? Why, that other statement, "The Kingdom of God is within you." This looks as if we had reached treasure. Now we may turn to that silly remark of the mind, and try to discover its reason for wishing to throw us off the trail.

I am not a violent person, says my mind. Well, I must be some kind of a person; what are the different kinds of persons? There are good people, says the mind, and bad people, and—. Nonsense, Mr. Mind! Do please try to be intelligent. Oh, well! there is a place in the *Bhagavad Gita* where all people are grouped into four natural classes, as servants, farmers or traders, warriors, and knowers; but I don't see,— Never mind what you don't see! Please look up the *Gita* passage about warriors; what does it say? It says, "Heroism, fire, firmness, skill and refusal to flee in battle, giving of gifts, governing, are the works of Kshatriya, according to his nature." What splendid qualities! Every one of them calls to the very best in us for expression. If we could only get desire enough we would begin living every one of these qualities to-morrow. Was it not Mr. Judge who said that the real self is all of the things in us which we really like? Perhaps I am a warrior, after all.

What says the *Gita* about knowers? "Peace, control, penance, purity, patience, also rectitude, wisdom, knowledge, affirmative faith, are the Brahman's work, according to his nature." Of course these are the great ideals towards which we are striving; but I would think of them more as the potential rather than the actual characteristics of our real selves. This is an interesting situation; the warrior qualities we admire and understand, and share in part; while the qualities of the knower are those which we have been trying to practise that we might gain some

understanding of what they really are. Our clue is apparently justified, so let us go back and put our material in more orderly sequence.

I, the soul, am a warrior.
I have found the small old path that stretches far away;
This path has led me to the spiritual world;
The nearest entrance is through my own nature;
Violence alone will give entrance;
I, the warrior, must do violence to a part of my own nature;
It is the part opposed to peace, control, penance, purity;
Through violence, fire, firmness, and skill, I can govern it;
The Warrior of the Cross has shown the way;
I will do violence to my lower nature, and follow Him.

The clue has led along a well-known path, but we must not leave it with a statement that this way of violence is the only way to gain entrance to the spiritual world,—there is the way of ritual, of works, of contemplation, of devoted love,—it is for the warrior soul that this is just the only way.

We know that the conclusion reached as the result of our journey is a right conclusion, and yet, we must test it, as Mr. Griscom taught us to test mental results, doing it always, for the sake of cultivating the habit. Does this result mean anything? Is it common-sense? Does it seem like the things which you know to be true? Does it demand immediate action of some sort? Would the action imply obedience to authority?

ALAN DOUGLAS.

Of nothing may we be more sure than this—that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other. Our Heaven and our Almighty Father are there, or nowhere. The obstructions of that lot are given for us to heave away by the concurrent touch of a holy spirit and labour of a strenuous will; its mysteries are for our worship; its sorrows for our trust; its perils for our courage; its temptations for our faith.—MARTINEAU.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

PART III

SECTION II (*Continued*)

LORD ACTON, writing of the German historian Ranke whom he admires for having "written a larger number of mostly excellent books than any man that ever lived,"—speaks thus of his historic method.¹ "He seldom probes to the bottom the problems of public life and the characters of men, and passes dryshod over much that is in dispute. As he writes history, not biography, he abstains from the secrets of private life; and as he writes history, not dogma, he never sorts men into black and white according to their bearing in vital controversies. His evil-doers escape the just rigour of the law, and he avoids hero-worship as the last ditch of prehistoric prejudice. He touches lightly on matters pertaining to the jurist and divine, but he has not their exclusiveness. His surface is more level than theirs, but his horizon is wider. The cup is not drained; part of the story is left untold; and the world is much better and very much worse than he chooses to say."

Ranke, as the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says, is "generally considered the first of modern historians." He not merely wrote history himself, but in the capital university itself he taught and trained the rising generations of German scholars for fifty years. He is therefore responsible for much.

But analyse for a moment the praise which Lord Acton bestows. If his summary of Ranke be correct,—and I think that it is—would such history have the insight, the completeness of vision necessary for an adequate and balanced presentation of all the multitudinous affairs of men? Does a man who "writes history, not biography," who "never sorts men into black and white," whose "evil-doers escape the just rigour of the law,"—does such a man write of human life as it is, or in any real way reproduce the events which, after all, follow the workings of the human heart? No wonder the histories of Ranke, of Seeley and Von Sybel, his able pupils, and of a host of highly considered followers, in no way prepared the world for 1914, with its subsequent revelation of German depravity. Ranke's method of conceiving history, and his carefully tempered descriptions of historic Germany, result in a *mirage*. Even his popes and their times are not the men who sinned and lied, who ate and drank, who prayed and fasted, who lived and then died. His Germany never existed; though all the facts he includes are accurately recounted. He is incomplete. To all intents and purposes he white-washes Germany; he demonstrates how German sentimentality and cowardice cannot, or

¹ *Historical Essays and Studies*, "German Schools of History," pp. 352, 353, and 355. Ranke wrote upwards of sixty volumes on manifold historic subjects, and is considered to-day by many, the supreme German historian.

will not, see facts. Better Carlyle's "History is the essence of innumerable biographies," with all its limitations and excesses, than Ranke's ostrich-like oblivion to all those moments in personal, political, and national biography, when real forces, good or bad, are at play.

Lord Acton goes even further: "Although Ranke practises moderation and restraint, and speaks of transactions and occurrences when it would be safe to speak of turpitude and crime, he kept himself above the indifference and the incapable neutrality of those who held, with Gerard Hamilton, that there are few questions on which one may not vote conscientiously either way." It is a modern fallacy that the historian must suspend judgment, that he must choose a careful middle path. Being unable to present *all* the facts, he must choose, we are told, not those at either extreme, because extremes are outside the normal and it is the normal that reveals the real trend of events,—but the well-recognized, the familiar, the indisputable. "Turpitude and crime" exist, but are abnormal, and must be disregarded.

Thus runs the argument, and it is a German argument. Ranke is perhaps its ablest exponent. It was especially convenient as a theory when applied to native history. German history is largely "turpitude and crime." Every German knew it, and he had to find a way out. That way out, lay in disregarding "extremes." It avoids the revelation of the preponderant baseness of Germany, and the idealistic and spiritual aspirations—at the other extreme—of, let us say, France. It cleared the ground for the great "patriotic" effort of German "scholarship." It deceived a great many people.

Today the appeal is being made to history as the one science which can solve for us the problems of world readjustment. The history of oppressed peoples is being invoked; Alsace and Lorraine, Poland, Bohemia, Jugo-Slavia, the Dodecanesos, and others, are all appealing for justice on historic grounds. Very well, let history be the standard. But remember what Bishop Stubbs said, that history is likely to make men wise, but it is sure to make them sad. We cannot appeal to a history carefully guarded from brutal facts, or studiously preserved in the ways of at least relative innocence, and still call it history.

Fustel de Coulanges said that history was the most arduous of sciences. It is hard to get at facts. It is harder still to form a safe judgment. But history is worthless without both. And at this point it is well to say that any reading of German history at first hand, makes for sadness—and worse. The laudatory, Pan-German versions of history are already becoming universally discredited, thanks to the War. The middle school—such as Ranke and his followers—of German historians, who omit all high lights and gloss all that is unfortunate and low, are a patent failure because they in no wise explain the inescapable fact of what Germany is. So one conclusion only is left, namely, that a discerning history of Germany, which concludes in the almost wholly evil Germany of today, tracing effect to its cause,—such a history must deal with the

facts of German evolution, and of the German nature, with unreserved completeness, and in its unvarnished baseness.

In the preceding sections the facts about the ancient German forefathers have been ranged against such flowery statements as those of Bernhardi—"Since they were first heard of in history, they have proved themselves to be a nation practising the highest form of civilization, indeed they are *par excellence* the civilized people." The picture given of German savagery and barbarity was softened by the barest reference to their possible virtues. Loyalty and hospitality are the two most highly prized by German writers—along with courage and a certain noble grandeur of nature.² How people famed for treachery, faithlessness, and mendacity can in the same breath be called loyal—even though "thanes" did give their lives to defend their lords—is a question. Also, where a people given over to drunkenness and heavy eating are noted for hospitality, the motive of their virtue may be at least suspected. Physical courage and daring they had; of moral courage there is but rare evidence.

The essential point to bear in mind, however, is, first, that the earliest generations of Germans known to history were savages, with the same peculiarly disgusting and ferocious hall-marks which they possess in such measureless abundance today. The second point is that their natures have never changed, though century upon century has gone by; and that, therefore, practically all current and popular German history—written by men no matter how learned and scientific—has tried to make the best of Germany's record, and has refused to see all the facts. Pan-German rhapsodies are only a more thoroughly evolved and consistent extension of the conservative aims of the so-called moderates.

German history is the history of a bad people. It is one long succession of debauch, of crime, of bloodshed. Where not actually repulsive, it is owing to an imitation of foreign ideals,—a sentimental adherence to the sumptuous or luxurious, an ape-like ability to learn the lessons of life, culture, and progress which were the inheritance of the so-called Latin and Celtic peoples. We should never forget in this connection Waitz's admission that, "The German race would never of its own qualities, and without an exterior impulsion, and a rupture with its own traditions, have arrived at a superior development."³

Fustel de Coulanges, in a review of Zeller's first volume, already quoted, gives the following admirable summary of German evolution at the time of Charlemagne.

"Christianity came to her [i. e. Germany] from without, implanted by the puissant sword of Charlemagne; from without came those who taught her to build villages; from without were brought to her those laws which were something else than vague customs, a sense of justice

² Cf. Waitz, *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*, I, p. 51, and note, ff; and William Archer's *Gems, passim*.

³ *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*, III. Quoted by Zeller, vol. I, p. X, of *Histoire d'Allemagne*.

which was something more than private warfare and *weregeld*, a liberty which was something else than turbulence. She received chivalry from without; from without civil liberty; from without the idea of an empire; from without letters and sciences; from without universities, copies of our ancient Parisian school; from without Gothic art, an imitation of the French cathedrals; from without religious toleration, taught by France to the catholics and by Holland to the protestants. . . . From Cæsar and Tacitus to Charlemagne, that is to say during eight centuries, Germany has given the spectacle—rare enough in all history—of a country absolutely stationary, always barbarous, always the enemy of the civilization which flourished right beside it. To civilize her, it was necessary to use force; the warriors of Charlemagne had to march twenty times from the banks of the Rhine, of the Seine, of the Loire, to protect in Germany the missionaries and the builders of cities. Germany did not *make* progress; she received it, she submitted to it.”⁴

German progress begins with the German reception—at the point of the sword,—of the culture of other races. The early migrations of southern conquest counted for nothing in the civilizing of Germany until, with the statesmanship and aggressive defence of Charlemagne, return currents set in. Germany as a place and as an entity, did not commence at all until after the break-up of Charlemagne’s northern and eastern conquests. German Empire-visions and intervention in Italy delayed both her own and Italy’s progress just in so far as Germany maintained her own corrupt feudal practices, her civil strife, and her debased manners. Italy for her part gave Germany what little humanizing tendencies she received during the earlier Middle Ages, and until she was bitten with admiration for her still closer neighbour, France.

The greatest single civilizing factor in Germany has been Christianity and the Church. With all the limitations of the Church in the Middle Ages, it did much for Germany. It certainly raised and bettered individual Germans, if it failed to “save” Germany. Heinrich Heine, a Jew, had clearer vision on this point than have his Teutonic fellow-countrymen. He wrote: “It is the fairest merit of Christianity that it somewhat mitigated that brutal German *gaudium certaminis* or joy in battle, but it could not destroy it. And should that subduing talisman, the Cross, break, then will come crashing and roaring forth the wild madness of the old champions, the insane Berserker rage, of which Northern poets say and sing. That talisman is brittle, and the day will come when it will pitifully break. The old stone gods will rise from long-forgotten ruin, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor, leaping to life with his giant hammer, will crush the Gothic cathedrals.”⁵ In the light of this War, Heine’s prophecy is indeed significant.

⁴ “L’Histoire en France et en Allemagne” (1872), reprinted in *Questions Historiques*, 1893, pp. 14 and 15.

⁵ *The Works of Heinrich Heine*, trans. by Chas. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann). Vol. V—*Germany*, Vol. I, pp. 207-208.

Germany's reception of Christianity, its use of it, its ultimate rebellion from all authority in religion, and the setting up of individual self-assertion in matters religious with exactly the same egotism as in matters political or in social relations—all these are characteristics eminently German.

For example, take the early forms of Christianity in Germany. They were based wholly on their own forms of savage fetishism or mythology. There is a tendency today to regard pagan gods, and more especially pagan beliefs about their gods, as products of the imagination, with no real existence. But the gods of old were very real, concrete personalities to the men and women of that age, and also for the priests—who later themselves converted the people to Christianity. Our Bible, even, nowhere *denies* the existence of pagan gods; they are simply characterized as false gods. They were looked upon as inferior in power and kind, continually striving to regain their position, and therefore to be dealt with warily. They were not allegories, not mere evil tendencies in mankind, but powerful external forces, fighting for mastery. Early German poems, like the *Nibelungenlied*, are full of this.

With the introduction of Christianity, there was practically no change. At first the German gods were not even degraded to the place of satanic spirits. The same priests worshipped Christ and sacrificed to Wotan and Thor, in the same Churches and on the same day. Christian saints gradually replaced heathen gods. The sign of the Cross, baptism, all the new Christian ceremonial were readily accepted as so many new and efficacious spells.

German Christianity for centuries was only another form of polytheism, superstitious to a degree, in which bishops and priests maintained their authority through the unscrupulous use of supposed magical powers far rather than as the representatives of a more spiritual religion, or of a higher and more refined civilization. As Ernst Richard, a native German, and lecturer at Columbia University on the History of German Civilization for the eleven years before the War, says: "Indeed, the crucified teacher of suffering and humility made small sympathetic appeal to the Germans, to whom assertion of one's self is the essence of life to an extent which was probably far beyond the imagination of the Oriental founders of Christianity; a self-assertion in which is to be sought the psychological foundation of the separation of Germanic Christianity from Rome."⁶

Richard further quotes a sixth century hymn to St. Medardus, ascribed to Chilperic I, Merovingian king of Soissons and Paris. In this hymn, this most Christian [*sic*] German king prays for "power and personal assertion," and deprecates the "false humility which takes the food from one who eats and the sweetness from the brave."⁷

Take as a still more convincing example the "oldest continental Ger-

⁶ *History of German Civilization*, p. 88. Richard is supposed to be praising in this passage! He was principal of a Hoboken high school, was educated at Marburg and Bonn, and has a New York University Ph.D.

⁷ *Loc. cit.*

man epic" preserved intact,—the *Heliand*, written about 822 by a Saxon monk of Werden. It is, as the sub-title reads "The Song of the Life of Jesus." Christ is spoken of constantly as mighty, "mahtig" (e. g. 11. 2492, 7034); his disciples are "iungron" (1, 2500, etc.) lusty youths, his "thanes," "triuuistun" (11. 2498, 7031, 7983). He dwells with evident relish on such passages as the following. . . . Peter, "snell suerdthegan,"—der schnelle schwertdegen,—the quick sword-thane or swift warrior, "became enraged; his wrath welled up so that he could not speak, so afflicted was he in his heart that they wanted to bind his Lord. Then fiercely he went, that very bold thane [thegan], and stood before his liege-lord [thiegan]. Not irresolute was his heart, nor was bashfulness in his breast. But at once he drew his sword from his side, and smote the foremost of his foes with mighty force, so that Malchus was reddened with the sword's edge on the right side,—his ear was hewn off, the side of his head gashed, his cheek was deep-cut, cheek and ear were split to the bare-bone;—blood leaped forth, welling from the wound. There were slashed and jagged cheeks on the foremost of the enemies! And the people drew back, fearing the hatchet's bite."⁸

We see both cheeks finally provided for, perhaps to avoid the necessity of turning a second! In passing, let us note that an almost contemporary poem by a *Lorraine* poet, Otfried of Wissembourg, breathes a very different spirit, in marked contrast to the Germanized Gospels as rendered above. We shall refer to this later.

One more poem which reveals the success of German Christianity, before turning to the acts of most Christian German knights, as they appear in their own chronicles, or as described by their French contemporaries. Walter von der Vogelweide, a representative minnesinger, whose life included the reigns of Henry VI to Frederick II (1186-1230) wrote *Gedichte*, lyrics, after the manner of the French trouvère. With a poet's more sensitive nature, he suffered because of the chronic disorders and desolation of Germany, and therefore his patriotic complaints carry especial weight as a living testimony from one capable of understanding, and immediately affected. He says, speaking of the need that honour and worldly wealth have of God's grace:

"Alas that this could not be;
 Riches and worldly honour
 And God's grace
 Come together no more in one single heart.
 Paths and highways are taken from them,
 Faithlessness is in the saddle.
 Violence is abroad on the highways:
 Peace and righteousness are sorely wounded.
 Unless the three can go together, the two will never be sound."⁹

⁸ *Heliand*, text of Dr. J. R. Köne, 1855; 11. 9730 to 9763; pp. 264, 265.

⁹ K. Lachmann, *Die Gedichte von Walters von der Vogelweide*. "Ich saz uf eine steine," I. 8^o to 8⁷; pp. 9-10. Cf. Nickol, *Eigenbrot*, etc.

From another poem:

"No life is without hate:
Wild animals and creeping things,
And even the birds in the same way
Fight violent contests
Whenever they have the wish . . .
Alas for thee, German land,
What a state of wild disorder is thine!"

And again:

"Alas how much of honour has departed from German lands!
Knowledge and manliness, when they can acquire silver and gold,
Keep it to their shame . . ." ¹⁰

These passages give contemporary evidence of the desolation and misery which German characteristics made inevitable in the early Middle Age period. It is as true of all periods of German history. They all but destroyed Rome. They ravaged France. They despoiled Italy and kept it in a state of ferment and disunion for centuries. They made barren wildernesses of the Baltic provinces, of Bohemia, of Poland, of Austria, and of every corner of their own land. And they kept on doing it.

Let us now turn to the methods of warfare of German so-called knights. Henderson says in his *History of Germany in the Middle Ages*, "The Teutonic Order proved in the end the most successful of all civilizing and Germanizing agents." ¹¹

Note well. Over the page he concludes his sketch of the conquest by these Saxon and Bavarian knights of what is now Prussia,—then a "once flourishing land" ¹² belonging to a mixed Baltic and Slavic population,—with these words ". . . in the end they themselves [i. e. the poor Germanized and kulturized natives] were all killed, enslaved, or driven away." Henderson is too German to know what he has said! If to civilize be to kill, enslave, drive away—so be it.

An examination of the sources bears out every word of Henderson's last sentence. We refer the reader to the whole of volume one of *Scriptores Rerum Prussicarum*, edited by the learned and dispassionate doctors Hirsch, Töppen, and Strehlke. The opening chronicle, by one Peter von Döbner (Petri de Döbner) will be quite sufficient. Dr. Töppen calls it "the most important monument of earliest Prussian history." ¹³ If it be, Germans should try to suppress it. Without any exception it is the most horrible, blasphemous, savage, blood-stained, nauseating chronicle in all the pages of European history. Absolutely every page reeks with blood, slaughter, conflagration, treachery, demoniac cruelty. There are

¹⁰ *Op. cit.* 13^a, p. 15. Cf. Nickol, "Owê, ez kumt ein wind."

¹¹ p. 415, ed. 1894.

¹² *Short History of Germany*, vol. II, p. 11.

¹³ p. 9.

over two hundred quarto pages; and the detestable chronicler himself, old Peter, when he reaches page 135, says under the heading "Concerning the desolation of the Scalowic land"—"Many other wars were carried on by the Brothers against the Scalowites, *which it is tedious to write about.*" No wonder. After giving five lines to the war, he says of the community, "It was even subjected to the Christian faith. And thus that land *was without an inhabitant many years.*"¹⁴ We recall Henderson's dictum.

The reader is warned that what follows is not pleasant reading. Natives, and Saxon and Bavarian *knights* alike (not Prussians at all as yet, as they are sometimes miscalled) reveal a depth of moral turpitude hard to exceed. But the Germans were one degree the worse, because they claimed to be civilized, they claimed to be Christian, they posed as holy and did all in the name of Christ. Literally every page of this work contains some horror. The fourth paragraph begins the tale;—*De desolacione terre Galindie*. Glancing down we read that "the most illustrious and Christian prince" reversed Pharaoh's famous edict, in that "whoever was born of female sex was to be killed, and all males were to be preserved for war. But since this edict accomplished nothing, seeing that the fastidious women kept their children secretly, therefore by common council and consent, in order to remove all material for nourishing the children, they cut off the breasts of all the women."¹⁵ Passing over average accounts of murder, rapine, and debauch, we read, "They slaughtered four thousand of the people inhabiting those parts, to the praise and glory of God."¹⁶ On the next page all the enemy in an engagement were killed, "one hundred fifty women they bound captives, with children." On the next page nine hundred Pomeranians are killed, "many burned to death, many women and children were captured, together with much booty." Six hundred are accounted for on the next page. And so on. Again the Germans learned that "in all the army of the infidels there were no arms nor anything else with which they might defend themselves," therefore "they rushed upon them and killed them all without any defense." Note the chivalry again. The usual close to such exploits against these "enemies of all mankind," as the pious Peter calls the natives, is—"After which victories, the brothers gave thanks to God, and returned home exulting in much booty of the enemy."¹⁷ Peter develops a stereotyped formula after considerable repetition. Thus Brother Fridericus of Holdenstadt "devastates [Sollau] with fire and rapine, killing and capturing many," *per incendium et rapinam occisis et captis plurimis devastavit.*^{17a} After "*castrum in cineres est conversum*"¹⁸ and "*captis omnibus et occisis,*"¹⁹ we find toward the end the significant

¹⁴ "*Sicque terra illa fuit sine habitatore multis annis.*" Par. 188, p. 135.

¹⁵ p. 52.

¹⁶ p. 69.

¹⁷ p. 80.

^{17a} p. 115.

¹⁸ p. 128.

¹⁹ p. 129.

addition, "captis omnibus et occisis et extunc terra Prussie quievit in pace" ²⁰—"they killed and captured all, and *from then on the land of Prussia rested in peace.*" No wonder again; for "and thus the vaunted Nadrowite country has remained to this present day desolate," ²¹ or again, "And thus that land was without any inhabitants many years." ²²

All the chronicles of this period are bloody, but these Germans could outdo any known race, genus, or kind of people. They added to their repertoire of beastliness on every occasion. Thus from the Slavs they learned—and therefore immediately and frequently practised—the following. The Germans as usual "omnes occiderunt" except the captain, one Pipin, whom they took prisoner. Him these most Christian knights led forth—"they cut open his bowels at the navel, and nailing his navel to a tree, they forced him to run around the tree, until his life was taken, and he was completely disemboweled." ²³ This is from a chronicle almost as old as Peter's, who himself attributes the same ferocious act to the natives (p. 88). It did not take the Germans long to learn, nor to imitate.

Small wonder that a French chronicler, Odon of Deuil, writing in 1148, says that "The venerable bishop of Metz, his brother Renaud, count of Mousson, and the bishop of Toul, could not abide the Germans." ²⁴ Louis VII's *Lorraine* Crusaders may not have been ideal knights, but they were better than Germans. And in 1147 they learned afresh to hate them. Which casual and natural remark of the chronicler speaks volumes against the German claim that Lorrainers are German heart and soul, and *always* have been.

The poet-chronicler Donizoni, in his *Vita Mathildis*, speaks candidly, and shows what was thought of them in c. 1114.

"Now you celebrate your Easter with these liars of Germans,
Who love Bacchus, and wanton in lasciviousness.
You do not know how easily their tongues are given to quarrelling.
When they are drunk, it is said that instead of preferring words,
They bare their swords, and mutilate the bowels of their friends.
They eat with the manners of wolves, they claim all the food for
themselves.
They know how to violate with fury their sanctuaries." ²⁵

This is no pleasant picture of the mediæval German people. But it is founded on fact, on the actual evidence at everybody's disposal; and such extracts as the above could quite easily be multiplied *ad nauseam*. Civilized men, with all their faults, give evidence of always having hated the Germans. They were not merely noted for barbarity and

²⁰ p. 130.

²¹ p. 132.

²² p. 135.

²³ *De prima Fundatione Monasterii Olivæ*, p. 677.

²⁴ *Alemanos non ferentes*—Odonis de Dioglio *De Ludovici VII Itinere*, Lib. VII.—*Pat. Lat.* vol. 185², bottom of col. 1218.

²⁵ *Liber II. Mon. Germ., S. S. XII*; p. 390, lines 529-535.

cruelty, but for unsurpassed wantonness and the most flagrant immorality, beastliness, and depravity. The laxity and complete indifference of German husbands was a byword. Says Poggio Bracciolini of Florence—the famous humanist, himself well acquainted with turbulent passions and the corruption of Italian courts—"It is very astonishing to see with what simplicity they live; with what faith the husbands watch total strangers caress their wives, quite unmoved, not paying the least heed. No amour is so difficult that their customs do not make easy." And, he adds sarcastically, "Clearly they would fit admirably into Plato's republic, where everything is held in common."²⁶ The men and women by thousands frequent various baths, similar in kind to our own pleasure resorts; but the German watering places were a revelation to Poggio. At Baden, as at Saltzburg and other places, the license was indescribable. Men and women bathed together naked or draped in the flimsiest gossamer, slept, ate on floats, and danced together at casinos all through the warm months. He especially singles out religious, saying that "Vestal virgins," as he dubs these travesties of Christian nuns, "monks, abbots, brothers and priests"—"behave with greater license than the others, and casting away all religion, bathe with the women, like them, their hair adorned with silken ribbons."²⁷

Poggio wrote in the early part of the 15th century. His distinguished contemporary, Pope Pius II—Aeneas Silvius De' Piccolomini, 1405 to 1464, has much to say of the Germans, among whom he lived many "weary" years. None of it is complimentary. With all his faults, crude and inexcusable as they were, Aeneas was naturally refined, his tastes were cultivated; he was dainty in his food and clean about his person. Having at least one bastard son himself, and writing love-stories which shock modern ears, he was yet offended by the brutal forms that vice took in Germany. Surely if any man would have been lenient in his judgments, Aeneas must have been. But while secretary to the Chancellor at Mainz he complains to the young Duke of Austria, Sigismund, "We are all squeezed together in the same abode; many as we are we eat and drink at the same table. Ants are not more crowded in their habitation than we are in our single hall."²⁸ In *De Liberorum Educatione*—concerning the education of children, he sizes up the Germans quite correctly when he writes that he believes it easier "for an Italian to drop into such German ways as gobbling at table, than for a German to acquire the finer manners of Italy."²⁹ German drunkenness, the coarseness of German manners, their arrogance, their entire lack of intellectual culture disgusts him, and this appears constantly in his letters and histories. He points out that the Bohemian barons had no other interests than

²⁶ Poggii Florentini, *De Balneis Prope Thuregum Sitis Descriptio*. Text of Anthony M  ray, Paris, 1876, p. 47. Cf. especially pp. 61, also 51, 55.

²⁷ p. 59.

²⁸ *  n. Sil. Epist. ad Sigismund. Ducem Austri  e*, December 5, 1443. Cf. *  neas Silvius*, by William Boulting, p. 116.

²⁹ *  neae Sylvii Piccolominei—Opera quae extant omnia*, ed. Basile  , fol. 974.

hunting and fishing.³⁰ He tells us that Henricus, Count of Goriz, had two little sons "by a noble and virtuous Hungarian lady, his wife. When these two children had gone to their beds, as was their wont, he would often wake them up from deep sleep in the middle of the night, and ask them if they were not thirsty. If they remained silent (oppressed by their deep sleep) he forced them to drink wine. And they, murmuring, or vomiting the wine, he would turn on his wife, and shout, 'These brats are none of mine, strumpet; no sons of mine would sleep the whole night through without drinking.'" ³¹ At Vienna University, "The students," he writes, "give themselves up to pleasure, and are avid of food and drink. They prowl the streets at night and greatly molest the citizens. Their minds are wholly taken up with light women." ³² He tells of a Leipzig student, Leonardus Felsechius, a noble knight, "who was held in high honour by his fellows, for he had out-drunk one thousand and fifty of them, and so obtained the palm. . . . For there is a custom at the gatherings of the Saxons to give the place of honour to those who can swill the most; and they call the pastime a drinking match." ³³

Another first-hand witness to German manners and customs is one Bartholomew Sastrow. His *Autobiography* reminds us of Sidney Smith's *bon mot* about East Indians, "Manners they had none, customs were beastly." He was a hard-headed Pomeranian—which means German—notary and petty official, and his memoirs are invaluable material with which to reconstruct the social life of nearly the whole of the 16th century. There is no delicacy, no charm, no elevation of tone such as one finds in contemporary French or Italian or English writings. He writes at the age of nearly eighty, chiefly to "roast" his enemies, who scoffed at his marrying his house-maid at seventy-five. We transcribe a few scenes hap-hazard.

"According to the custom of the papists, my mother went at half-past twelve, especially during Lent, to recite a Pater Noster and an Ave Maria before each of the three altars of her ordinary church. She always took her little Bartholomäi with her. On one occasion I sat down on the steps of the first altar and began to relieve nature; when she passed on to the second, I followed her and continued the operation, which I finished on the third." ³⁴ Sixty years have not diminished Sastrow's evident relish in this incident. Later on in life he describes his master, Herr von Loewenstein, a wealthy old soldier, who kept his own brewery. "Daily feasting, succulent cheer, washed down by copious libations—a numerous company always around him—his revenues enabled

³⁰ *Epist. ad Johan. Campisium*, July, 1444—number 167, folio 737, *op. cit.* Cf. the *Historia Bohemica*, cap. ii, fol. 84.

³¹ *Commentarius in Libros Antonii Panormita*, fol. 475.

³² *Epist. ad Georg. Nicolai*, number 165, fol. 719.

³³ *Com. Ant. Panorm.*, fol. 475.

³⁴ *Social Germany in Luther's Time, Memoirs, etc.*, trans. by Albert D. Vandam, p. 29.

him to lead that kind of expensive existence . . . in short, gaming, feasting and drinking took up all the time.³⁵

"The commander had practically a concubine under his own roof. He chose her with an eye to beauty, dressed and adorned her according to his means. When he wished a little more freedom he married her to one of his equerries, gave her a home at Butzbach, and provided her against want. Butzbach being within a stone's throw of Niederweisel, he reserved to himself the option of seeing her when he liked. In my time, he lives with Marie Koenigstein—" and so forth. The latter was his god-daughter, whom he abducted at eighteen, and when her brothers found out it was too late, he bribed them off.

The chaplain had the prevailing zest for food. Indeed, in this memoir, Sasrow can remember exactly what he ate seventy, sixty, forty years ago. But the chaplain "To get to the chapel had to go through the servants' refectory just at breakfast time. He simply sat down, got hold of a spoon, and dipped it into soup. 'Master Johannes,' said we, 'you know it is forbidden to eat before mass?' 'Nonsense,' he replied; 'the Saviour gets through bolts and locks; the soup won't stop him.'"³⁶

Another sidelight. "In fact, no week went by without a hanging. I was an eye-witness of the following—" ³⁷ with details. Even in these daily public executions the Germans exceed all bounds in nastiness and brutality. Some Spanish black-mailers had been caught. "The work of the hangman began by strangulation. The patient (?) was placed on a wooden seat against the rail of the scaffold, his forehead tightly bound in case of convulsions, his arms bound behind his back, and fastened to the balustrade. The hangman, after having flung a rather short rope around his neck, slipped a thick stick down his nape, and began to twist it round in the manner they press bales of wares." When the wretch was strangled, he was mutilated in unspeakable ways, the body finally being cut into four quarters.³⁸ This was at Augsburg. German "ladies" appeared on all such occasions. Do not the atrocities in Belgium, Serbia, and France find a readier explanation in the light of such?

A. G.

(To be continued.)

³⁵ p. 131 ff.

³⁶ p. 135.

³⁷ p. 163 ff.

³⁸ pp. 221-222.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

ELSEWHERE in the QUARTERLY the fact has been mentioned that in the last quarter of every century a special effort is made on the part of the unseen powers to combat the materialism of the world, and to infuse into the life of humanity a fresh spiritual impulse. The last quarter of the fifteenth century is an unusually interesting, because a particularly well-defined, manifestation of this cyclic law. At that time, the thought of the civilized world was still distinctly mediaeval. The universe,—sun, moon, and stars,—whirled about the earth as a centre. The earth, in spite of this important position in the scheme of things, was but a small affair, the New World being as yet unheard of. Scientific experiment and investigation, as we have them to-day, were unknown; for science, religion, philosophy, learning of every kind,—indeed, one might almost say existence itself,—were completely subject to the dictates of Rome. The Roman Church was practically an empire, independent of the civil power with which it was constantly measuring its strength, possessed of wealth, vast influence, and a mechanism which enabled it to reach every activity of the life of the people. Its domination over the thought of the time was easy of accomplishment, since the learned world and the ecclesiastical world were one; the ecclesiastics were practically the only persons concerned with intellectual pursuits, or, to put it another way, all who were interested in such matters became ecclesiastics. Latin was the language of learning; to the lower classes Latin was not known at all. The latter, then, were shut out completely from the intellectual life of the day, and the social order was, so to speak, a matter of water-tight compartments.

Equally set and fixed in its nature was the mental activity within the world of learning, for here scholasticism prevailed. Men tried to bring all things into conformity with a system of reasoning,—the system of Aristotle. Some few of the teachings of the Church might still be a matter of faith, but with these few exceptions, theology and philosophy had to meet the test of whether they could or could not be proved according to Aristotle's method. Practical experiment, observation, and research were sadly neglected, and men withdrew into their own minds, there to give themselves up to the pleasures of abstract reasoning. To go into any of the abstruse matters that occupied the Schoolmen would be quite beside the point in the present article; but a rather curious group of questions, taken from one of the later Scholastics, may be of interest, though indicative only in a minor way of the nature of their thinking. They ask, as points to be determined by argument, "Whether it can be proved by reason that there is only one God"; "Whether an angel can move locally"; "Whether one angel can converse with another"; "Whether an angel can

move in a vacuum"; "Whether it can be shown evidently that the intellectual soul is the form of the body."

To make sweeping generalizations as to the effect of Scholasticism on the inner life of the time; to attempt to discuss the extent to which, borrowing a phrase from a contemporary writer, men had forgotten, over Aristotle, the way of Salvation, would be unwise. Suffice it to say in the words of the Gita: "For those whose hearts are fixed on the unmanifested the labour is greater; because the path which is not manifest is with difficulty attained by corporeal beings." Enough has been given to suggest the hardness of form, the fixity of the moulds which had been built up, and the need for a general breaking down before the new outpouring of force could be effective. On the outermost plane, perhaps the principal means used for this breaking down of the old forms was the discovery of the New World and the trade routes to the East. The result was a change in conditions in all classes of society, each nation developing a more distinctly national life than it had hitherto possessed, and establishing much closer relations with other nations. Commerce, not only to and from the New World, but within the old, received a new impetus. A whole range of interests were opened up, all of which tended to draw men's attention from that centre—the Church—on which it had previously been fixed. And as the Church declined in importance, Scholasticism declined with it, and new ventures in science, greater freedom of thought in all directions, were the immediate result.

Meanwhile, the work of *inner* awakening was being accomplished in Italy. It is singular in some ways, that there should have been so near together (in the cities of Rome and of Florence) the head of the great ecclesiastical system which was shackling the world, and the heart of the new life and learning. For some years Italy had been the centre of all that was finest in learning and the arts. This was the period of Botticelli, of Raphael, Leonardo, the young Michelangelo. Gold and silversmiths, workers in bronze, sculptors, painters, poets, philosophers, scientists flocked to this centre. From the east came Greek and Oriental scholars driven out by the advance of the Turk. Every art flourished here that was calculated to stir men's imaginations, making them feel more intensely, with a keener appreciation, lifting them above mere intellect, and awakening them to a higher, finer consciousness. Under the rule of the Medici,—particularly of Lorenzo the magnificent,—Florence was at the height of her glory. Greater freedom of speech was enjoyed there, and more liberality of thought, than anywhere else in the western world. Among the many who gathered at this splendid court was one group known as the Platonic Academy, men who were devoting themselves to the revival of the learning of the ancients, seeking it in the original where language and thought could both be found in the purest form. Such a study had been impossible during the earlier Middle Ages, since, until comparatively recent years, none of the works of the old philosophers, not even of Aristotle, had been available, except a few trans-

lations, some fragments in the writings of the Church Fathers, and the interpretations which came by way of the Moors of Spain.

Chief among this group was Pico della Mirandola. A young Italian prince, possessed of beauty, wealth, high birth, brilliant intellectual gifts, he was, according to many, the greatest genius of his time. His phenomenal memory and extraordinarily retentive mind becoming apparent when he was a very small child, his education was begun at an early age, and by the time he was fourteen or fifteen, he was already winning recognition by his attainments in philosophy and law. Seven years were then spent in visiting the great centres of learning,—the universities of Ferrara, Pavia, Padua, Bologna, and so on. From each he gathered the best that it had to offer, and everywhere he became closely associated with the most learned among his contemporaries.

It was in 1483 or 1484, at the age of twenty, that he came to Florence, intent on the study of Plato and Aristotle and the reconciliation of the two. His belief was that while they are radically opposed from a superficial point of view, nevertheless, if studied deeply enough, they prove to be fundamentally in harmony. It would be only a useless digression to attempt here to go at any length into the difference in teaching of the two great philosophers; one point, however, which was often stressed by the Schoolmen is suggestive of their nature: to Plato the soul is merely the prime mover of the body, as the boatman is of his boat; according to Aristotle (and, of course, to the Scholastics, as well), the soul is, on the contrary, the *prime constituent* of the body,—soul and body together being one entity. This, merely by way of illustration.

Pico, in addition to his work on Plato and Aristotle, undertook an exhaustive study of the Christian Fathers (they being regarded as the key to Christian philosophy), and this subject he came to know more thoroughly than any other scholar of his day. The brilliant life of Florence was a fitting setting for him at this time. Possessed of more than usual grace and charm, admirably adapted by many gifts to such a court as that of Lorenzo, he entered fully into the activities about him. His closest companions were Ficino, the greatest authority of the age on Plato, and Poliziano, the celebrated Latin poet. Among his many friends and colleagues, his intellectual attainments won full recognition, and at the same time received the spur to the most complete expression. To facilitate his work, he took up the study of Arabic, Hebrew and Chaldaic, partly that he might read the oriental commentaries on Aristotle and Plato, but soon because of his absorbing interest in the treasures which these languages contained. And it is quite possible that he had singular opportunities to become familiar with such treasures, though there is only a suggestion of it, implied in the fact that, when asked to aid an acquaintance in some question about the Chaldaic alphabet, Pico declined in a rather jesting letter, with the explanation that his teacher, Mithridates, before agreeing to instruct him, had exacted a most solemn oath of secrecy.

In 1485, he visited France, there being needed for his work a more thorough knowledge of Scholasticism, and the University of Paris being, one might almost say, the birthplace and home of the system. After a stay of a little less than a year, he returned to Italy, living this time in quiet retirement at La Fratta. Here he made the discovery of the Kabalah, writing to Ficino an enthusiastic account of his almost unceasing toil over this temporary acquisition, containing, as it did, treasures of untold value to his researches. A few years later, at Ferrara, he again obtained possession of the Kabalah, from a Syrian Jew who was leaving the city in twenty days. This time he worked over it literally night and day, nearly blinding himself in the process. In his writings he quotes Origen as saying that Moses, on Mt. Sinai, received with the law, a secret and mysterious interpretation, which was to be revealed to no one but Joshua, and then was to be handed down by word of mouth to the sacerdotal order alone. Because of the captivity of the Jews and the passage of time, it became impossible, at length, to keep it longer in its ancient purity, and it was written down by Esdras and the Jewish wise men in the seventy books of the Kabalah. Certain biographers have for some reason expressed doubt of the genuineness of this discovery. Pico himself, however, entertained no such doubt; he believed in it fully, and was rejoiced to find in it strong confirmation of the chief mysteries of Christianity, and particularly of the divinity of Christ.

His next effort was to put before the world the results of his work. With this end in view, he drew up nine hundred propositions or paradoxes and went to Rome, where he challenged the learned men of the time to come, at his expense, and dispute or debate with him. This was by no means unusual. In the universities, candidates for each degree followed, for a certain period of time, just this procedure, putting forward propositions and defending them against opponents. In the present instance, however, the move proved an unfortunate one. Pico's extreme youth (he was only twenty-four years old), the large number and widely different subjects of his paradoxes, and his choice of a city—Rome being the congregating place for the most learned adherents of orthodox Churchism—all acted against him. Pico's expressed wish was to show, not that he knew much, but that he knew that whereof others were ignorant. Nevertheless, the critics who quickly busied themselves with the affair, were of the opinion that vanity, ostentation, and audacity had overstepped the mark, and that it would be well to expel from the Church one who, like Pico, "wished to know more than was necessary."

Pico's reputation, together with his close friendship with the powerful Lorenzo, had been sufficient to secure him an excellent reception at the Vatican, and for a time, nothing was done regarding his challenge. But when certain of his new-found enemies declared that the nine hundred propositions were in many cases heretical, Pope Innocent VIII was forced to act, forbidding the disputation, and appointing a commission to investigate the question of orthodoxy. In the examination which

followed, thirteen propositions were, in spite of their author's defence, declared heretical. Pico thereupon sent to the Vatican a written defence of the thirteen, an act which put an end to the favour he had hitherto enjoyed. The only reply was the publication of a brief regarding the right of certain Bishops to arrest, try by inquisitorial tribunal, and punish according to canon law, offences against orthodoxy. As this directly affected not only himself but his friends, Pico yielded without further parley to the decision of the commission. In condemnation of the paradoxes, Innocent VIII then issued a bull which, in spite of all the influence Lorenzo could bring to bear, was not removed until 1493, when Alexander VI, the Borgia Pope, was in power.

Pico now left Florence, with the object of returning to the University of Paris. His destination was not generally known, but it was concluded that, wherever he had gone, it was for the purpose of spreading his heresy. Warrants for his arrest were accordingly issued by the Vatican, and sent through France and Spain as the most probable objectives of his journey. The events which followed, interwoven as they were with the visit of two papal emissaries to the University of Paris on business of a totally different nature, are too tangled for more than brief mention. Pico, after some time had elapsed, was arrested at Lyons, having known nothing of the warrant until a few days previously. According to the ordinary procedure, he would have been taken to Paris to appear before a court there. Immediately, through influence in Italy, an ambassador of the Duke of Milan appeared before Charles VIII, explaining that Pico was a subject of Milan, that there was no sufficient reason for his arrest, and that he had been on his way to Paris merely to visit the University. The request for a letter of release was accordingly granted. But at this juncture the two papal emissaries arrived, explained to the king the error of his ways, and secured orders for the immediate re-arrest of the heretic. Influence was brought to bear on both sides; now Pico was to be brought to Paris, again he was not. During all this time, he was detained at Vincennes, where, in conversation with the many friends who visited him, he defended himself, always with serenity and gentleness, and with an attitude of entire deference to the Pope. In the end, it was decided that he should be conducted to the borders of the kingdom and allowed to go free. At the invitation of Lorenzo, he returned at once to Florence, where he continued his work, though he withdrew from the city to a beautiful country retreat in or near the monastery at Fiesole.

What his work was, its aim and scope, is best shown by some of the material which he proposed using in his disputation. Much of it suggests the work of the Theosophical movement in the present century, particularly certain points, either implicit or expressed, in the three objects of the society. The *De Hominis Dignitate*, for instance, the oration with which he intended to open the disputation, certainly advances a theory of the ultimate perfectibility of man. He first quotes Abdallah,

the Saracen, who, when asked what he considered most worthy of admiration in the universe, answered: Man. He then mentions a number of instances in which other teachers in the past have declared the high position held by man in the universe. He does not speak, here at least, of the theory of the Schoolmen, and particularly of St. Thomas, which was doubtless the teaching that had reached, in some form, the majority of the people in that day. This teaching was that God deals with man through the intermediate agency of angels, God being "high above all nations," so high that the world in comparison with Him, cannot be said to *be* at all.

In contrast with this, Pico stated that to the brute is given certain capacities beyond which it cannot develop. The "superior intelligences" became at once or very shortly, all they could ever become. But to man was given "the germ and seeds of multifarious existence." "Which of these he shall culture, is left to his own choice. He may vegetate with the plant;—he may sensualize himself into a brute;—he may reason himself into a celestial being; he may refine and spiritualize his nature into pure intellect, till he reach or even surpass the high destination of angelic essences. . . . We may enter the immediate presence chamber of divinity itself, and vie with Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones for precedency of perfection." As the end of his effort, the goal toward which he was to work, man was to find "blissful and complete repose in the bosom of divinity."

For the purpose of developing these capacities, Pico proposed a discipline, progressive in nature, employing the various branches of learning most used in his day,—dialectics, ethics, philosophy, and so on. First, the ordinary human nature was to be subordinated. Then, by means of suitable training, the mind was to be rid of ignorance and prejudice, and the reasoning powers improved. Training was to follow in "various departments of science which have respect to the philosophy of nature in its largest acceptation;" and finally training in what he termed theology, or the "study and contemplation of deity in His own abstract and exalted nature." Similar at many points as this may seem to the plan in the present century, it is a dangerous undertaking to draw the parallel too closely or to attempt to establish an identity in any one particular, unless we are prepared to go into the mental subtleties, the nice distinctions, the delicate shades of meaning of that age of subtlety.

Had the disputation been allowed to take place, Pico's plan was, among other things, to interpret the Orphic theology, upon which Pythagoras had founded his system, and upon which was based the most sublime part of the Greek philosophy. This work of Orpheus, together with that of Zoroaster, he had become familiar with in both the Greek and the Chaldaic sources.

He intended, also, to give out what he terms "Magica Theoremata," the magic used by the sages of antiquity in the "investigation of the most secret and admirable mysteries of nature." It was necessary to explain

—such was the trend of the thought of the time—that this magic had nothing to do with evil spirits and the like, but that the study possessed a totally different significance, and tended to “impress the mind with religious sentiments, and to lead it to ascribe glory and praise to the great Creator.” From the teachings of long past ages, he had gathered, and intended to make known, a method of reasoning by numbers taught by Pythagoras and Plato; also seventy-two physical and metaphysical principles to be applied to natural and theological science. Both these disclosures were expected to have a marked effect on the thought of the time.

In his work we find everywhere “an unbroken system of correspondences. Every object in the terrestrial world is an analogue, a symbol or counterpart, of some higher reality in the starry heavens, and this again of some law of the angelic life in the world beyond the stars.”

By many men, both in his own day and since that time, Pico has been regarded, in spite of his recognized genius, as a seeker after novelties, a juggler in figures and symbols and the double meanings of words. Even those who recognized his remarkable attainments and gave him credit for the life he lived, were, in some cases, inclined to the view that these were debased by the admixture of “illusions of Platonism,” mysteries from visionary and remote sources, rites of heathen worship, dreams and poetical rhapsodies from ancient times. His life, however, was in no sense that of a seeker after novelty, nor was it that of a mere student. He learned, that he might live what he learned. To Poliziano he wrote: “What is it that prevents our love of God? 'Tis easier to love than to know or describe; therefore in loving Him we labour less, and serve him more. And why should our curiosity lead us after knowledge, which it is impossible for us to arrive at, whilst we neglect the means? For we shall never know God, nor the works of his Creation, till we love Him.” In all his work, his avowed aim was to “illustrate and confirm the principal truths of the Catholic faith.” There is evident, throughout his work, the desire, not merely to bring into agreement the seeming contradiction between the old and the new learning, but to reconcile them in the sense of reuniting them, bringing to the best in the mediaeval the best in the ancient learning. His practical application of his doctrines to his own life is more apparent after his withdrawal from the world, which followed the affair of the disputation. In his quiet retreat at Fiesole, still enjoying the friendship of Lorenzo and his group, he rejoiced in “an abstraction from the world which enabled him to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of God and nature.” He worked ceaselessly, exemplifying his own saying: “A truly religious life is a life of industry; sloth engenders all sorts of evils.” And there is evidence that, contrary to the usual supposition as to the erratic qualities of genius, his work was done very methodically and systematically, certain portions of the day and night being allotted quite definitely to certain pursuits. Numerous positions of high rank in the Church or at court

were offered him, but his reply was always to the effect that philosophers regard themselves as the kings of kings. "I could never find a regale for my soul," he once said, "in anything but retreat and contemplation."

In 1492 Lorenzo died and Pico withdrew, for a time, to Ferrara, where his life continued much as before. In his later years,—he died at the age of only thirty-one,—he came much under the influence of Savonarola, whom he had been instrumental in bringing to Florence, and whose strong partisan he was. He had once told his nephew that when he had accomplished the immediate purpose for which he was pursuing his researches, he intended to sell all that he had and go forth as a bare-foot friar, to aid in the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth. During his stay in Ferrara, his work was still far from completed, but he took the first step toward poverty by selling to his nephew a considerable part of his estate, at a price that made it practically a gift, retaining merely enough for his own needs, and arranging for the remainder to be used for charitable purposes. From now on, he lived very quietly and, it is said, with a serenity of mind which no exigency could disturb. Those who knew him best declared that he had overcome vanity, pride, ambition, and knew no anger or resentment. Perhaps no better commentary on his life and character could be given than several of his *Rules*, which, at his death, became the property of his friends:

"Put no trust in your own strength, but confide in Him, by whose power the Prince of Darkness was cast out. Give glory to His name; pay obedience to His voice, and be a perpetual petitioner for His grace."

"Destroy sin in the very suggestion; the parleying with sin is death, for the devil is a most ungenerous enemy, and uses fraud where force fails."

"If unlawful objects appear to the senses, remember the mixture of vinegar and gall, that was given your Redeemer to drink; and learn, that all things have an alloy in this life. . . . If pride be your temptation, hear the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who says, that his Master was in the form of God, and took upon him the form of a servant; and, humbling Himself, became obedient to death, even the death of the cross."

Elsewhere he writes: "By prayer I would not be understood to recommend the frequent repetition of a long jargon of sounds, but the opening of your soul to the Almighty that it may unite with Him; and to render yourself acceptable, the day must not only begin and end in prayer, but your prayers must be repeated in purity of heart, and intermixed with sighs proceeding from a profound sorrow for sin."

He died in 1494, after a brief but violent illness, pronounced, at the time, to be a fever of mysterious nature. From the diary of another Florentine there comes, however, a different explanation of his death, and one quite characteristic of the Florentine life of the period. This diary, dated some years later, at the time when Savonarola had gained control of the government, refers to several political conspirators who

had recently been brought to justice. One confessed, among other things, to having hastened the death of Pico della Mirandola by poison, being, at the time, a servant in his household. Two possible reasons are suggested for the act; one, the established fact that the criminal, knowing himself to be well provided for in his master's will, had had self-interest as his motive; the other, that the act was a political measure. At a time when Savonarola was employing his steadily increasing power against the Medici, Pico's intimacy with Savonarola may have seemed like treachery to the then reigning Pietro de Medici. Were this the case, Pico's death, in the chaotic conditions of the time, would have been as easy to accomplish as to conceal. Whatever the facts may be, he was buried in the Cathedral of San Marco, wearing the white habit of Savonarola's order.

The results of the work of Pico and his group would be difficult to sum up. The direct and immediate outcome was the activity of Colet, More, and others of the Oxford group, who, fired by the inspiration of study in Italy, carried to England an intense interest in the revival of learning and the overthrow of Scholasticism. Pico's work is little known now, except as it forms a part of the great Italian Renaissance, which, as a whole, Pater has declared to be "great rather by what it designed than by what it achieved." Yet if we aim *greatly*, do we ever really fail to achieve,—different though the achievement may be from what we had purposed? Pico's writings may lie unread, the immediate object for which he laboured be forgotten, but that may mean only that we should seek, not the results of his work as an individual, but of his work as part of the whole Lodge effort of the period. And if this be done, there is much in the following century that is of significance. To attempt to dogmatize in a matter of this nature would, of course, be unwise, but, as a partial recounting of the consequences of that Lodge effort, several points may at least be suggested.

First, of course, come the reactions. On the lowest and outermost plane, we find that the spiritual force was perverted, as is so often the case when unregenerate lower nature reacts to spiritual impulse. The varying tendencies of the social life of the day ran riot; in the popular unrest and the ensuing Peasants' War, there was, in many respects, a counterpart of the Bolshevik spirit of our own day,—a condition of affairs which has characterized the first quarter of more than one century in the modern era. Higher in the spiritual order, but undoubtedly, to some extent, also a distortion of spiritual force, was the Protestant Revolution, led by Luther. The conservative reformation within the Church, advocated by Erasmus and his colleagues, came nearer, it appears, to the right employment of the power. Much nearer to the heart of things, and perhaps, in the inner world, the direct consequence of the spiritual outpouring, came the life and work of St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross and Ignatius Loyola, all of whom entered so fully into the desire of the Masters to lift the world to a higher level.

JULIA CHICKERING.



THE THREE PLANES OF HUMAN LIFE *

JAGRATA, SWAPNA, SUSHUPTI:

WAKING, DREAMING, DREAMLESS SLEEP

I SPEAK of ordinary men. The Adept, the Master, the Yogi, the Mahatma, the Buddha, each lives in more than three states while incarnated upon this world, and they are fully conscious of them all, while the ordinary man is only conscious of the first, the waking-life, as the word conscious is now understood.

Every theosophist who is in earnest ought to know the importance of these three states, and especially how essential it is that one should not lose in Swapna the memory of experiences in Sushupti, nor in Jagrata those of Swapna, and vice versa.

Jagrata, our waking state, is the one in which we must be regenerated; where we must come to a full consciousness of the Self within, for in no other is salvation possible.

When a man dies he goes either to the Supreme Condition from which no return against his will is possible, or to other states,—heaven, hell, avitchi, devachan, what not—from which return to reincarnation is inevitable. But he cannot go to the Supreme State unless he has perfected and regenerated himself; unless the wonderful and shining heights on which the Masters stand have been reached while he is in a body. This consummation, so devoutly desired, cannot be secured unless at some period in his evolution the being takes the steps that lead to the final attainment. These steps can and must be taken. In the very first is contained the possibility of the last, for causes, once put in motion, eternally produce their natural results.

Among those steps are an acquaintance with and understanding of the three states first spoken of.

Jagrata acts on Swapna, producing dreams and suggestions, and either disturbs the instructions that come down from the higher state, or aids the person through waking calmness and concentration, which tend to lessen the distortions of the mental experiences of dream life. Swapna again in its turn acts on the waking state (Jagrata), by the

* Reprinted from *The Path*, August, 1888.

good or bad suggestions made to him in dreams. All experience and all religions are full of proofs of this. In the fabled Garden of Eden the wily serpent whispered in the ear of the sleeping mortal to the end that when awake he should violate the command. In Job it is said that God instructed man in sleep, in dreams, and in visions of the night. And the common introspective and dream life of the most ordinary people needs no proof. Many cases are within my knowledge where the man was led to commit acts against which his better nature rebelled, the suggestion for the act coming to him in dream. It was because the unholy state of his waking thoughts infected his dreams, and laid him open to evil influences. By natural action and reaction he poisoned both Jagrata and Swapna.

It is therefore our duty to purify and keep clear these two planes.

The third state common to all is *Sushupti*, which has been translated "*dreamless sleep*." The translation is inadequate, for, while it is dreamless, it is also a state in which even criminals commune through the higher nature with spiritual beings and enter into the spiritual plane. It is the great spiritual reservoir by means of which the tremendous momentum toward evil living is held in check. And because it is involuntary with them, it is constantly salutary in its effect.

In order to understand the subject better, it is well to consider a little in detail what happens when one falls asleep, has dreams, and then enters *Sushupti*. As his outer senses are dulled the brain begins to throw up images, the reproductions of waking acts and thoughts, and soon he is asleep. He has entered a plane of experience which is as real as that just quitted, only that it is of a different sort. We may roughly divide this from the waking life by an imaginary partition on the one side, and from *Sushupti* by another partition on the other. In this region he wanders until he begins to rise beyond it into the higher. There no disturbances come from the brain action, and the being is a partaker, to the extent his nature permits, of the "banquet of the Gods." But he has to return to waking state, and he can get back by no other road than the one he came upon, for, as *Sushupti* extends in every direction and *Swapna* under it also in every direction, there is no possibility of emerging at once from *Sushupti* into *Jagrata*. And this is true even though, on returning, no memory of any dream is retained.

Now the ordinary non-concentrated man, by reason of the want of focus due to multitudinous and confused thought, has put his *Swapna* field or state into confusion, and in passing through it the useful and elevating experiences of *Sushupti* become mixed up and distorted, not resulting in benefit to him as a waking person which is his right as well as his duty to have. Here again is seen the lasting effect, either prejudicial or the opposite, of the conduct and thoughts when awake. So it appears, then, that what he should try to accomplish is,—such a clearing up and vivification of *Swapna* state as shall result in removing the confusion and distortion existing there, in order that upon emerging into waking

life he may retain a wider and brighter memory of what occurred in Sushupti. This is done by increase of concentration upon high thoughts, upon noble purposes, upon all that is best and most spiritual in him while awake. The best result cannot be accomplished in a week or a year, perhaps in a life, but, once begun, it will lead to the perfection of spiritual cultivation in some incarnation hereafter.

By this course a centre of attraction is set up in him while awake, and to that all his energies flow, so that it may be figured to ourselves as a focus in the waking man. To this focal point—looking at it from that plane—converge the rays from the whole waking man towards Swapna, carrying him into dream-state with greater clearness. By reaction, this creates another focus in Swapna, through which he can emerge into Sushupti in a collected condition. Returning he goes by means of these points through Swapna, and there, the confusion being lessened, he enters into his usual waking state the possessor, to some extent at least, of the benefits and knowledge of Sushupti. The difference between the man who is not concentrated and the one who is, consists in this, that the first passes from one state to the other through the imaginary partitions postulated above, just as sand does through a sieve, while the concentrated man passes from one to the other similarly to water through a pipe or the rays of the sun through a lens. In the first case each stream of sand is a different experience, a different set of confused and irregular thoughts, whereas the collected man goes and returns the owner of regular and clear experience.

These thoughts are not intended to be exhaustive, but so far as they go it is believed they are correct. The subject is one of enormous extent as well as great importance, and theosophists are urged to purify, elevate, and concentrate the thoughts and acts of their waking hours so that they shall not continually and aimlessly, night after night and day succeeding day, go into and return from these natural and wisely appointed states, no wiser, no better able to help their fellow men. For by this way, as by the spider's small thread, we may gain the free space of spiritual life.

EUSEBIO URBAN.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IN childhood I had every advantage of religious training. My grandfather was a clergyman, and our family devoutly religious. Nevertheless, as I approached manhood, having in the meantime completely changed my surroundings, associates, and interest, I gradually relinquished my early faith and beliefs, and before long rather prided myself on being an agnostic. It was not without some pangs that I reached this stage, but having done so I soon ceased to worry or think much about it.

For several years I drifted, without chart or compass, engrossed with the excitements and pleasures of life. But the awakening came. A blow fell, which seemed to me the worst possible. Grief and despair drove me to seek desperately for some light in the darkness, some reality on which I might obtain a foothold.

I had promised to read Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, but had never yet done so. On some impulse I now began to study this book, the opening chapter of which deals with prayer. As I pondered on the idea that God is Love, and to know Him life eternal, a great light came. It was a wonderful, inexplicable thing, to me, for, in the very midst of my pain I felt a great joy, far surpassing anything in my previous experience. As the days passed this consciousness gradually diminished and faded away, but the recollection of it remained, a lasting possession.

For some weeks I continued the study of *Science and Health*, but before long I decided to abandon Christian Science, and to look elsewhere for more of that Light of which a flash had been granted me. There followed a period of some months during which I read, without plan or system, whatever I could lay hands on, dealing with the philosophical and metaphysical.

One day a friend passed on to me some books on "Yoga Philosophy." These outlined the elementary teachings of occultism, the seven principles of man, re-incarnation and the law of Karma, etc. None of these ideas were familiar to me, but I accepted them at once, as far as my understanding of them permitted, and I began to believe that, at last, I was on the right track. I was convinced of this, when, a few days later, I received from the same source, *Light on the Path*. This wonderful book fascinated me from the first. I could make very little out of it; nevertheless I felt intuitively that it was true, and that it would give me the practical guidance I needed. I decided to try to become an occultist, and, eventually, a disciple. I obtained additional books, including the *Bhavadgita* and a volume of excerpts from the Upanishads. I tried

to take stock of my various sins, weaknesses, and limitations, and determined to set about eliminating them.

Months, years, passed. In some ways I was undoubtedly progressing. As I studied and pondered the somewhat cryptic statements of *Light on the Path*, I began to sense more and more of their significance. By turning over and over in my mind a given idea or sentence, I never failed to get some additional meaning from it. As I tried to understand the personal application, that too would, to some extent, be revealed; especially if I really endeavored to carry it out in practice. On the other hand, the results of my attempts at self-discipline and self-conquest were very far from satisfactory, in fact they were oftentimes a complete failure. The crudest, and, as it seemed to me, the least excusable failings and sins, were apparently firmly embedded in my nature, and would not be dislodged.

One day when visiting New York City I bought a copy of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. I was somewhat prejudiced against "Theosophists," having gotten the idea that they were a "sect" of occultists, with certain crystallized dogmas and doctrines. But the magazine was very prepossessing in appearance, and I thought I might get something out of it, if only a more definite idea about "Theosophy." Great was my surprise and pleasure on finding in this magazine, articles containing quotations from my faithful friend, *Light on the Path*. Perusal of these articles showed that here were some writers who evidently knew more of the significance of my most valued book than I did. I eagerly read through this QUARTERLY, and forthwith sent in my subscription.

However, much as I came to value and look forward to each new issue of the QUARTERLY, I did not, for a year or two, seriously consider becoming a member of the Society. On one occasion, hearing of a Theosophical Society in a nearby town, I went to see a gentleman, spoken of as the local head. I was surprised to learn that he did not know of the QUARTERLY; that his was a different society, though bearing the same name. I also found that the phases of Theosophy apparently most interesting to him, were not those which to me seemed the most vital, and that we were evidently working along somewhat different lines. Although I attended one of their meetings, I felt no inclination to join them, and for the time gave up whatever idea I had of becoming a member of the Theosophical Society. However, one Spring, after some rather discouraging failures, I decided to send in my application to the Secretary T. S. and, as suggested in a cordial note from the Secretary, to attend the Annual Convention in New York.

How can I attempt to describe my thoughts and impressions at that first Convention, my first meeting with any members of the T. S.! Certainly my highest expectations and hopes were far exceeded. I found the Theosophic life being exemplified, on all sides, in word and deed. In fact it was to me one great lesson in applied Theosophy. Also, I felt that these people, though I had never seen them before, were truly my

friends. I returned home after the Convention, with a full heart, deeply thankful that I had at last come to take this step; joyful at having found these companions on the way.

Since that time I have come to have some clearer perception of the great privilege which it is to belong to the T. S. and of the opportunities which this membership offers. It is my hope and aim some day to reach a point where I shall know that I am, at last, really worthy of being called a Theosophist.

F. T. S.

We sometimes see religious discontented in their state. They feel all the weight of the yoke which they bear, and carry it with pain. If any one should try to persuade them to do themselves a little violence, to become more vigilant and exact, to apply with greater fidelity to the practices of religion, they think that this would render their lives still more unhappy, and their burden insupportable. But how much are they deceived, and why are they not better informed in what their true happiness consists! Instead of taking so much care of themselves, if they took less, or were not at all solicitous for their own case; if instead of permitting themselves so many relaxations, which they look on as consolations, they placed their consolation in not seeking any, or in seeking it in the most strict and regular observance of their duties, how would they be consoled! They would begin to relish their vocation, because they would have the spirit of it; and this would make them find much sweetness in the practice of what before was most tiresome, mortifying, and repugnant to their nature. It is strange that there is so much difficulty in convincing persons of this truth, when they have before their eyes sensible proofs and existing examples. If they applied to those of the community who appear to them the most fervent, and inquired of them if they find their state irksome and insipid, if they repent having embraced it, or would exchange it, if the ordinary exercises of the house cause them any disgust, if they are subject to low spirits, to melancholy and discouragement,—ah! if they could discover the sentiments of these souls, they would learn that it is for them and such as them, that the hundred-fold reward is reserved in this life, as well as the next.—FROM FATHER VALOIS, S.J., "LETTER ON FERVOUR."

SPINOZA'S "ETHICS"

I. CONCERNING GOD AND THE NATURE OF HUMAN THOUGHT

"DIVINE nature which ought to have been considered before all things, for that it is prior in knowledge and nature, many have thought to be last in the order of knowledge; and things which are called the objects of the senses they have believed to be prior to all things. Hence it has come to pass that, while they considered the things of nature, they paid no attention to divine nature; and when at last they directed their attention to divine nature, they could have no regard for their first fabrications with which they overlaid their knowledge of natural things, inasmuch as these things give no help to the knowledge of divine nature."¹

The physical and psychic worlds can be interpreted by reference to God, for they proceed from Him. But, without reference to God, they can be nowise interpreted. The mere accumulation of formulas and sense-data, after the modern fashion, can never reveal Truth. On the contrary Truth reveals both formulas and sense-data. Thus Benedictus de Spinoza expressed the method and spirit of his thought. Method and spirit came of an ancient stock common to all the schools of mediæval Europe, Christian, Hebrew and Mohammedan. They were derived from the Bible and from Aristotle, but chiefly from Alexandria, mother of mysteries and philosophies, preserver of Greece, and daughter of archaic Egypt.

One of the greatest Alexandrians was Plotinus (d. 270 A. D.), the first Neoplatonist. His influence, direct or indirect, upon Christian thought was such that Origen (d. 253), Dionysius (400-500?) and Erigena (d. 891) might be taken for his disciples. Similarly, Neoplatonism coloured the learning of the Spanish Arabs and from them was passed on to the Hebrew sages of the Twelfth Century, Maimonides, Gersonides, Ibn-Ezra and Chasdai Creskas.²

Spinoza's parents were Portuguese Jews, exiles in Holland. Their Congregation represented much that was best in Hebrew character, being positive in faith and severe in morals, but it was marked by intolerance, perhaps as a consequence of persecution. It tolerated the Hebrew philosophers, but not Spinoza's interpretation of them. In 1652, he was excommunicated and cursed. So far as is known, that was the only extraordinary event in his life. He had a few devoted friends, but shunned all publicity. He lived moderately and, so he said, happily, in spite of much physical suffering. He died in 1677 at the age of forty-five.

If Spinoza had not given cause for excommunication, it can be imagined that he would have developed without dilution the mystical and

¹ Spinoza: *Ethics* II, 10 n.

² It would be interesting to trace the influence of the Cabbala upon this phase of Hebrew metaphysics.

pious strain of his nature. But he would have failed in the peculiar mission which time has set for him, that of reconciling the modern spirit with the old.

Already one effort at reconciliation had been made, with a tragic result for him who undertook it. Giordano Bruno (d. 1600) had died at the stake for daring to show that a Neoplatonic Christianity was compatible with Copernican science. Spinoza's debt to Bruno must have been very great. Many of Spinoza's most characteristic hypotheses seem to have been only extensions and arrangements of the disorderly intuitions of the earlier philosopher.³

Spinoza's sympathy with the modern spirit was further stirred by the influence of Descartes (d. 1650). But unlike Descartes and like Bruno, he felt all the value of the new science and its methods, and yet lost none of his devotion to the old. He gave an example of the only possible mode of progress, by making the new ideas an organic part of the old, as the growth of fresh tissue in a body is contained in the form of the old. So John Sebastian Bach founded harmonic music without sacrificing polyphony.

"Every individual thing," he said, "or whatever thing that is finite and has a determined existence, cannot exist nor be determined for action, unless it is determined for action and existence by another cause which is also finite and has a determined existence; and again this cause cannot exist nor be determined for action, unless it be determined for existence and action by another cause which also is finite and has a determined existence; and so on to infinity."⁴ There it is, the mechanistic hypothesis of all the determinists, from Epicurus to Hæckel. No modern thinker has given it clearer expression.

But the world of mechanism or fate is not peculiar to Western science. The Hindus describe it as Maya or illusion, a far-flung emanation of the real, a state of things tending to become the opposite of Truth. They study it only to make more vivid its contrast to the real, and finally, by spurning its values, to transcend it.

Unlike the typical mechanist, Spinoza looked above Maya to the true world of union with divine nature. "God acts merely according to His own laws and is compelled by no one."⁵ Every man, everything, contains in germ and can develop an infinite nature, freeing him from external causes in a condition where all is one. In spite of the "*ordo geometricus*," in spite of many dips into the most objective experience, Spinoza's path leads at last into the Mystic Way.

At the end of Part I of the *Ethics*, his masterpiece, Spinoza said: "In these propositions I have explained the nature and properties of God: that He necessarily exists: that He is one alone: that He exists and acts merely from the necessity of His nature: that He is the free cause of all

³ This is almost certainly true of Spinoza's cardinal theory, that thought and extension are two attributes of one substance,—"*God or Nature*."

⁴ 1, 28.

⁵ 1, 17.

things: that all things are in God and so depend upon Him that without Him they could neither exist nor be conceived: and finally that all things were pre-determined by God, not through His free or good will, but through His absolute nature or infinite power."

Such a God does not resemble the exoteric man-gods. Has He anything in common with the esoteric One, Parabrahm?

Spinoza agreed with the Schoolmen in postulating reality as the predicate of divinity. Aquinas had said: "Wherever anything not merely negative or privative exists, there the whole of the existence is God." Spinoza paraphrased this: "Whatever is, is in God and nothing can exist or be conceived without God."⁶

If God embraces all things in himself,⁷ then He is all things. He coexists with the creation, Maimonides had taught, as its active cause, not as a potential cause which precedes the effect in time, as in finite minds. In Spinoza's words: "God is the indwelling and not the transient cause of all things." His "Essence involves existence and His nature cannot be conceived unless existing. God's existence and His essence are one and the same thing."⁸ In spite of Spinoza's disclaimer,⁹ there has been a tendency always to associate his name with that crudest form of pantheism which can conceive of no divinity above sensuous nature and of no worship but the worship of physical life. The German Romanticists who tried to glorify such an ideal distorted Spinoza into being their prophet. Throughout the Eighteenth Century the name of this austere philosopher was synonymous with scandal.

Spinoza can give his own defense. "By nature active we must understand that which is in itself and through itself is conceived, or such attributes of substance as express eternal and infinite essence, that is, God, in so far as He is regarded as a free cause. By nature passive I understand all that follows from the necessity of the nature of God, or of any of His attributes, that is, all the modes of the attributes of God, in so far as they are considered as the things which are in God."¹⁰ "Intellect and will, which would constitute the essence of God, must differ absolutely from our will and intellect, nor can they agree in anything save name. . . . The intellect of God . . . is in truth the cause of things, which seems to have been asserted by those who have said that God's intellect, will and power are one and the same thing."¹¹ Here God appears as something distinct from His creation. He is in fact the Absolute, the One of Plotinus, who said: "The One is necessarily prior to all things; it must therefore fill all and produce all, without itself being any of the things which it produces."¹²

⁶ I, 15.

⁷ Cf. Dionysius. *De Div. Nom.* v, 4.

⁸ I, 18; 20; def. 1.

⁹ Cf. II, 10, n., quoted above.

¹⁰ I, 29, n.

¹¹ I, 18, n.

¹² *Enneads* III, 9, 4. Cf. the saying of Chuang Tzu, a Taoist of the Fourth Century B. C.: "Tao is not too small for the greatest, nor too great for the smallest. Thus all things are embosomed therein, wide, indeed, its boundless capacity, unfathomable its depth."

About the Absolute, Buddha counselled his disciples to be silent, since they knew nothing. One cannot blame Plotinus and Spinoza for refusing to define it, save by terms negative to our experience. But unlike those moderns who have used the Absolute to explain things out of existence, ancient and mediæval Idealists used it to explain why things exist. . . . For them idealism and pantheism were one and the same thing. They reconciled the seeming antimony by asserting that, though God was present in all things, yet in so far as one thing was more real than other things, God was more present in that thing than in other things. There is one reality, which is one and the same as perfection, but the things of earth differ in their degrees of reality or perfection, so that there is a hierarchy of perfections, a descending scale from the highest to the lowest. "Material was not wanting to God for the creation of all things from the highest grade to the lowest . . . the laws of His nature are so comprehensive as to suffice for the creation of everything that infinite intellect can conceive."¹³ "The effect which is produced immediately from God is the most perfect and that one is more imperfect, according as it requires more intermediating causes."¹³ To emanate being in successively diminishing waves to the shore of non-being—such must be the function of Substance. The existence of God, said Maimonides, is involved in His essence. Perfection being synonymous with power, according to Plotinus, the First Being must have of all things the greatest power, and being prior to all things, must engender all things."¹⁴

It should have been shown that the God of Spinoza was not a synonym for physical nature, but came to him, through Plotinus, from Egypt and India, from the teaching of the Lodge. In our own day, M. Bergson has re-discovered the world seen by Plotinus and Spinoza.

Much that seemed dark becomes clear in the light of the doctrine that the Infinite emanates existences and arranges them in hierarchical systems. For instance, the typical modern problems of mind and matter, of free-will and determinism, cease to have meaning.

Plotinus defined matter as absolute non-being or negativeness, so that wherever matter appeared in things, there was diminution of being. By matter he meant not only the state of differentiation in space or figured extension, but the accompaniment of that differentiation expressed in a troubled, incomplete life of the soul. Matter is the condition of the externally fated or determined, whether body or soul. The point to note is that body or extension *per se* was not conceived as evil, but only a particular kind of body; and that because it was the object of a particular kind or mode of thought. There are bodies celestial, said St. Paul, and there are terrestrial bodies, differing from one another in glory.

Spirit is the opposite of matter. It is the condition of the free or internally determined, whether body or soul. Finally, in the perfect union

¹³ 1, app.

¹⁴ Cf. Spinoza: 1, app. "The perfection of things is estimated solely from their nature and power."

with the One, both body and soul are laid aside. Separateness and measure vanish, and there comes full subjective realization.

These ideas, maintained by the Schoolmen, were among those erased by Descartes from his mind. When he restored them, as he restored them all, in a new form, he converted them into a problem. He embraced all the grades of spatial being in one concept of *extended substance*, which he made homogeneous, by attributing to all its divisions only one sort of motion, mechanical or externally caused motion. Similarly he made one substance, thought, out of all the grades of thinking or conscious being, to which as a whole he attributed the function of freedom or self-determination, proper only to thought, as well as to extension, on the highest plane.

The problems precipitated by Descartes have bewildered European metaphysics for three centuries—whether mind rules matter¹⁵ or vice versa; whether man is free in his choices, or determined. So long as these are the only terms, any solution must be vicious. If all consciousness be free, its actions must be evaluated by measuring its effects on matter. Spirituality, according to this opinion, is not the power to harmonize mind-states, but the power to move physical bodies. That is precisely the way in which the Germans have defined spirituality. If matter control mind, the mental richness be proportional to material richness, one must surround oneself by as many evidences of matter as possible. Thus materialism and modern spirituality are two paths to one and the same end, perversity. Both seek *on this plane* glory, power, and wealth.

Alone among the followers of Descartes, Spinoza set the problems right. To the intellect, he said, God revealed himself as a "Being or Substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses eternal and infinite essence."¹⁶ The human intellect perceives two attributes, thought or God as a thinking thing, extension or God as an extended thing.¹⁷ Thought and extension are no longer separate substances with opposite natures, existing by the arbitrary will of God. They are independent, but equal revelations of God, co-existent with his manifestation, of which they are respectively the subject and the object. Neither can dominate the other, since both are two terms of one process or, as M. Bergson has said, two translations of one text. "The mind and body are one and the same individual which is conceived, now under the attribute of thought, and now under the attribute of extension."¹⁸ Wherever thought is, there must be extension and vice versa. "The order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things."¹⁹ "The first part which constitutes the actual being of the human mind is

¹⁵ Matter in modern terminology is limited to mean that part of extension which is the object of the physical senses, since these are the only senses recognized.

¹⁶ I, def. 6.

¹⁷ II 1, 2, 5, 6.

¹⁸ II, 21, n.

¹⁹ II, 7.

nothing else than the idea of an individual thing actually existing," that thing being the body.²⁰

Spinoza did not leave the question incomplete. Men who think their wills are free, he argued, are either fools or liars. But there is freedom in the universe for all that. Only in so far as a creature is free or self-determined, can that creature be called real. To be free is the nature of God, the one reality.²¹ The real man who partakes of the infinite nature of God must be free. He who knows that he knows Truth²² cannot be a slave.

Whence then comes human bondage? For such bondage, if not real, is none the less the most obvious fact in experience.

Spinoza drew a line between two kinds of cause, the adequate and the inadequate. "I call that an adequate cause whose effect can clearly and distinctly be perceived through it. I call that one inadequate whose effect cannot be perceived through itself."²³ The physical body, at present so important an object of thought, is so constituted that only its modifications or reactions can possibly be made known to the mind. For the body is an imperfect unity, being composed of many individuals which "do not appertain to the essence of that body save in so far as they reciprocally communicate their motions in a certain ratio."²⁴ In other words, the knowledge of the motions of the body does not involve the knowledge of adequate causes of the motions. Therefore, the knowledge of the causes of human behaviour must be considered as inadequate, as not clear but confused,²⁵ so long as we establish that knowledge on the imperfect cognition of the physical body and of external bodies which influence it. "Men are mistaken in thinking themselves free, and this opinion consists of this alone, that they are conscious of their actions and ignorant of the causes by which they are determined."²⁶ The inadequacy of their understanding does not consist in their imagination, which is relatively true, but consists in the privation of that which would correct or complement the imagination. "Falsity consists in privation of knowledge which is involved by mutilated and confused ideas."²⁷ The inadequacy is a perversion of the adequate.

Compare this definition of falsity with the description of the "versatile psychic nature" in Book I of the *Yoga Sutras* of Patanjali. The psychic activities, says Mr. Johnston in comment, "are all real forces, but distorted from their real nature and goal."²⁸

"All ideas, in so far as they have references to God, are true." "Those things which are common to all, and which are equally in a part

²⁰ II, 11, 13. Body must mean all extended substance which is the direct object of the mind, not merely the physical body.

²¹ I, def. 7.

²² II, 49, n.

²³ III, def. 1.

²⁴ II, 24 and Post 1.

²⁵ II, 28.

²⁶ II, 35, n.

²⁷ II, 35.

²⁸ *Sutra* IV. Transl. & Comment by Charles Johnston. Cf. also IV 14.

and in the whole, can only be conceived as adequate." "All bodies agree in certain things which must adequately or clearly be perceived by all."²⁹ In Heaven all is one, because heavenly bodies agree in all things. The seer has the consciousness of union or agreement with the sum of Being. The lowest of men has still this consciousness, but undeveloped, like a seed just opened. He has the illusion of separateness because he cannot see the whole of a thing, but only part of it.

The unfolding of real consciousness is the destiny of man. The first stage in the process is for him to subdue the imagination and accept the guidance of reason or "sound intellection" as Patanjali calls it. Reason in turn must be guided and improved by intuition, a spiritual power. "We perceive many things and form universal notions, first, from individual things represented to our intellect mutilated, confused and without order . . . second from signs, e.g., from the fact that we remember certain things through having read or heard certain words, and form certain ideas of them similar to those through which we imagine things. Both of these ways of regarding things I shall call Opinion or Imagination. . . . Then we have common ideas and adequate ideas of the properties of things. This I shall call Reason. Besides these two kinds of knowledge, there is a third, Intuition. This kind of knowledge proceeds from an adequate idea of the formal essence of certain attributes of God to the adequate knowledge of the essence of things."³⁰ In so far as imagination partakes of reason, it is true. In so far as reason partakes of intuition, it maintains and extends its life. There is not a perception of thought, but must have first appeared in the form of an intuition. As one would rise higher in the scale, more and more common ideas of the properties of things would reveal themselves. Finally, there is full perception of the essence of God. Man is capable of transcending the plane on which he is normally functioning. Through the perception of the more perfect existences of a higher plane, he is better able to discriminate between the true and false properties of physical things. Of such an order are the visions of mystics, the expressions of artists and the discoveries of every science.

Just as Plato had said that the ambition of life was to live disembodied, as Plotinus had considered grossness of consciousness to be an accompaniment of grossness of body, so Spinoza said: "One can rid himself of misconceptions, if he pays attention to the nature of thought which least involves the conception of extension; and therefore he will clearly understand that an idea does not consist in an image of anything nor in words. For the essence of words and images is constituted solely by bodily motions which least involve the conception of thought."³¹ Images and words are determined by causes which are unperceived by the mind. The cause of a true idea is clearly and distinctly perceived through itself. Imagination is externally caused. Understanding is caused by itself.

²⁹ II, 32, 38, coroll.

³⁰ II, 40, n. 2.

³¹ II, 49, n.

Here is the key to the problem of free will. There is freedom, said Spinoza, but not free will. "It is not the nature of reason to regard things as contingent, but necessary." "It depends solely on the imagination that we consider things as contingent." "It is the nature of reason to perceive things under a certain form of eternity," for "the necessity of things is the necessity of the eternal nature of God."³² But God is free in the only possible sense, because He is limited by nothing in the expression of His nature. As for will, it can be nothing but an "affirmation or negation which an idea involves," so that "Will and intellect are one and the same thing."³³ "I understand by will the faculty, not the desire, of affirming and denying what is true or false."³⁴ But faculties are general notions, which cannot be distinguished from the individual things from which we formed them, so that some volition must be implied in every idea. If a man have true ideas, his affirmation of them, being self-determined, may be called free. If a man's ideas be false, being externally determined, his will, his power of choice or selection, are in servitude along with his intelligence. In short, will can be free by association with the nature of thought, not by its own nature. "The right use of the will", said Patanjali, "is the steady effort to stand in spiritual being." But self-will is the brand of bondage to the psychic nature.

Spinoza so emphasized the oneness of things that his philosophy seems to neglect the problem of individuality, of the Ego. The human mind, he said, is part of the infinite intellect of God, or the idea of the human mind is in God, not in so far as He is infinite, but in so far as he is affected by another idea of an individual thing.³⁵ His meaning is evidently that in so far as a man is an individual, he is a thing limited by other individuals, so that the infinite and real nature of God is obscured in him. But he did not add clearly enough that this infinite and real nature can be realized in him. This hiatus becomes more noticeable in the last Part of the *Ethics*, because there Spinoza explained without equivocation that conscious union with God or Divine Nature, was the end of man. Given his definition of human mind as a thing necessarily limited by other things, such union would be impossible.

It is at this point of Spinoza's system that it needs to be complemented by the system of Leibnitz. "From the shock of the two emerge the truths of the Archaic doctrine."³⁶ Leibnitz conceived the soul as a monad, and immortal unit, containing in itself (in miniature) all the attributes of God. The monad was the microcosm in the macrocosm, one of an infinite number of eternally manifesting aspects of God. A monad is not a particular mind nor in a real sense an individual at all, but it has a history reproducing as an infinitesimal, the history of the infinite Cosmos. From freedom it falls into determinism, to pass by a law of

³² II, 44, coroll 1, 2.

³³ II, 49, coroll.

³⁴ II, 48, n.

³⁵ II 20.

³⁶ *Secret Doctrine*, I, 629.

predestined harmony into freedom again. The concept involved herein is implicit in Spinoza's ideas, but never explicit. To quote *The Secret Doctrine* again, he was a subjective as Leibnitz was an objective, pantheist. Leibnitz thought of the world in manifestation, wherein the many eclipse the One. In the intuition of Spinoza, always the One dominated the many and at last composed all differentiations. Above manifestations is a state where the One eclipses the many.

Spinoza's opposition to the doctrine of final causes is due to the same bias. There was for him one impiety, to attribute the least tincture of personality to God, to apply to the divine any suggestion of human standards. "I would warn you that I do not attribute to Nature either beauty or deformity, order or confusion. Only in relation to our imagination can things be called beautiful or ugly, ordered or confused."³⁷ Perfection meant Reality, imperfection was the absence of Reality. God as the absolutely perfect Being could not be regarded as lacking anything. Therefore He did not create things for His edification, but only as a consequence of His perfection.

It is the silliest vanity to assert the contrary. Men are "born ignorant of the causes of things. They do all things with an end in view, that is, they seek what is useful." They find themselves well-equipped with instruments of the senses and with some intelligence for the struggle of existence. So they conclude that "there is some governor or governors endowed with human freedom, who take care of all things for them and make all things for their use. They must naturally form an estimate of the nature of these governors from their own: hence they say that the gods direct all things for the use of men, that men may be bound down to them and do them the highest honor. So that each individual has devised a different manner in his own mind for the worship of God, that God may love him above the rest and direct the whole of Nature for the gratification of his blind cupidity and insatiable avarice."³⁸ If some inconvenience took place, like an earthquake, it was attributed to divine malice.

But the insufficiency of a finite God is not related to the doctrine of the Final Cause as formulated by Aristotle and adopted by Leibnitz. The Final Cause is necessary to supplement the Neoplatonic theory of Emanations and Hierarchies of Perfection, for it expresses the energy drawing the emanated thing back to its source. The Eastern Wisdom says that there is an infinite series of monads or divine aspects. In so far as God is that infinite series, or the highest of that series, He can lack nothing and is apart from all evolution, even while causing it. In so far, as He is any other than the highest of that series, He is forever capable of an increment of perfection and must evolve eternally.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

³⁷ Letter xv, to Oldenburg.

³⁸ I, app.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE staff of the QUARTERLY, and many of our readers also, are mourning the loss of Mr. Griscom, the creator and editor-in-chief of this magazine. His death, on December 30th, is still too recent to make it possible for those who were nearest to him to say much on the more human and intimate side. Deep feeling does not lend itself to speech. But the Recorder has noted some of the comments of friends, believing that what they said would prove of general interest.

The Philosopher began it. He was looking deliberately, perhaps, for a thought that could be kept upon the surface.

"To use the language of the world," he said, "the QUARTERLY was Griscom's hobby. To use the language of fact, it was the truest expression of his life, which in his case meant his religion. There was nothing he would not have done for it. He gave hours of his time to it, after exhausting days at business. He wrote for it, when he was too tired even to read. It was his energy and persistence which brought each issue into being, quarter after quarter, throughout the years."

"Yes," responded the Student, "and I wish people could realize how much that meant. Born and brought up in surroundings of wealth, his family as well known as any in Philadelphia, he received the best education which money could provide. At his university, he was as successful as a student as he was in athletics. Starting in business while still a very young man, he married almost as soon as he came of age. His duties compelled him to live in the world, and at times to take part conspicuously in worldly affairs. But at no time and in no sense was he "of the world." Discipleship was his desire and his constant aim. What is more, he proved by actual performance that discipleship and an active life in the world are in no way incompatible, seeing that the performance of duty in the right spirit and with the right intention lies at the foundation of the religious life."

"In that as in so many other ways," commented the Historian, "Mr. Griscom's life was a lesson which all who run may read. It is true that, throughout his life, his closest association was inspiring and helpful to an extraordinary degree; but that he so thankfully accepted the help thus given him, increases and in no way detracts from the merit of his achievement."

And then the Gael: "He never swerved. His fidelity was perhaps the most remarkable trait in his character. He was the soul of loyalty. He was loyal to his friends, loyal to his cause, loyal to his duties and responsibilities, loyal to his Master, loyal to his life's aim. Throughout his life, he never faltered or turned back. And because of his unswerving loyalty, he was literally the rock on which, after Mr. Judge's death, the Theosophical movement rested. In the nature of things, others con-

tributed necessary elements, without which Mr. Griscom's contribution would perhaps have been useless. He knew where he got his light, and he followed that. Even the Master could not have built with one kind of material only. But the fact remains that the success of the movement depended upon C. A. Griscom's loyalty, and that he never once failed to give it."

There was a pause as we thought about him. But instinctively we realized that the more we thought, the more difficult it would be to speak. So the Philosopher started afresh.

"One other invaluable quality which he could always be depended upon to contribute, can, I think, best be expressed negatively: he never lost his head. He was able at all times to see the teapot around the tempest; to discount perturbations and excitements, hasty conclusions and exaggerations. Most people who seem to possess this quality are merely unimaginative and dull. Mr. Griscom had a lively imagination and an intensely active mind. It was probably because long practice had taught him how to look at things in the light of eternity, and because he knew that eternity is more real than time, that he possessed a poise which was of incalculable value to his associates and to the movement. In any case it was a great gift."

"Well," said the Historian, "in that as in all other directions, those who are left should see to it that even though unable to give what he gave, they must never again create the need which he so often met. If they cannot contribute his poise, they can at least suppress their own panics."

"I wonder," said the Youth, "if all our own members, much though they may talk of Karma and Reincarnation, and of life as but a school for character, really give much thought to what makes men what they are. They will read of Mr. Griscom's death and life, and even from the little that cold print can convey to those who did not know him, they must realize something of his bigness, something of his greatness of heart and soul, and of the depth and intensity of the love that he inspired. Will they ask themselves at all what made him what he was?"

"Here is the *QUARTERLY*. Some of us think it is, on the whole, the best magazine in existence today. But no one of us thinks that it has just 'happened' that way. We know what made and makes it what it is. We look back of it to Mr. Griscom's own spirit, and to the spirit of all the rest of you people, and to the ceaseless labour that he gave to make that spirit live on every page. We know what makes the character of the *QUARTERLY*. Do we know or think of what made the character of its editor? I wish that some of you, who can write, would write of that—just to encourage the rest of us."

"What would you yourself say?" asked the Philosopher.

"I suppose I would say,—the Master," the Youth answered. "But it is just the inadequacy of that answer that I hoped you would supplement. It suggests that it was done all at once—a finished fact, a creation like

that of the sun and moon and stars, a great mountain of a man towering up from before the dawn of history."

"The simile is not without truth," said the Philosopher.

"Yes," went on the Youth, "one as big as he, must have been big for ages. But even so, there must have been a time when he was small, like me. And in this life he must have had to grow up and into himself. A big man must have had big difficulties. What led him through them? What made him what he was?"

The Philosopher looked at him. "What is making you grow into yourself," he asked, "helping you to find and recognize your true self, and what is making that self ceaselessly bigger and finer?"

"Why Theosophy, of course," the Youth answered. And, after a pause: "Of course it must have been the same with him. He was always giving of himself, and so must always have been receiving from the Self. But will there not be other people just as stupid as I was, who will never think that perhaps the very truest service Mr. Griscom rendered the movement was to show, in his own person, what Theosophy does for those who give themselves to it? Is it not a point worth making? I know I should not be flattered or pleased if somebody, years from now, were to praise my 'sweet temper,' as though it had just 'happened' to be mine, or had been given me ready made, and not worked for, against every natural instinct I possess, because Theosophy has shown me why I ought to work for it, and inspires me to continue the effort."

"What did he say about the Armistice?" interjected the Visitor at this point. "I know how intensely interested he was in the war and in world politics."

"The Armistice was a bitter disappointment to him," replied the Historian. "I would rather not attempt to quote him. It does not seem fair to do that, once a man can no longer be referred to for explanation or denial. But I know that he and his immediate associates felt alike about it. For nearly four years, they have said, Theosophy was made objective for us. The fight of ages was being carried on before our eyes. The forces of evil had been forced into the open. If the forces of righteousness, if the Masters of Wisdom, had been represented worthily on this plane, there would have been no Armistice, because there would have been no compromise. The Armistice, which brought the spirit of compromise into the forefront of the stage, threw Theosophy back into subjectivity. Mr. Griscom felt no more concerned with the various compromises of those men in Paris than he had been, in times past, with the outcome of most political elections. Unless a struggle be based on principle; unless principle be recognized as paramount over a short-sighted expediency,—how can any student of Theosophy be interested in the outcome?"

"Do you mean to suggest," asked the Objector, "that the Armistice was a German victory?"

"Certainly," replied the Historian. "Germany escaped, or in any case postponed her punishment. By so doing she also postponed her

salvation, much to her own delight, but to the demerit of those who ought to have completed the task set them. Instead of forcing unconditional surrender, as the police would do with a murderer, the Allies, led by America, parleyed and compromised. They were weak when there was most need for strength."

"Then the war accomplished nothing?" continued the Objector.

"By no means. The war accomplished a great deal. Many, and perhaps most of the men who took part in it, gained enormously. But they gained as individuals. As between nations, the war decided nothing. It will have to be fought all over again. And next time, let us hope, there will be men in charge who share enough of the spirit of the Lodge to know that compromise is of the devil. Next time, Germany must be destroyed. The great army of those who have died in this war will have earned the right to take their place in the next; and they can be depended on to carry it through to a finish. They have made themselves the Master's men."

"But the League of Nations is to do away with war," murmured the Gael, looking skywards.

"So I have read," the Historian answered sardonically. "So I have read. But pious wishes do not make facts, even assuming that the wishes are wholly pious, which in this case would be a large assumption. If the Allies had crushed and had occupied Germany, using all her resources in men and material to indemnify the peoples she has robbed; if they had formed an offensive and defensive alliance among themselves for the preservation of the world's peace,—the world might have stayed at peace for many generations. But that, as a simple and clear-cut solution, would have been fatal to the interests of the Black Lodge, of the powers of evil. What they want, always, is confusion. The League of Nations, born out of time, served their purpose admirably. Talk about confusion! It makes friends look like enemies and enemies look like friends. It brings discord where there was harmony. It conceals real issues and creates others which are entirely imaginary. It is condemned on wrong grounds and is praised on wrong grounds. Mr. Griscom was so disgusted that he almost ceased to read the newspapers."

"It was more than disgust that he felt," interrupted the Student. "It was real grief and pain. He was heart-sick about it. Human weakness and blindness had made it possible for the Black Lodge to triumph, and he knew it. He knew also, of course, that the Masters of Wisdom always wring victory out of defeat, using the success of their enemies as means to divine ends. But this is poor comfort to those for whom 'the passage of Time is as the stroke of a sledge-hammer,' and who deplore every least postponement of final victory."

"It certainly suggests that there is plenty more to be done," the Gael remarked; "and we should not complain on that score. The more there is to do, and the greater the need, the greater also is our opportunity. A Catholic would say—'the greater our opportunity to atone for past sins

and wasted days.' And there would be truth in that. But we ought to be able to add,—'the greater our opportunity to serve and to love and to suffer, and so draw closer to Masters and the Lodge.'"

"What did you mean when you said that the Armistice threw Theosophy back into subjectivity?" asked the Objector, turning to the Historian.

"It was not my own statement. I was quoting," he answered. "But to my mind it means among other things that the struggle, the actual warfare, between the forces of good and evil, which had been precipitated into our visible world as the greatest of all wars, so that every one had a chance to see and to understand and to take sides, is now thrown back into what is for us the invisible world, of which the average man knows nothing, and where, in terms of his consciousness, the issues are no longer clearly defined. In other words, while much has been gained, those who work for Theosophy must now recognize that humanity has not as yet grasped the meaning of principle, and has proved itself unable to distinguish between the real and the unreal, between a fundamental issue and a fiction. **A red herring was drawn across the trail when the world was told that it had to be made 'safe for democracy.'** The world followed the red herring. And the world must be educated to the point of being able to recognize a red herring when it sees one. Otherwise it will be misled again, and again the powers of evil will escape us. Consequently, those who work for Theosophy must now, in one sense, begin all over again, by reverting to the fundamental principles or laws of life, expounding and explaining these, and hammering at the fancies and fictions which still bewilder the majority of mankind."

"If only," commented the Philosopher, "if only the leaders of this nation had had vision enough to see and to tell the truth! If only they had had it in them to come out with the simplicity and frankness so characteristic of Mr. Griscom, who, in their place, would, I believe, have said: 'This war has nothing to do with forms of government. Relatively speaking, they are of no consequence. This war is going to decide whether the world is to be controlled by devils or by white men. It is a fight between good and evil. Therefore this nation, for which I speak, will at once throw its whole weight on the side of good, against evil, and will not stop until every individual, now fighting for evil, or supporting those fighting for it, is chained up, or is in any case individually under the control of those who fight for righteousness.' If that could have been said and done, the world today would have been saved. That it was not said or done by the authorized representatives of this country, simply means that the people of the United States have not earned that sort of leadership, and that the world as a whole has not evolved to a point at which it can intelligently resist misdirection. England and France and Italy, hard pressed, put their trust in the wealth and power of America, instead of in God. And God knows they are paying and will pay bitterly for their mistake."

"True," said the Gael. "But it is useless to cry over spilled milk. For us it is a case of, Be up and doing! We must try harder than ever to make ready the way of the Lord. We must prepare for the future. We must prepare ourselves. We must do our utmost to prepare the world. Griscom himself can do more where he is than where he was. Otherwise I do not believe he would have been taken from us. But while he, in that world, can now do much that he could not do on earth, it is also true that we on earth must now do things which he can no longer do. . . . Sick with grief, some of us. I know it. But is there work to be done? Then do it! Christ still hangs on the cross. Let it be, Onward for evermore."

And the Gael turned away, so that we could not see his face.

T.

*Life is a sleep till death awaken it
And man between them but a walking thought,
Life is a pledge of friendship from our Maker:
Give me the Friend and take the pledge who will.*

—AKHLAQ-I-JALALI.

*Love is a flame; once set it well alight,
All but the Beloved vanishes from sight.*

—JALALUDDIN RUMI.

*Love's religion comprehends each creed and sect,
Love flies straight to God and outsoars intellect;
If the gem be real, what matters the device?
Love in seas of sorrow finds the pearl of price.*

—JALALUDDIN RUMI.

REVIEWS

The Glory of the Trenches, by Conynsby Dawson, author of *Carry On*, published by John Lane Company, New York, at \$1.00, is a most inspiring and moving interpretation of life at the Front. More than that, it is instructive. Dawson's experience has taught him the truth of some of the fundamental principles of Theosophy. Instead of attempting to paraphrase his own words, it will be best to give a few extracts which will be sufficient to suggest the value of his contribution to the literature of the war.

As an unusually intelligent civilian, his first experience of the Army resulted in many discoveries, for instance: "Military discipline is based on unselfishness." As his experience widened, this early impression deepened. "Often at the Front I have thought of Christ's explanation of his own unassailable peace—an explanation given to his disciples at the Last Supper, immediately before the walk to Gethsemane: 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Overcoming the world, as I understand it, is overcoming self. Fear, in its final analysis, is nothing but selfishness. A man who is afraid in an attack, isn't thinking of his pals and how quickly terror spreads; he isn't thinking of the glory which will accrue to his regiment or division if the attack is a success; he isn't thinking of what he can do to contribute to that success; he isn't thinking of the splendour of forcing his spirit to triumph over weariness and nerves and the abominations that the Huns are chucking at him. He's thinking merely of how he can save his worthless skin and conduct his entirely unimportant body to a place where there aren't any shells."

"When a man plays the game, he does things which it requires a braver man than himself to accomplish; he never knows when he's done; he acknowledges no limit to his cheerfulness and strength; whatever his rank, he holds his life less valuable than that of the humblest; he laughs at danger not because he does not dread it, but because he has learnt that there are ailments more terrible and less curable than death."

"When you have subjected yourself to discipline, you cease to think of yourself; *you* are not *you*, but a part of a company of men. If you don't do your duty, you throw the whole machine out. You soon learn the hard lesson that every man's life and every man's service belong to other people."

These extracts, however, do not give a fair idea of the book as a whole, because they merely give the result of the author's experience, and that experience consists, in large measure, of incidents which he describes and which constitute the most interesting feature of his book. Such stories as he relates on pages 115 and 120, 121, are indeed convincing evidence of the glory of the trenches. T.

The Life of John William Walshe is a most delightful religious novel, or work of the imagination. It is interesting throughout; it is very well written; the characters almost without exception are clearly delineated in a few phrases, and are true to life; and the book has a sustained level of refinement, a scholarly standard, which is perhaps its greatest attraction. There must already be many people who owe the author, Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, a rare debt of thanks, and the

reviewer feels called upon both to include himself amongst them, and to bid others share his pleasure with him.

John Walshe, who alas never lived, was the son of a hard-headed Manchester merchant,—who, by the way, is presented with masterly strokes. After a bitterly hard youth at home, at school, and as apprentice to his father's business, John follows his own instinct or intuition,—or, as the author suggests, the Master's calling—and runs away to Italy. Those first years of effort, the first stirrings of his soul within him, which lead him to a Methodist revival, to munch sandwiches in a Catholic church during the lunch-hour, and to occasional intense outbursts of prayer, end with his chance (?) meeting at Leghorn with Lord Frederick Markham, a devout Catholic, wealthy, possessed of a fine library, and himself a scholar of the old type. Lord Markham adopts and educates Walshe; and in a few years becomes his father-in-law.

After Walshe's marriage, there is practically no incident in the book. It is a record of the inner life, of the growth and fruition, of a saintly soul. Of course he becomes a Catholic; but what is usually made a means of controversy and more or less tactless argument, is here clothed in the simplest and most unaffected narrative. There is a chapter of quotation from the brilliant Maistre (for which the supposed editor of the memoir, i.e. the author Mr. Carmichael, apologizes!), but in its setting no one could be offended, because Walshe so obviously should have become a Catholic, and followed the Light in so doing.

The book, if barely analyzed, resolves itself into praise of modern church Latin (which surely does not need praise), into a plea for a more wide-spread study of logic, especially by men of science (which is pre-eminently right), and into a brief description of the real meaning of "acts" of praise, worship, adoration—in fact, the basis of all religious life, inner and outer.

But such an analysis in no way describes the real and permanent charm pervading the whole volume. No such elevation characterizes even *John Inglesant*, its superior in power and vivid action, nor in Michael Fairless' charming and uplifting story, nor yet in Michael Wood's three singularly enchanting and penetrating pictures of the life of prayer, not—in other words—in any other religious story of its class known to us is there so much of the very atmosphere of saintliness—with its inevitable concomitants of purity, refinement and culture. The prominent characters are all delightful, one wants to meet every one of them. The least important person in the book is seen with mellow eyes, with the "gentle heart" of Guinicelli. No biography of a real saint has made religious practices and a holy life more human and more *attractive*. That is the key-note of the book. John Walshe dies in 1900; he is a modern man, in a modern setting; yet withal he is truly religious, a lovable man, indeed all the more so because he is a saint.

The picture of Lord Markham's high-bred English home, in that rich Italian setting, with its refinement, its tact, its scholarly tastes—is like a refreshing bath in this day of cheap and bourgeois novels. How Walshe's hitherto cramped soul expands in that congenial atmosphere. When he discovers heraldry—what joy almost to excess! We do not ordinarily spend leisure in heraldic intricacies, but Walshe's enthusiasm is contagious. Heraldry must have some virtue, if Walshe loved it.

There are many bits of wisdom tucked away in corners of nearly every chapter. "Praise, he suddenly divined, was an act—an inward act, independent of all words. and yet clothed in words in the nature of things" (p. 75). "The diurnal recital of the Canonical Hours was to him an exercise in contemplation; at the back (so to speak) of each verse of a psalm, of every versicle and responsory, of all the antiphons, was his own parallel meditation or concept, more vivid and varying some days than others, but always a sweet exercise of Divine Praise, a loving flight of the imagination into the Realms of the Divine Being, a further step in the sublime science of Divine Perfection" (p. 181). "There is perhaps no trait of piety

more touching and beautiful than the foregoing of mortification for humility's sake" (p. 185).

The last chapters on John Walshe's inner experiences of prayer, his raptures, and finally his death are lightly sketched and beautifully done. The reader who is at all in sympathy with such a subject can only regret that there is not far greater detail and elaboration. Throughout there is the most faithful reflection of spiritual realities, and no recollection, while reading, that John Walshe never lived and experienced the things narrated.

The Solitaries of the Sambucca, a later book than the *Walshe*, is an attempt to explain, and to set forth the beauties, not merely of the life of saintliness in the world, but of contemplation in solitude. The richness of solitude; its peace, its fruitfulness, its power to reach, influence, and uplift other men; is all set forth by means of the story. Perhaps for the sake of contrast, but certainly with less skill and literary workmanship, the plot is bizarre, unlikely, and needlessly extravagant. There are incidents which mar it. Attempted murder, robbery, and jail-sentences do not make it more acceptable to the average lay novel-reader, and, at the least, tease the more religiously inclined, who wish to be enjoying what is Mr. Carmichael's real contribution—his unusual gift for displaying the attraction and beauty of the inner life, in one and all of its expressions. Mr. Casauban's Psalm, for instance, is a contribution to forms of worship suitable for almost any man in some moods. We look forward because of this with all the greater keenness to "The Little Office for Solitaries," which we understand this gifted author is intending to publish. Both of these books are published by Burns and Oates, London.

A. G.

Memoir of Father Dignam, published by Burns and Oates, London. This is very, very Roman. But those who are willing and able to separate the wheat from the chaff, will be well rewarded. What, for instance, could be wiser advice than this, addressed "to a married lady, living in the great world in which she was obliged, much against her will, to mix"?—"You must find an opportunity of reading Montalembert's *St. Elizabeth*. She managed to live a highly spiritual life under greater difficulties than someone I know. I quite appreciate your wish, you know, my child, but still, whenever it grows a little bit too strong, you must set to work vigorously to cultivate a devotion to God's will, recalling that with Him there is no necessary connection between the sowing and the seed, and to conquer ourselves in *not* making a retreat is, at least, as good as making one without it. How truly I wish you every best blessing. I am so anxious that you should never lose sight of first principles, that your devotion should be to God's will pure and simple; that prayers, and Communions and church-goings, are but creatures, are but means to an end, just as much as wine or money, and that some people are more in danger of inordinate affections to the former than the latter. On the sofa, then, just as well as at church, or 'in the kitchen,' or with the little ones—*Sume et Suscipe*. Mind, if you do but once make this thought your own, your peace will be very, very safe. God will always get what He wants from you. Turn your particular examen on to this in some practical way."

"You, too, I see plainly enough, are laboring in rowing, for the wind is 'contrary.' I startled a holy old nun the other day, who is constantly thwarted in very important work by her bad health, by suggesting for the matter of her particular examen, to abolish resignation. It is a step in the spiritual life which I think I learned from —, and I cannot help thinking that the same physic will do you good. It attacks the dull heaviness you speak of in your past letter in a surprising manner. I call it joy in God's will."

T.

QUESTIONS OF LITERATURE ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 227.—*Will you please restate what is said in the January QUARTERLY, page 212, about the concluding chapters of the "Idyll of the White Lotus" and the work of the "candidate for discipleship" who wrote down the early chapters?*

ANSWER.—The idea is simply this: that the "candidate for discipleship" was unable to write the description of the great initiation, perhaps because of lack of experience. That involved no reflection upon the standing or effort of this student, who did fine work, including *Light on the Path*, for four or five years after the *Idyll of the White Lotus* was written down, but later strayed into the byways of psychism.

P. H.

QUESTION No. 228.—*What can be said of conversion and forgiveness in the light of Karma? Take for instance Mary Magdalene and Saint Augustine. To what extent would their bad karma be wiped out by their repentance and forgiveness?*

ANSWER.—Is it not a question whether "bad Karma" can ever be "wiped out"? But surely by repentance and conforming to universal and spiritual laws, the operation of "bad Karma" may be suspended and the force alchemized or transmuted. Then when the force and energy is transmuted, bad Karma is wiped out because we have brought forth fruits meet for repentance, and the Master can say to me "thy sins be forgiven thee."

A. K.

ANSWER.—It has been said that the Saints love to suffer for in this way they share our Lord's suffering. Is this not another way of saying that they wish to join with Him in holding back the Karma of race and nation by assuming it with Him? After His death, men could not fasten even wine-bibbing and Sabbath-breaking on Him, so they maligned those most dear to Him, as well as persecuting their bodies. What do we know of St. Augustine's past lives? How do we know whether he had so builded up good Karma, by purity of life and purity of intention, that he was permitted to incarnate in an evil age in an evil body—conquer the latter and once more show to sinners that the Way of Liberation lies in complete dedication of one's self, one's body, mind and soul, to the Master? Is it not possible that he had earned conversion and repentance. Perhaps this explains why the Germans remain unconverted and unrepentant?

S.

QUESTION No. 229.—*Is there any such thing as bad karma? Is not the blindness that results from sin bad karma?*

ANSWER.—The Oriental phrase is: "Karma of merit, Karma of demerit." "Bad" Karma is simply a rough translation of the latter. It should be remembered that "Karma" simply means "action," "doing," "the thing done."

C. J.

ANSWER.—Is not "bad Karma" the reminder by Universal Law that we are in error? In this case bad Karma would be our opportunity: and such conditions

as blindness resulting from sin would or should open our eyes to our errors. But man's natural arrogance may, *in his ignorance*, make him resent the punishment of his sin in place of taking it as a lesson and an opportunity of learning where he has been wrong.

A. K.

ANSWER.—From which vantage ground is this question asked? Good Karma for the body might be bad Karma for the Soul. If I failed my leader would I not welcome a Karma that would find me the victim of betrayal, that I might have burned into the very depths of my soul the shame of disloyalty? Yet to the worldly-minded such an incarnation might seem as the working out of bad Karma—as it would be, though not in the sense they mean. How would it do to say that bad Karma is not having earned the right to discharge one's own indebtedness but to have to remain a spiritual pauper? Good Karma then would mean being privileged "to die, to suffer, and to live"—to follow St. Teresa's formulary.

S.

ANSWER.—The blindness that inevitably follows and results from sin, is its worst penalty and from one point of view is the worst possible Karma. From another point of view, however, it is "good" Karma, an instance of the infinite compassion of the law. For there is really only one sin,—to see the higher and to choose the lower. Each such act weakens the will and dims the vision. Mercifully so, for our responsibility is in proportion to our vision, and the law will not let us continue knowingly to sin against the light. If our vision be in advance of the strength of our will to do right, the law in its mercy diminishes our power of vision until by right action we have again strengthened our wills. The same right action that adds strength to the will, adds correspondingly to the vision.

J. G.

QUESTION No. 230.—*I understand from the "Voice of the Silence" that detachment from the thralldom of desire frees one from the dominion of the law of Karma. Is such freedom to be sought as a goal? Would not Christ Himself will to live under the law of Karma?*

ANSWER.—In the Oriental Scriptures, Karma is used in two senses: (1) As a synonym of Universal Law (*Upanishad* and *Secret Doctrine*); (2) bondage to the lower self (*Bhagavad Gita* and *Light on the Path*). Freedom from universal law, being an impossibility, no Master would seek it. Freedom from bondage to the lower self, every seeker for discipleship must strive after. In winning it, he becomes a disciple.

C. J.

ANSWER.—If we regard Karma as "action"—the action of the Oversoul in manifestation—the puzzle clears up. The "Law of Karma" then becomes the Law of the Universe governing the departures of the individual from Universal Law. And as the whole is greater and stronger than the part, the individual has to conform to the universal and "suffers" in the process. Human beings are given the opportunity of freedom of action in order that they may learn to conform to the Universal Law.

The "thralldom of desire" would seem to be due to the habit of action according to the influence of personal or psychic desires as applied to the freedom of action of the Soul. Hence such freedom from "thralldom" has to be sought as a means to reach the goal. But surely not as an end in itself. Otherwise abstention from action, would be desirable; and the parable of the talents is applicable,—in the case of the man who hid his talent in the ground and would not use it. Action in conformity with Universal Law is the right action for the individual; and thus may we "do our whole duty on our journey to the sacred seat."

Christ would will to live under the law of Karma because He can do no less. Being united to His Father, and thus to the Oversoul, He is Himself Karma in action, and like other Masters, as individuals, the agent of the Law.

A. K.

ANSWER.—Is not this the same point, brought out so early in *The Screen of Time* on "The Conduct of the War," that, while one should forgive one's personal enemies, one should hate the enemies of Christ, our King? Would not detachment from the thralldom of desire mean a casting off of the shackles of self and a resultant union with the Divine? To use Pauline terms would not one thus "die daily with Christ"? Having discarded all personal desires, how could there be a personal Karma? But would not such a recognized disciple wish to do as his Master does—take upon Himself the Karma of others,—especially of one's own people or nation? For whom and for what did The Maid die at Rouen?

S.

QUESTION No. 231.—*What relation to, or effect on, the Karma of the sinner had the miracles of the Master of Galilee?*

ANSWER.—It would seem that the inspiring presence of the Master of Galilee enabled the sinner to win freedom from the lower self: freedom from "Karma" in the second sense: and that the cure wrought simply registered the exhaustion of that element of Karma.

C. J.

ANSWER.—What effect have they had on you and on me? Have they made us see the Master as He is—loving us, striving to help us, trying to awaken us to the possibilities of the divine powers within us? Or have they left us dormant, slothful, asleep, as "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"? If we see Him as the "very God of very God" that He is, then great is our responsibility, and let us pray that the Compassionate Ones may send us a Karma that will work out and work off our sin and disloyalty.

G. W.

ANSWER.—The miracles of the Master of Galilee must necessarily have been within the sphere of the operation of Karma and "the law of Karma." One of the prime conditions was the power of faith which enabled the Master to set in operation supernormal forces which effected the miracles. Therefore, surely, the Karmic conditions which operated for the individual were exhausted, and the physical state of the individual would be relieved: or by the operation of faith the individuals were lifted into a state in which supernormal laws could operate for their relief: or,—within the Law of Karma—the Master was able to take up the Karmic burdens of the individuals. In any case the individuals were given the opportunity of rising to their responsibilities and conforming their lives to Universal Law, for they were told to "go and sin no more."

A. K.

ANSWER.—How will it do to try to go back to the time of the miracles and see what might have happened? Take one of the younger followers—one not intimate with the Master but with His disciples,—say Mark. Was he not thrilled and awed by the miracles but did they really wake him up? At Gethsemane did he not turn, appalled and fear-filled—when Our Lord refused to use a miracle to call down the legions of angels at His command,—and flee in disgraceful panic? And when Mark, crouching behind a bush, watched the dying Man on Calvary, did he realize that his failure to use the miracles was adding to the agonies of the Crucifixion? Must we not believe that part of the price the Master pays for us is His assuming the responsibility for our rejection of "evidence", including both the miracles and our own consciousness? May we not suppose that later Mark knew this and that part of his own agony in repentance sprang from his refusal of the miracles? If his repentance could abide, then he might be permitted to have the miracles affect his personal Karma, but otherwise would not the Master still have to bear the Karma for Mark—and for all who reject what He has dared to offer for our redemption?

G. M. McC.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougall Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 26, 1919, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 349 West 14th Street, New York, or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S., Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. before April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p. m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 27th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address at 10 Fifth Avenue, open to all who are interested in Theosophy.

ADA GREGG,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 1, 1919.

NEW YORK BRANCH

The meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held at 21 Macdougall Alley, New York, on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at 8.30. The meetings in April are April 12th and 26th. All who are interested in Theosophy are invited to attend these meetings.

INDEX TO VOLUME XVI

	PAGE
ALSACE AND LORRAINE; <i>Acton Griscom</i>	34, 169, 249, 350
Altars; <i>S.</i>	167
<i>Cavé</i>	12, 118, 216, 312
<i>Chickering, Julia</i>	43, 236, 362
Crusades, The; <i>Julia Chickering</i>	43
<i>Clark, C. C.</i>	226
 <i>Douglas, Alan</i>	 347
EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY; <i>C. J.</i>	24
Elementary Articles, Mr. Griscom's; <i>Alan Douglas</i>	347
 FRAGMENTS; <i>Cavé</i>	 12, 118, 216
French Literature and the War; <i>C. C. Clark</i>	226
 <i>Gerard, John</i>	 336
<i>Griscom, Acton</i>	34, 169, 249, 350
<i>Griscom, Clement A.</i>	72, 190, 217, 272, 292, 327
Clement Acton Griscom.....	312
 High Explosives; <i>Exenth Root</i>	 141
 Impressions of the Convention.....	 50
 <i>Johnston, Charles</i>	 24, 258, 323
 <i>La Dow, Stanley V.</i>	 377
Luther, Martin; <i>Julia Chickering</i>	236
Letters to Friends; <i>John Gerard</i>	336
 Magic Word Democracy, The; <i>Clement A. Griscom</i>	 327
<i>Mitchell, Henry Bedinger</i>	119
<i>Montague, Spencer</i>	14, 154
NOTES AND COMMENTS:	
Lessons of the War.....	3
God's Peace Terms.....	113
The Great War and the Great Initiation.....	211
A Drama of the Great Initiation.....	305
ON THE SCREEN OF TIME:	
Devils and angels.....	64
The problems of victory; our attitude toward Russia and the Bolsheviki	185
The Armistice; the Germans	283
The Editor-in-Chief of the QUARTERLY; his contribution to the Movement; his view of the Armistice; secret of his power..	386

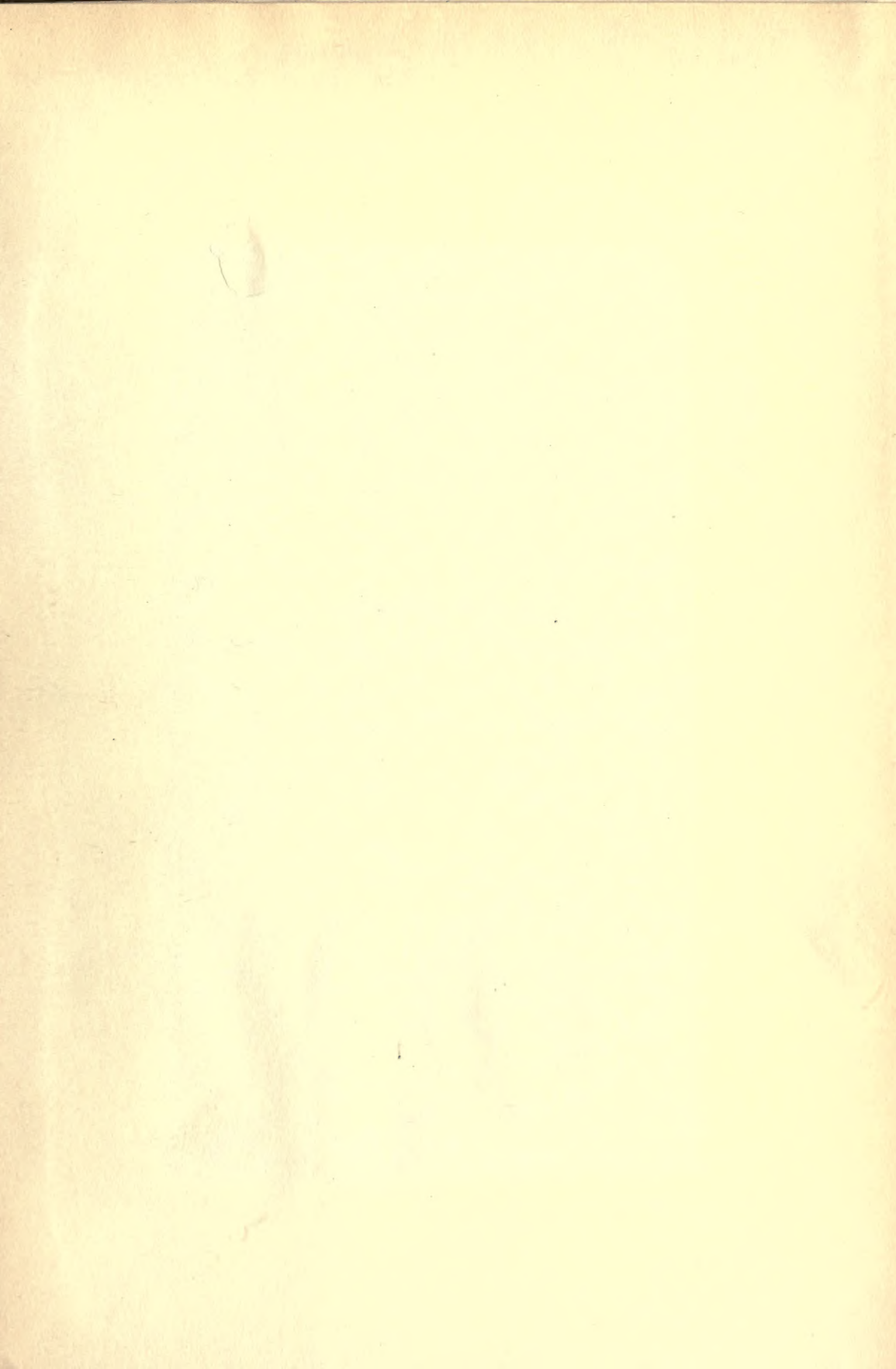
Pico della Mirandola; <i>Julia Chickering</i>	362
Principles of War, The; <i>Henry Bedinger Mitchell</i>	119
Purpose of Self-Examination; <i>C. A. G.</i>	190

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.....	84, 201, 301, 395
----------------------------	-------------------

Resolutions; <i>C. A. G.</i>	292
Religious Orders, The; <i>Spencer Montague</i>	14, 154
Reminiscences	323

REVIEWS:

Book Notes	82
Challenge of the Present Crisis, The; <i>Harry Emerson Fosdick</i> ..	78
Defence of Idealism, A; <i>May Sinclair</i>	298
France Devant L'Allemagne, La; <i>Georges Clemenceau</i>	199
The Glory of the Trenches; <i>Coningsby Dawson</i>	392
The Life of John William Walshe; <i>Montgomery Carmichael</i> ...	392
Memoir of Father Dignam.....	394
Occult Novels	296
Pan-German Plot Unmasked, The; <i>André Chéradame</i>	198
The Solitaries of Sambucca; <i>Montgomery Carmichael</i>	394
Some Needs of Engineering; <i>Professor Henry M. Howe</i>	79
Songs of Kabir; <i>Rabindranath Tagore</i>	81
Theosophy and the Christian Faith; <i>Reverend Kenneth Mackenzie</i>	194
Ultimate Belief, The; <i>A Clutton-Brock</i>	198
 S	 167, 344
Self-Examination; <i>C. A. G.</i>	72
Spinoza's "Ethics"; <i>Stanley V. La Dow</i>	377
 T	 64, 185, 283, 386
<i>T. S. Activities</i>	87, 206, 398
Three Planes of Human Life, The; (Reprint) <i>Eusebio Urban</i>	371
Tide of Life, The; (Reprint) <i>Charles Johnston</i>	258
 <i>Urban, Eusebio</i>	 371
 Vanity; <i>C. A. G.</i>	 217
 Why I Joined the Theosophical Society.....	 374
Why Should I Want to Be a Saint? <i>C. A. G.</i>	272
Who Are These in Robes of White? <i>S.</i>	344



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